

# The NEW MOVIE

One of the Tower Magazines

MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1933

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TALA BIRELL

ELSIE JANIS tells the story of the  
**Personality-Plus  
GIRL**

who proved that Beauty is not  
necessary to win in Hollywood



Great Mysteries of the Films

The  
**VANISHING VAMPIRE**

By Frederick L. Collins

The First MRS. CLARK GABLE'S Own Story of  
**OUR FIGHT TO CRASH THE STUDIOS**



What you really need is a  
Hair Net!



Don't blame it on the new styles if you think the spring hats are unbecoming!

You can wear those tricky little hats too! Just take a close look at that perfectly groomed friend of yours. Why does she always look so smart? Her secret is simple - she wears a Lorraine Hair Net. It keeps each wave and little curl in its proper place. You can choose a Lorraine Hair Net in a color which will blend so perfectly with your own hair and so fine that it will be invisible.

FOR LONG HAIR or BOBBED HAIR

Whether your hair is long or bobbed, a Lorraine Hair Net will keep it looking smart. Your wave too will last so much longer, held lightly but firmly in place with these fine invisible meshes.

Ask for a Lorraine Hair Net in grey, white and all the various hair shades.

Sold Exclusively at

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO FIVE and TEN CENT STORES



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*She Gets a Lovely Wave . . .  
Forgets Her Teeth and Gums . . .  
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

THIS girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums! To pass inspection—you *must* have healthy gums and bright teeth.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your

teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it endangers the *good-looks* of your teeth.

## *Ipana and Massage defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"*

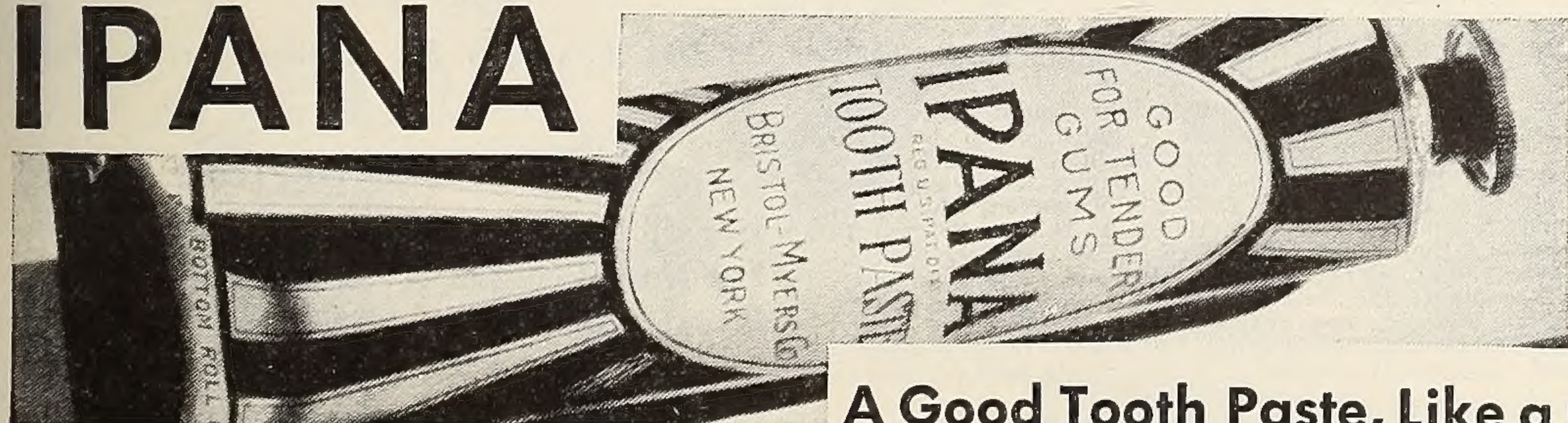
Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**



# The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine in the World  
On Sale the 10th of Each Month in Woolworth Stores



## The real GRETA GARBO YESTERDAY AND TODAY

So much has been written about Garbo that is not authentic, that New Movie Magazine sent Jack Campbell to Sweden to get the real, unvarnished facts—to talk to her friends of yesterday and today. Mr. Campbell spent several weeks there, and the facts he uncovered will amaze everyone interested in the great Swedish star. Was she ever married to Stiller? Has she gone "high hat"? Does she still keep up her old friendships? Read Mr. Campbell's article in the April New Movie Magazine.

VOL. VII. No. 3

Cover Design By  
McCLELLAND BARCLAY

MARCH 1933

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VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

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# NO OTHER SUDS WILL DO—by DALTON VALENTINE



## See how much one box did for Mrs. Willis Swan of Milwaukee

"I ALWAYS wanted to know just how much work could be done with one big box of Rinso, so I kept track of what I did with the last box just to satisfy my curiosity. I did the dishes six times, the floors once and all this laundry work:

2 doilies	6 pillow cases	24 handkerchiefs	4 aprons
2 bedspreads	6 sheets	6 rag rugs	8 pairs socks
5 bureau scarfs	5 table-cloths	1 cotton blouse	5 pieces underwear
10 face cloths	18 towels	4 house-dresses	8 shirts
12 napkins	15 dish towels	6 pairs pajamas	

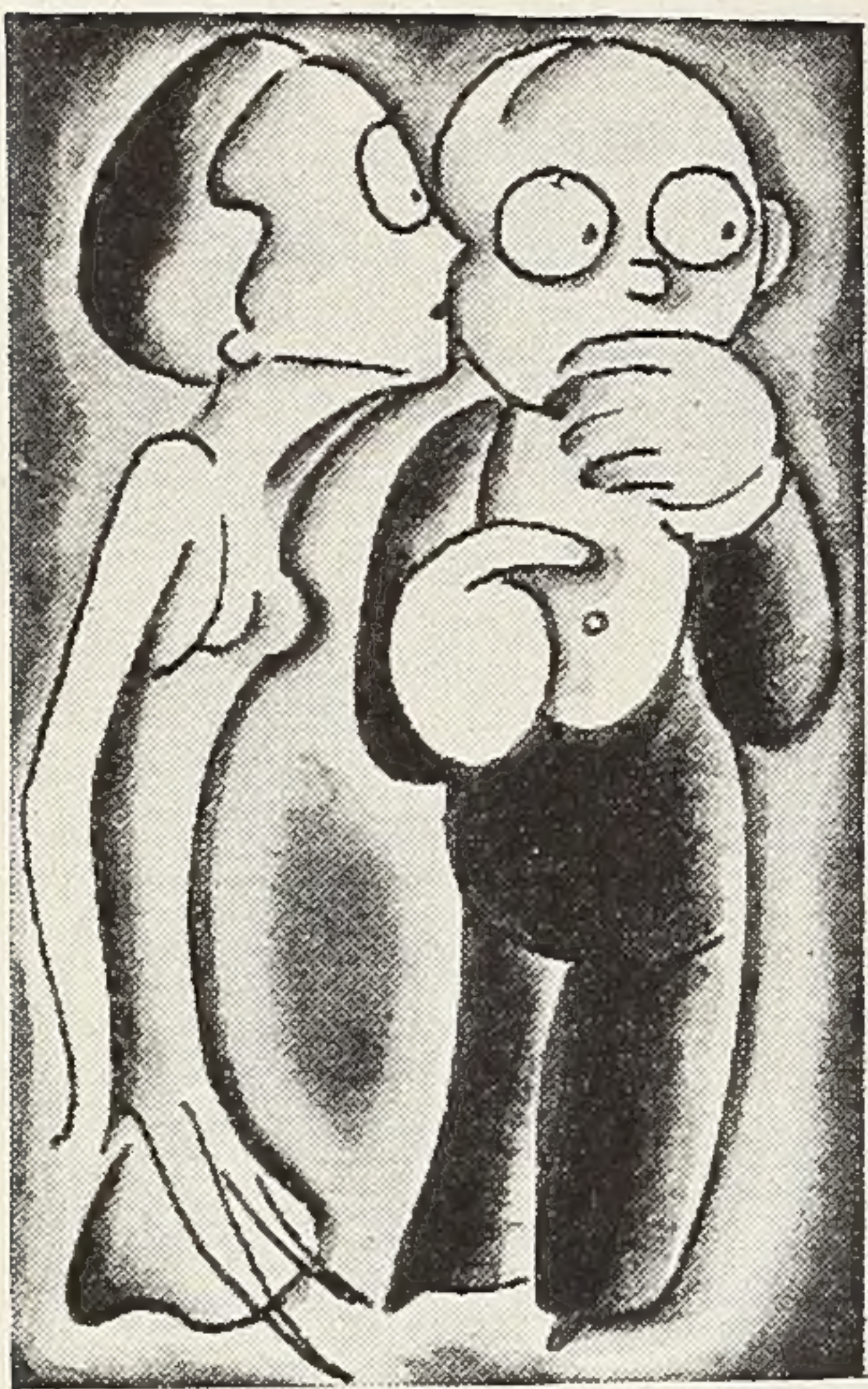
Rinso is marvelous in tub or washer. Its thick suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing, boiling. Clothes last 2 to 3 times longer. *Even in hardest water*, a little Rinso gives a lot of creamy suds. Great for dishes and all cleaning—so easy on the hands! Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



The biggest selling package soap in America





Hollywood

# BANDWAGON



**All the latest and most sparkling  
gossip about the stars**

**WHY STARS TOUR:** When Clara Bow was sailing for Europe with Husband Rex we thought we ought to find out for the public at large what a movie star went to Europe for. So we asked Clara point blank what she hoped to see abroad, and Clara said she wanted to see an honest-to-goodness sheik more than anything else, and then Rex sort of horned into the conversation to remark that he wished the trip took longer. So now you know.

When Clara met Rex at the railroad station, upon his arrival from Hollywood we went along to check up on the greeting. And we are here to report that if those two aren't crazy about each other, our old eyes are deceiving us. That bear-hug was hot, if you know what we mean. . . . Between the greeting and the European departure, Clara and Rex went up to visit New York's Bronx zoo. You see, Clara, being a Brooklyn girl, had never taken much interest in the zoo until she moved to Hollywood. Or perhaps it is merely she has become *Tarzan* conscious.

Some hero-worshiper asked Jimmy Durante for an autographed picture, so Jimmy wrote on it: "Don't you think there is a little Gable in me?"

**NO! NO! NOT HELEN!** You'll never believe this about Helen Hayes, the little girl who has the whole world crying. But it is a fact, sad but true, that she is a sort of fiend. She plays word games. She calls you up in the middle of the night and says, "Give me a sentence with 'zither' in it," or any other word that she thinks is obnoxious. Her favorite word is "paroxysm." You give up that one without even a slight struggle, whereupon Helen makes you feel foolish by saying: "Oh, that's easy. Listen: 'Paroxysm magnificent city.'" Bang!



Our Jackie Cooper, we're afraid, is taking on star airs. A friend of the family was telling us about Jackie showing off his Gary Cooper collection of guns—firearms are a Cooper trait, you know—to a guest, a kid about three years old. "Handle this here one carefully," Jackie warned the visitor, poking one at him. "This is my favorite." "Thank you, Mr. Cooper," replied the guest. "Gee, I like that little guy," Jack confided later. "He's got respect for me."

Katharine Hepburn, the latest movie meteor, continues her daily dip in the Pacific, rain or shine, December, January or June. Usually with Joel McCrea. Joel and his mother are sticking it out for the winter at Joel's tiny beach house, and nearly every day you'll see Joel and Katharine dipping together. And, by the way, it was Katharine who jumped on the publicity department recently when a newspaper quoted her as saying, "I always act natural." "When you put speeches in my mouth," said she, cuttingly, "at least make them grammatical."



## Three famous Stars of the Screen



# Complexions that fascinate

— even in a snapshot enlargement

### Why don't YOU try Hollywood's Beauty Care

**T**HE Hollywood screen stars are lovely always. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind*—every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane—snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Coconut Grove!

What is the secret these exquisite stars all know? "Above everything else," they say, "we guard complexion beauty. We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

*Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly!*

Not only at home in their own luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't you try the beauty soap of the stars—guard your complexion as the world's most beautiful women do! Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.

## LUX Toilet Soap

*The Beauty Soap of the Stars*



*Snapped by  
**JOHN BOLES**  
at the  
Coconut Grove  
in Hollywood*





Here's Sally Eilers taking little Karol Kay for a plunge in the pool at the Hoot Gibson ranch. Karol did a bit in one of Sally's pictures, Sally took a fancy to her. So now she's a frequent visitor to the big open spaces of the Gibson-Eilers domain.

every time you mention the upkeep, but he goes right on raving over his new daughter's bright sayings. At this moment he's building a nursery addition to his mountain home with every baby gadget known to fond fatherhood. Time was when you washed yourself at the pump and did your home work at the wilderness cabin by coal-oil light: now, due to the chee-ild, we've got electricity, a hot-water heating system and a janitor.

Now, take the case of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. Just because they adopted one baby, they built a mansion in Brentwood with a three-baby capacity. It sort of goes to their heads, you see. Now that they've got Dion (we're going to find out more about that name yet, don't you worry), they are going to have two more of their very own. No second-hand goods any more. Or maybe the sample was perfect. If they have a boy and girl, their names will be Kathleen and Michael. No, dear, we don't know why, any more than we know why Dion is called Dion, except that Barbara wants it that way and Frank's a nice fellow, too.

Now we will take up the case of the Fredric March adoption racket. Their Penelope, taken from an orphanage, has gone over so well with Freddie and Florence Eldridge, his wife, that they have decided to add three more of the same to their line. They will proceed on a somewhat conservative basis, however, due to a depression and all, and take

**IT ONLY TAKES TIME:** Peter, the Hermit, an old Hollywood customer, bareheaded and barefoot past the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, has begun wearing a green beret since Joan Blondell became his next door neighbor.

**DOORSTEP JOTTINGS:** This Hollywood business of adopting babies looked serious for a time, but the word has gone out that these little strangers carry considerable overhead. Wally Beery says "Ouch!"

This is Shiela Terry and Mary Doran crossing the Atlantic. This photograph was taken on Toluca Lake, near Los Angeles. Persons who have seen the lake will be surprised to know that it is large enough to float a boat. Mr. James Tully—Jim to himself—lives on this lake, and is most sensitive to slighting remarks about its size. These sneers will cause a huge Tully explosion, which always makes interesting reading. Come on, J-i-m!



Lew Ayres is one who doesn't go hunting at the request of the publicity photographer. He really goes hunting. And he gets 'em. . . . And if you've ever had the notion that Lew's gone high hat, whom do you suppose he took on this trip with him? Well, he took the "still" man, an electrician and a property man, all his pals.





The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time  
comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter"  
"Farewell to Arms" and  
"Madelon Claudet" won  
highest acting honors of  
the past year! In her new  
role co-starred with  
Clark Gable, she chal-  
lenges the film world  
for this prize again!

HELEN  
**HAYES**

CLARK  
**GABLE**

IN

*The* **WHITE  
SISTER**

How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the  
screen's best, should bring to life on the talk-  
ing screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-  
stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's  
love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable to-  
gether! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon.  
Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.



**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



# Hollywood BANDWAGON

When New Movie Magazine's photographer asked Pat O'Malley to pose, Patrick H. O'Malley, Jr.,—for that's he, when he signs checks—plucked a stein from the mantelpiece and struck a position. He's free-lancing now, and doing very well with it.

Photo by Wide World



on one new one each year. They have no names for them yet but we suppose that will be inevitable. We'd like to suggest mildly, however, that if they are thinking of naming any of them after Pop, would they mind spelling it the way printers spell it? Any day now our typographical union is going to refuse to misspell it any longer.

Mitzi Green came home the other day with her arms full of packages. She'd been shopping for her mother's birthday. "Now don't you dare look at them," she warned.

Pretty soon she asked:

"Mama, can you wait until your birthday to look?"

Mama said she could.

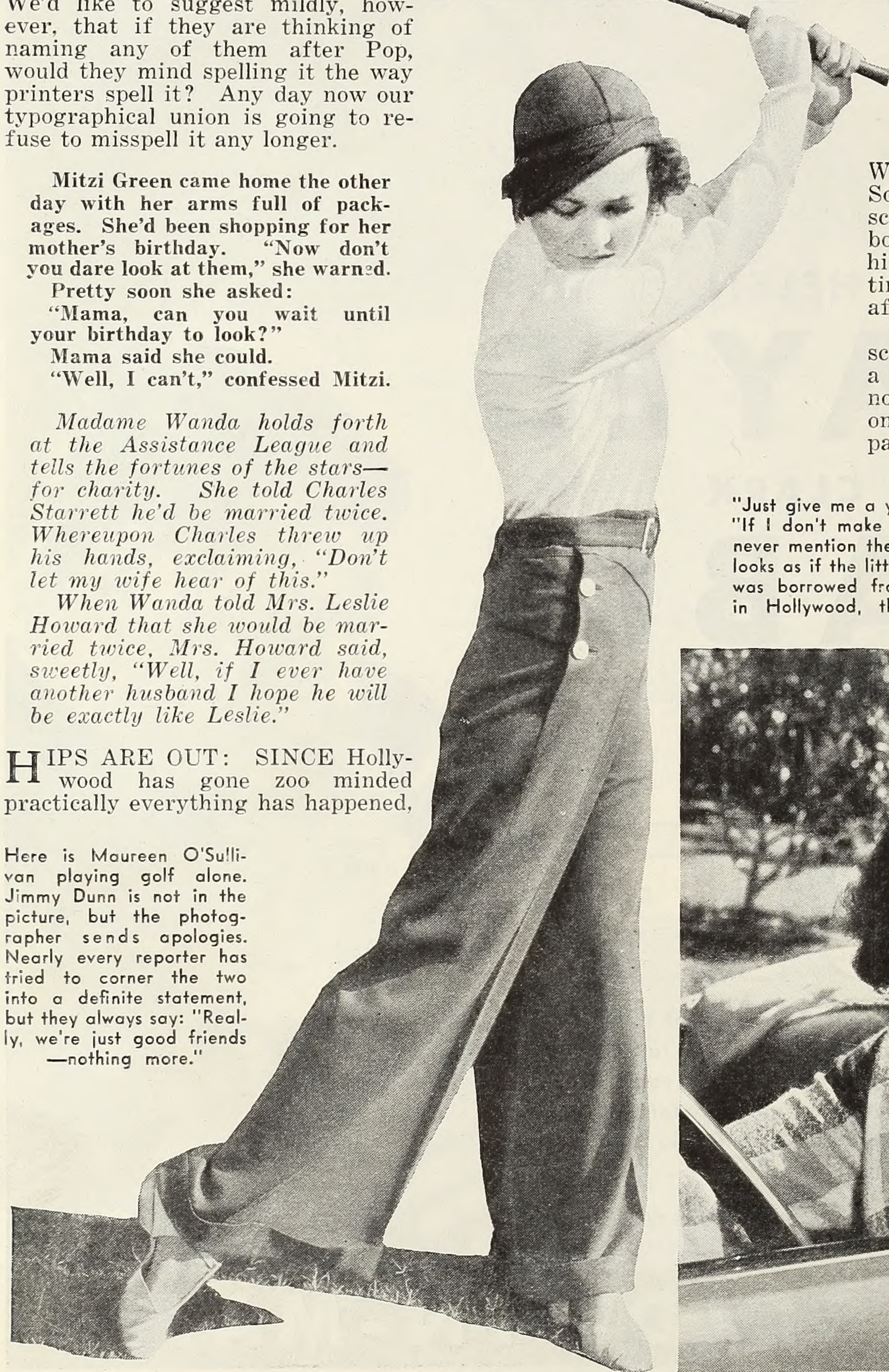
"Well, I can't," confessed Mitzi.

Madame Wanda holds forth at the Assistance League and tells the fortunes of the stars—for charity. She told Charles Starrett he'd be married twice. Whereupon Charles threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Don't let my wife hear of this."

When Wanda told Mrs. Leslie Howard that she would be married twice, Mrs. Howard said, sweetly, "Well, if I ever have another husband I hope he will be exactly like Leslie."

**HIPS ARE OUT:** SINCE Hollywood has gone zoo minded practically everything has happened,

Here is Maureen O'Sullivan playing golf alone. Jimmy Dunn is not in the picture, but the photographer sends apologies. Nearly every reporter has tried to corner the two into a definite statement, but they always say: "Really, we're just good friends—nothing more."



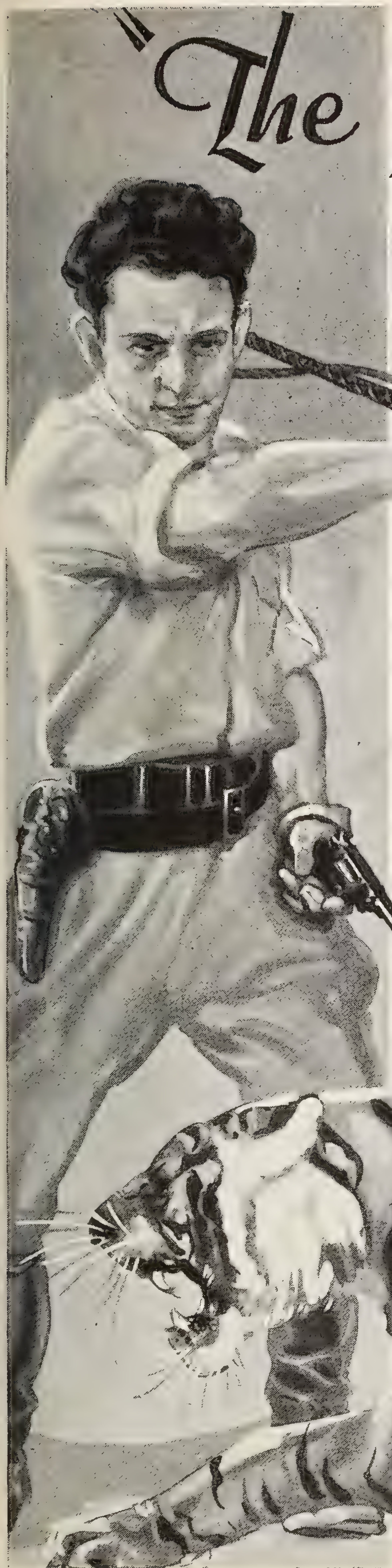
including Hippy. They have been making "Tarzan and His Mate," and everyone was racking his brain for something sensational to feed Johnny Weissmuller to by way of box-office. Some yes-man—so he doesn't get any screen or trade-paper credit—got a book and, lo! he found out about a hippopotamus. (This will be the last time we'll spell *that* word. Hereafter it will be hippo to you.)

After property men had thoroughly scoured Hollywood without finding a hip, or anyone interested in one, not even an agent with an option on one, they sent for the Research Department. According to the Re-

"Just give me a year," Adrienne Ames coaxed her husband. "If I don't make good in that time, I'll stay at home and never mention the subject again." The year isn't up, and it looks as if the little Ames girl is making good. Recently she was borrowed from Paramount by another company, and in Hollywood, that means you're on the up and up.







# The **BIG CAGE** with **CLYDE BEATTY**

ANITA PAGE ★ ANDY DEVINE  
RAYMOND HATTON  
VINCE BARNETT

★  
No man in history ever threw forty lions and tigers into one cage, then *jumped in* with and *controlled* them. Thus appears CLYDE BEATTY, the world's *greatest* and *bravest* in his line, in UNIVERSAL'S remarkably thrilling picture, "THE BIG CAGE."

There have been many wild-animal pictures, but *never one like this*, in which the wildest of snarling beasts are but the background for extraordinary romance and tragedy. THRILLS? *Just imagine* a terrific storm raging and all these animals breaking loose from their cages. *You* will ask us how such a picture can be filmed.

*Presented by*  
CARL LAEMMLE

*Directed by*  
KURT NEUMANN

*Produced by*  
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

**IT'S A UNIVERSAL**





Hollywood has just about made up its collective mind that wedding bells may ring for Sally Blane and Billy Bakewell. Billy, like his buddies, Russell Gleason and Ben Alexander, used to "play the field," dividing his attentions among Mary Brian, Mary Carlisle, Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally, Anita Page and other young film beauties. Then Billy, Russell and Ben took a jaunt abroad, and when they returned it was Sally who was at the station to meet Billy. And, according to the snoopers, they've been meeting steadily ever since.



Jean Parker is one of M-G-M's best bets for 1933. Her last picture was "Rasputin." She's from Green Lodge, Montana, and her real name is Jane Green. Her first picture was "Divorce in the Family."

Hollywood **BANDWAGON**

search Department, hips are nobody to monkey with; their feelings are easily ruffled and they are considered by the Encyclopedia Britannica as one of the most dangerous beasts in the jungle. So the Research Department recommended getting a kind one.

Finally, two old grandpa hips were found in the Bronx zoo, where they were guaranteed to have mild and sunny dispositions, since nobody had stuck a leg in their mouths lately. The deal was made for one, probably by Bob Ruben and Bill Orr and a crew of lawyers in New York, signing the hip at \$100 a day and traveling expenses, and \$5,000 to be paid the zoo if Johnny Weissmuller got too rough or anything else fatal happened.

The Bronx zoo people, being hippo wise, thought it might be

nice if somebody from the zoo who was well acquainted with this particular hip, went along as company. Knowing very little about hippos, and never having heard about their love and devotion to their valets, Hollywood poohed its biggest pooh-pooh.

Came the hippo to Hollywood. A swanky truck, the publicity department, several cameramen and a lot of other people who always chisel in on such things, met the hippo at the station, just as you'd welcome a new star. The hippo got his front feet into the truck and hesitated. He left his hind quarters in the freight car. This went on for some time. Freight-handlers started yelling and poking at him, and he went to sleep. Some elephant-men jabbed him as hard as they could with bullhooks, and he snored. Lion tamers began

Hooray! Here's Mae Clark, out and around again. And after Hollywood's most stylish appendicitis operation. Because Mae, mind you, wasn't sewed up like common folk; she was fastened together with gold clips. No stitches at all. A week later she flew to Palm Springs to recuperate, and amazed and worried all her friends by going horse-back riding every morning. . . . And what a swell operation to talk about.







"HERE, SIS! I DON'T WANT TO GET SOAKED EITHER — BUY ME A TUBE OF COLGATE'S"

For a  
rainy day  
save the  
Colgate way...



## "The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low

price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!

25¢



*This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.*





All of the Alice White fans are happy again—Alice is back on the screen after an absence of two years or so. Watch for her in "Employees' Entrance," with Loretta Young, Warren William and Wallace Ford.

## Hollywood BANDWAGON

shooting blank cartridges, and the hippo snored louder. Then the studio executives got worried about rental costs for the entire freight yard.

Two and a half days later, after getting a decent sleep, the hip woke up and walked into the truck. Then they got him to the studio amid huzzahs and congratulations. Then another big argument started: did a hippo swim or wade? Five days later, the argument still raging, they took the hippo to a lake to find out. Hippy jumped in with a gleeful shout and gamboled about like a little babe for two days and nights, while every animal man in Hollywood tried to catch him and stop this.

When he got ready he climbed out of the water, stretched himself out on the bank, after the manner of a true star, and died of double pneumonia without even a screen test.

**MAJESTY OF THE LAWYER:** A four-year-old youngster was working in "Luxury Liner" and the script called for him to cry in a scene. The director, Lothar Mendes, tried; the child's mother tried. The child couldn't or wouldn't cry. Finally the mother told Mr. Mendes that he would have to talk roughly to the child.



With the first sign of winter, Sari Maritza rushed to Palm Springs, the latest film colony resort. "Sun baths and swimming in February," she telephoned. "Something's wrong somewhere. Is this me?"

"I'm going to call up a bad man if you don't cry," the director threatened. "I'm going to have a bad man come and lock your mother up in jail."

A hushed silence followed this dire threat, which seemed to effect the bystanders more than it did the child, who retorted calmly: "You can't put my mother in jail because my daddy is a lawyer."

**PAST STARS:** Theda Bara and June Caprice, two stars of the dim past, were visitors on the M-G-M lot. When they entered the dining room every eye was focussed on them because many people there had never seen either one of them before and they were curious to see what a star of 1910 looked like.

Bob Montgomery's latest is "Hell Below," directed by Jack Conway, with Walter Huston, Jimmy Durante and Madge Evans in the cast. What a combination of troupers! Here you see Director Conway and Bob doing an off-stage skit for our cameraman.



# FAOEN has changed Women's Ideas on the Price of *Quality* Beauty Aids



*Scientific Tests Prove that Faoen Beauty Aids - in convenient 10¢ sizes - Equal \$1 to \$3 Brands in Quality*

Are you one of the women who still consider it necessary to pay highest prices for the finest face powders, rouges and lip-sticks? If you are, read the story of Faoen!

Face Powders, in Paris-accepted shades, of caressing fineness and softness; rouges and lip-sticks whose fashion-correct indelible colors enhance your natural attractiveness — are entirely a question

Approved by  
The Good  
Housekeeping  
Institute

PARK & TILFORD'S  
**FAOEN**  
(FAY-ON)

*Beauty Aids*

of the quality of materials used. And here is what a famous Research Laboratory has to say about Faoen quality:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Continue to give yourself the captivating charm of the most exquisite beauty aids. But now—instead of paying \$1 to \$3 for them—ask for Faoen at 10c!

10c each  
at  
F. W. Woolworth Co.  
Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES





Janet Gaynor and her director, Al Santell, are both book lovers, and lately have been bragging about their collections of first editions. Finally, Janet demanded that Al produce, so he had a truck carry the "Santell editions" to the studio. They proved to be specially bound copies of all the 'scripts he'd ever directed. Janet won. She displayed an amazing collection of real first editions. And if you think that Janet is just a sweet little thing with no overstocked brain, you'd change your mind after seeing her library of rare books.



## Hollywood BANDWAGON

**POLLY'S HOUSE:** "I thought I was settled for the rest of my life when I bought a nice house at Laguna Beach," said Polly Moran. "I put my son, John, in school there and my mother liked it. Everything was grand—I thought."

But Polly's mother couldn't stand the sea air, so back to Hollywood they came and Polly bought a new house here. The nice new beach house is for sale or for rent.

Jean Harlow has gone in for golf in a serious way. Just now she's practicing up to get her score under 120, and she's keeping at it almost every day. . . . Jean's beginning to come out of retirement a little now. We've seen her shopping several times lately. She's comparatively safe from recognition (we had to look twice to be sure it was she) because nearly every school-girl in town has gone platinum.



Gail Patrick is still a movie-struck star-fan, and she admits it. "I've been in Hollywood for six months," she confesses, "and I still get a thrill out of meeting the stars. I find them more exciting than I thought."

"How are you feeling?" Carmel Myers asked Lupe Velez.


"All right. Why?" replied Lupe.

"Why, I heard you were sick," Carmel explained.

"Seeck!" exclaimed Lupe. "I had sore throat. That's not being seeck. Being seeck is when you break your leg."

(Please turn to page 92)





Kaspa, The Lion-Man, played  
by the world's most perfectly  
formed male, Buster Crabbe,  
1932 Olympic Swimming  
Champion

# "KING OF THE JUNGLE"

with  
**FRANCES DEE • BUSTER CRABBE**  
**SYDNEY TOLER • IRVING PICHEL**

Warm romance and grand spectacle spun into a tale of  
daring thrills—performed by the most perfectly built  
man on the screen—the Lion-Man—embattled Man-King of  
Beasts—brought to civilization in a cage only to discover  
himself a man—in the arms of a woman he learned to love.  
A picture that swings its action across two continents.

*Paramount*  *Pictures*  
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR. PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



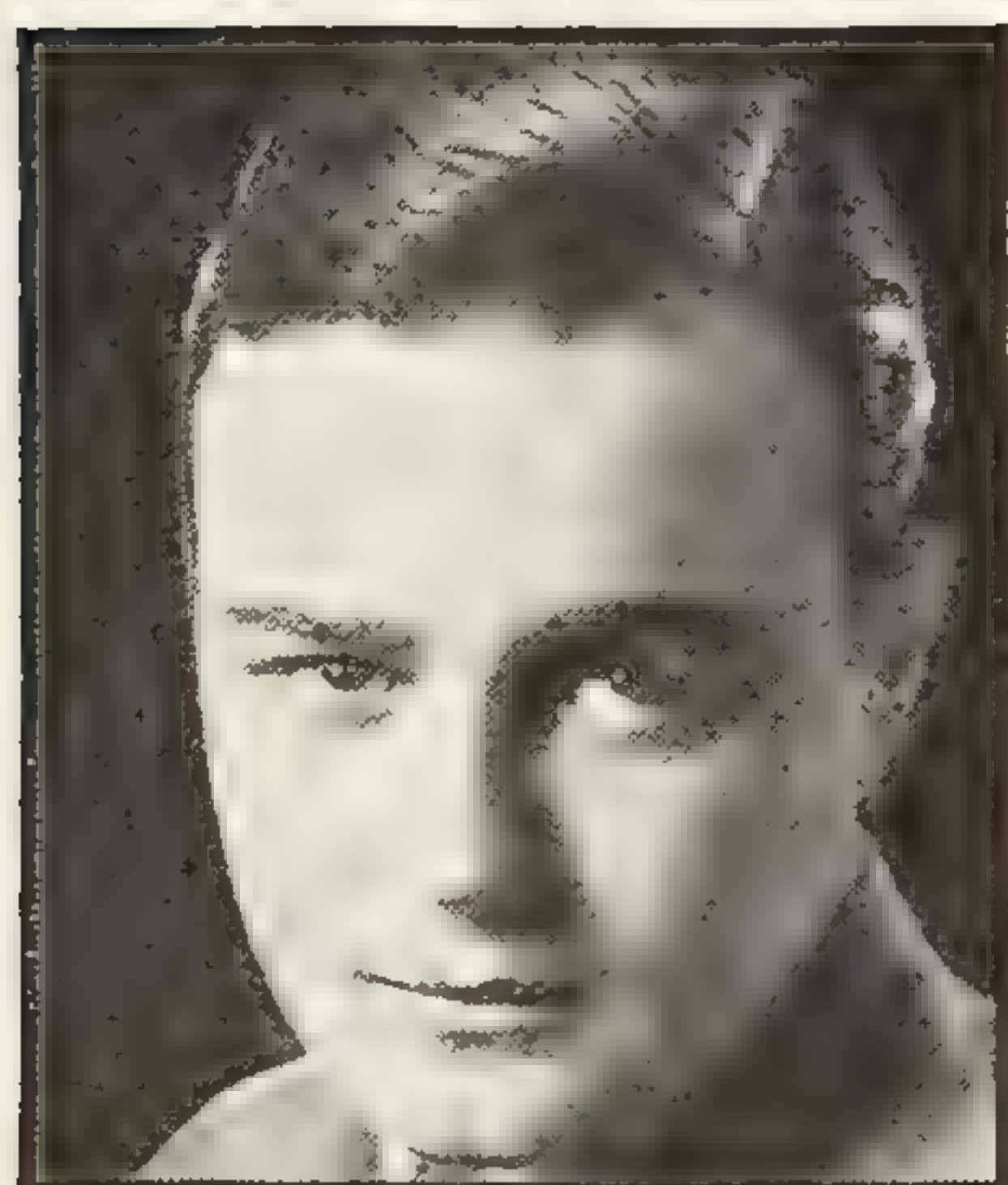
# Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN



**JANET  
GAYNOR**

as "Margy Frake"  
who falls in love  
with "Pat Gilbert"  
(Lew Ayres).



**LEW  
AYRES**

as "Pat Gilbert,"  
reporter, and  
Margy's sweet-  
heart.



**NORMAN  
FOSTER**

"Wayne Frake,"  
son of Abel, who  
falls for "Emily  
Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



**FRANK  
CRAVEN**

the storekeeper,  
a dour country  
philosopher.

**S  
T  
A  
T  
E**

**F  
A  
I  
R**

**FOX  
PICTURE**



**WILL  
ROGERS**

as "Abel Frake"  
father of Margy  
and owner of  
"Blue Boy"



**SALLY  
EILERS**

as "Emily Joyce,"  
a performer at  
the fair.



**LOUISE  
DRESSER**

as "Melissa Frake"  
mother of Margy  
and Wayne.



**VICTOR  
JORY**

Barker for the  
Hoopla Stand at  
the "State Fair."

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair"—the novel that millions are talking about—with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of

1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

A HENRY KING Production





In Queen Mary's new picture, "Secrets," you'll see a new and sophisticated Mary—and possibly in one of the last pictures she may ever make, because she's threatening to retire soon. And—the pity of it!—just when she has blossomed out into full radiance.



# Our FIGHT to



*Irving Lippman*

**Two Sensational Magazine scoops to start the New Year for New Movie—**

**Last Month: Beginning—  
The Real Story of Joan Crawford, By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

**And now: Beginning—  
The Real Story of Clark Gable, By Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife**



Two contrasting pictures of Clark Gable. Above: Clark as he is today, shown in his latest picture, with Carole Lombard; and (at right) in a rented outfit—suit, shoes, tie, even handkerchief—all dressed up for his first movie part.



# crash the Studios

BEGINNING

**"My Life with Clark Gable"**

**By JOSEPHINE DILLON**

his first wife

CLARK was arriving in Hollywood!

I must hurry home from my studio to meet him. He was driving down from Portland, Oregon, to buck this town of Hollywood. Hollywood! The mecca of his dreams, and of his struggles, his wanderings in a zig-zag of jobs and starving and walking and riding, and stopping and working and going on and then the same old rigamarole. . . .

But now, at last—Clark was arriving in Hollywood!

Not many months ago, Clark Gable was *again* arriving in Hollywood, but how differently! And with what a different meaning. This last time in an airplane, with success and luxury and fame before him. That first time with work and waiting and privation and disappointment before him.

I HAD rented a studio in a fashionable new studio building in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. I had been coaching the most beautiful woman I have ever taught, that afternoon. She is a famous model of the Italian Madonna type—svelte sleek, exquisite, clean-cut as marble, beautifully colored as a shell—viola! And I was still thinking about her and wondering whether there was acting talent under that beauty, when I arrived at the hotel to meet Clark.

And as I crossed the sidewalk to the entrance, there came Clark,—“Bill,” then,—dirty, shaggy, almost ragged, dusty, no hat, hair over his eyes, open shirt, sagging belt, faded gray plaid, baggy knickers, dusty white socks, old brown shoes. But with a personality that lighted up the twilight, and a grin that lighted up the world. I don't remember ever wondering whether or not he had acting talent; I always just knew it.

He and a friend had driven through without stopping to rest, and had rolled over and over and down a grade into a ditch. And Clark's one outfit had been severely damaged—the cuff ripped off one sleeve of the good white shirt, the knickers cut at the knee, and a split in the shoe.

The bruises were not serious; they would grow all right again—but a shirt is a shirt, and shoes—! There was the good blue serge suit in the hand-bag, of course, but it was getting tight in the shoulders and not right around the waistline, since the old health was so much better. And it was shiny on the seat, too.

All this was very serious, but told with huge grins and much laughter. Serious because there was so little money anywhere, and with laughter because it was Clark.

There were not many times through those Hollywood years that we could not laugh. Laughter is one of the big compensations. Do you remember the Irishman who said the good Lord always evened things up: if you had a short leg, the other one was always longer? Well, laughter is something like that, I guess.

BILL and I had met in Portland, Oregon, where I had gone to organize a studio of acting and do some Little Theater work. He had seen a notice of the new



"Saturdays and Sundays I posed for Luvena Buchanan Vysekai, who wanted a model for the Fall exhibition." Here is the portrait of Josephine Dillon when she was Mrs. Clark Gable, painted by the noted artist.

studio in *The Portland Oregonian*, and when a call came into the telephone company from that studio phone he answered it himself. (He was then a telephone company employee, answering repair service calls.) His hours were long, and his pay small, but his ambition to be an actor in Hollywood had never been dimmed by any of his experiences or privations. And he came to my studio to hear about Hollywood and to find a way to get there. I told him about that town—and together we got him there.

We had a long, long talk through dinner there in the studio and late into the night. About acting—all about acting; what it meant, and how it is done—not an exploitation of personality, but a great and exact profession.

"How can I ever learn those things?"

"I'll get a class together in the evenings and teach you."

But the others in the class couldn't keep up with the strides of Clark's starved eagerness. He drank greedily—everything I told him, everything we read, everything we saw together. We saw David Warfield's *Shylock*, and he was converted to Shakespeare and studied *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Mercutio*. I was serving on the Portland censorship board for movies, and we saw the pictures together—those days when such pictures as "Scara- (Please turn to page 72)



*But Renee  
Sardi's*

*I think under here is the  
place for me to be Howard*

*All good wishes to  
Renee  
Bryce Archer*

## STARS OFF GUARD

*Bonne Chance  
Maurice  
Chevalier*

*To Renee  
with all my admiration  
and respect*

*Sybil S. Day*

*To Renee*

*"Har Yuh Renee!"  
Joy W. Brown*

*Why have I kept  
out of here so  
long - fool!  
Eddie Cantor*

### Observations in passing from the Lady-at-the-Door of New York's famous theatrical restaurant

ONCE I handed an autograph book to a famous star and asked him to write something in it. He scratched his head, chewed the end of his pen, then wrote this:

*Oh, would that God the gift would give me,  
To see myself as Renee sees me.*

Of course we both laughed and I thought he was clever to have written the two lines, but in my heart I knew he was serious.

Many a star has felt the same, even to the extent of asking me for my frank opinions, for they know I see them off-guard when they are eating in Sardi's restaurant where I am the hat-check girl.

But I haven't been a hat-check girl at the cross-roads of the professional world, Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, for nothing. I've learned that, though the stars cry for my frank opinions, they don't value them, and I'm too proud to talk just to hear my voice saying nothings.

Do you suppose Marlene Dietrich would like me to remind her of the first time she came to Sardi's? She was unknown, had just arrived in this country, and wore a severely tailored costume. A man whom we both knew introduced us.

"Renee," he said, "some day you will be proud to have met Miss Dietrich."

I'd heard that before, but I had never before seen such a fascinating woman. "Do you know," I said to her, "that you resemble Jeanne Eagels and Greta Garbo?"

To me that was the greatest compliment I could give. Marlene drew herself up and said, "I don't like that. I am individual."

A year later she returned to Sardi's, but she was famous. All eyes turned to watch her but she had eyes for only one person, her little daughter, whom she led by the hand. With her own hands Marlene took off the child's leggings and coat and handed them to me as though she were giving up jewels. Throughout the meal she fed the child, watched her with hungry eyes, and seemed unconscious of the stares of other diners.

This time Marlene was not in tailored clothes. She was conspicuous in a beautiful red coat with a big fur collar and a small, veiled hat.

By RENEE CAROL

The hat-check girl  
at Sardi's

ONE day I picked up the newspapers and my eyes almost popped out of my head. Maurice Chevalier was suing his wife for (Please turn to page 108)





Here's Susan Fleming at the top of the ladder. Symbolic of the ladder of fame, eh? Watch her—because Susan's the girl that Paramount has picked for high places. Just a youngster, but climbing fast. Did you see her in "He Learned About Women"?



# Secrets of Poise and

## ENTER: THE TALKIE COACH

**D**O you long to see your name in lights on Broadway?

Would you like to be the belle of the ball? Or are you one of those who prefers to shine for "just one man?"

Any one or all three of these ambitions may be advanced by a careful consideration of the methods employed by three famous dramatic directors in guiding younger players toward stardom.

At the moment, you may not be as fascinating as

Marlene Dietrich, as winsome as Janet Gaynor; you may not have the poise of Ann Harding or the grace of Norma Shearer; but don't give up!

Look yourself over. You like your looks, your hair and your clothes. Then what is it?

**O**LIVER HINSDALL, founder of the Little Theater of Dallas, Texas, is now dramatic director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Stuart Walker, playwright, producer and director of plays on stage and screen, concentrates his talents at Paramount. And Albert

Stuart Walker, the Paramount director, instructing Adrienne Ames in the correct manner of making her entrance. "Whether you are on or off the stage," he instructs, "the thing to remember implicitly is to move quietly."

*Photo by Eugene Robert Richee*

By

**RUTH M. TILDESLEY**

### PERSONALITY TIPS

"Poise depends upon the ability to stand quietly and at ease. . . . Keep your hands still. . . . Never bounce or jerk or jump. . . . When sitting, sit squarely on the chair, not on the edge, your body bending from the hips. Your shoulders may droop, but not slouch. . . . The secret of grace is lack of tension. Relax and you're right. . . . Don't be lip-lazy. Don't slur your words. . . . Read aloud to improve your speech. . . . To appear gracious, you must feel gracious. If you wish to be charming, develop the qualities that make for charm."





# Grace

## AS TAUGHT IN THE STUDIO SCHOOLS FOR STARLETS

Lovejoy, former head of the Cambridge school of the drama at Harvard University, is in charge of younger players at RKO-Pathé.

These dramatic departments are not in any sense schools. They might be considered laboratories to encourage and develop talent in less experienced players. But the aim—the rounding out of an attractive personality—is what we're all seeking.

"Relax!" is Stuart Walker's watchword.

"The most difficult thing to do is to stand still," he declares. "Poise depends on the ability to stand quietly and at ease. In order to do this, you must learn to relax. Lose your tenseness and presently you will find you are standing still. Don't pull at your dress, twist your necklace or play with your hair, if you are a girl; don't rearrange your tie, if you are a boy. Keep your hands still."

FOR Mr. Walker's use, Paramount has erected a practical "set" where plays may be rehearsed with "business" and "properties." There is a real staircase, with a stair rail; there are two French doors, one opening out and one in; two windows, one a case-

ment, the other sliding up and down; two plain doors, opening in opposite directions; a fireplace; and draperies that may be drawn together. Furniture and furnishings are installed according to the requirements of the play.

"We use this set so that players may gain ease in handling properties, in opening doors, descending stairs, closing windows, entering or leaving the scene, etc.," Mr. Walker continued. "Thus they are able to concentrate their attention on the performance they are giving before the camera instead of on the pure mechanical business of the rôle.

"Whether you are on or off the stage, the thing to remember is to move quietly. If you have ever watched a slow motion picture, you know what a very beautiful thing motion can be. Motion is rhythm, if perfectly performed. Never bounce or jerk or jump. Try to move with quiet ease and you will be graceful.

"The girl who walks well does not swing her arms, turn her feet out at right angles, or move her head from side to side, jerkily. She holds herself erect, her head well poised; she swings her legs from the hips, not from the knees; she keeps her arms and hands still. She neither minces nor strides but moves with silent and perfect grace.

"She comes downstairs with the same erect carriage and unhurried gait.

When she sits on a chair, she seats herself squarely on it, not on the edge or the side, and lets her body bend from the hips. Her shoulders may droop but not (*Please turn to page 112*)

### Three famous talkie coaches discuss personality grooming



Randolph Scott, Kent Taylor and Sari Maritza are being instructed in a comedy scene. "Relax" is the watchword.

*Photo by Eugene Robert Richee*









Taking you backstage at Paramount while they're shooting one of the particularly glamorous scenes in "Tonight Is Ours." Claudette Colbert, of course, is the lovely lady reclining so sumptuously. Here you have a bird's-eye peep at the mechanics of the action you will thrill to when you see it on the screen—the elaborate equipment of microphones, lights and cameras, together with the director and technical staff. Fredric March and Alison Skipworth are in the cast with Miss Colbert.

*Photo by William A. Fraker*



# HASHIMURA TOGO'S SCREEN PLAY—

# The LOVE

Re-written, revised, re-edited and  
completely scrambled under the title  
of "Let Us Shoot Some Stars."



SCENE 1: Chinese chorus girl who are demented about Edw. G. Robinson, brings in an egg-plant for breakfast before he is electrocuted.



SCENE 2: It are filled with dinnamyte. With happy laugh, Edw. G. Robinson throws it—

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor of The Tower, so-call because it contain  
so many tall stories

DEAREST SIR:

**I**GNORANCE are a pretty mean curse to have in all human heads. In this it resemble azma, and nothing can be done about that, however you elect a President.

For instancely, my cousin Nogi are so ignoral that he think that famus screem play "The First Year" are the story of Adam & Eve by Rupprt Hughes. Tie that up!

Yestday I go into Thinking Studio of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, to who I still enslave myself. This great producer & Gen. Boss of Hollywood set at desk, wearing his boots, to make his brain go more faster.

"Pencills!" he holla with eagles in his voice.

I deliver him six (6) sharpened ones, so he could cutt seleries faster. With one (1) fierce strokes he cutt mine again, so now I owe him 60c pr week to work for him.

"Togo," he dib, "question I ask to know is this. What we need in Hollywood? Hon. Boot Tarkington, manufacturer of Jackie Coogan, say we need less Love. Mrs. Franklin de Roosevelt say we need Babies Just Babies. Hel Belle! We got so many babies now (blonds prefurred) that we can't hardly pay for their divorces. No, I say so!"

"Yes," I say so.

"What Hollywood need are a New Note," he grooble.

"Hon. Geo. Gershwin make New Notes plenty," I dictate. "He have manufactured a new species of harmolica or mouth-oggan that can play 3 tunes at same time, all slightly wrong."

"You are talking garbage," snarrel Hon. Geo. F. Ogre with boots. "By New Note I mean we must get away from Love and other wild annimle pictures. What can you snuggest?"

"Educational flims!!!" I exclam like Columbus.

"**T**OGO, you have said a face-full," he collapse. "But we must hurry quickly. I have just made a con-track with Hon. Clock Gabble, Hon. Garta Grebo, Hon. Blonde Joanelle, Hon. Ed. Robinson & 40 others. Let us get out a skinario for them before the money burns up! What are a Educational Flim, if anything?"

"It are something showing how a cow gives away milk, how to make dandelions grow and how grass-hops brought Prohibition to Kansas," I divuldge. "This sort of Flim are made to bring brains to schools, colledges & other insane sylums."

"Goody!" relate Hon. Geo F. Ogre. "Togo, could you think me up title for a Educational Flim?"

"Could do," I narrate. "The Life of the Egg Plant would be a swelled title for one."

"Not could," he report. "If you wish to star a



# LIFE of an EGG PLANT

Egg Plant in Hollywood you must put some Loor into it."

"O. & K," I say so. "Then we shall call our title, Love Life of a Egg Plant."

"What a Japanese!" gollify Hon. Ogre. "If I had a mind like yours I should keep it on ice. O Togo, put all your mentail enerjy to boiling and bring me round a Flim Play tomorrow morn-ing a.m. at 10.36."

I go. He stay.

**M**R. EDITOR, did you ever write Hamlet or anything else? If you did, you know what brain-power burns inside your ears while you are thinking up originality. All night I work with my head in a frigidare to keep from melting. Then by morning, 10.36 a.m. time, I enrush back to think-ing studio of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my proprietor. Both my hands was full of a play I had wrote.

And all scrambled together there, like persons awaiting for something, were following list of famous persnalities:

Hon. Clock Gabble, Hon. Garta Grebo, Hon. Blond Joanelle, Hon. Ed Robinson. And among the Xtras was Hon. Mary Pickford, Hon. Normal Shearer, the 4 Marks, the 3 Barrymoores and etc.

"You got play?" request Hon. Geo. F. Ogre.

"Got," I pronounce.

"What title?" renig Hon. Clock Gabble.

"Love Life of a Egg Plant," I rejoint.



"That are too tame and homelike," corrode Hon. Gabble. "If you do not change it to Passion in a Vegetable Garden I shall not play."

"Change it," dib Hon. Ogre, "and read what you got."

Therefore I read.

**"T**HIS skenario open on News Reel Farm," I say so, "showing Hon. Jno D. Raskob opening the Eggplant Con-vention at Keokuk, Alaska. 'What the world need today,' he report with ring in his voice. 'are more Egg Plants and less Repub-lickans.' While he are speeking this narration in walk Hon. Fillup Kettle, the Prize Egg Plant of 1932. 'Jno. D. Raskob,' he snarrel hashly, 'you are a lyre. 88½% of all unhappiness in America today are caused by egg plants.' 'Prove it!' howell Hon. Rascob. 'Folla me,' narrate Hon. Fillup. So he do and they do."

"Who shall play part of Hon. Fillup Kettle, an egg-plant?" relect Hon. Ogre.

"Hon. Clock Gabble," I annoint.

"Hay! Hay!" he snork, making his eyes very dis-gusting.

"Do not look so hotty," dictate Sharpo Marks. "There are rich money in vegitable parts. One time me and my bros acted like 4 kokonutts and got our-selves wealthy."

"What other part you got in this screem play?" snuggest Hon. Ogre.

"There is a Tomato," I manage.

"That are a jewsy part," he say it. "And who is it for?"

(Please turn to page 98)

Illustrations by  
HERB ROTH



(Left) SCENE 3: —and hits Warden Lawes.

SCENE 4: When next heard about Mr. Robinson are up in Newport, sel-ing opium to the idol rich.

herb  
roth





# She Laughs

**JIM TULLY at his best—unfolding the story of the woman he regards as one of the greatest actresses ever to throw her shadow on the screen.**

**S**HE represents millions of women in the world. Their defeats and their despairs are carried by her with a sort of breezy nonchalance that is always close to tears. She is one of the greatest actresses ever to throw her shadow on the screen. In real life, Edna May Oliver is a sensitive and lonely woman. Like Chaplin, her screen humor springs from a hurt heart, and like the pathetic little master of mimicry, she is shy and careworn.

More than anything else, the career of Edna May Oliver in Hollywood indicates the limitations of the screen. It is not quite resilient enough for so many-sided a personality. Today there is only one other woman in her



*Photo by Robert W. Coburn*

(Above) Edna May Oliver in "The Conquerers." (At right) In the living room of her large brick house, surrounded by flowers and shrubs. . . . A lonely woman, she is often melancholy.





# to Keep from Crying

class as an actress—Marie Dressler.

Both have grown mellow from much suffering. Where Miss Dressler achieves her dramatic and humorous effects with emotion that often borders on burlesque, Miss Oliver's work is more restrained. A New England woman, she is the product of centuries of fears and inhibitions that curdled the warm milk of human life in her progenitors, and left their mark upon her as well.

**T**HERE is, lurking always by the side of the comedienne in Miss Oliver, a great tragic actress. She will only be able to fulfil her destiny if a big enough story comes along. So far, she has had but one that fitted her talents, "Cimarron." Her work stood far above the usual balderdash in that film.

The producers have constantly endeavored to make of Edna May Oliver a type. It is their limitation, not hers. Miss Oliver is the universal woman. In only one particular does she differ from her millions of sisters—she laughs to keep from crying.

She was born of wealthy parents in Boston. Her lineage can be traced to John Quincy Adams, President of the United States. Her uncle, Freeman Adams Oliver, was a leading member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The future actress was taught singing and the piano by her uncle. Gifted, without the inclination to pursue these studies, she devoted all the time possible to mimicry, and her dreams of becoming a great actress.

Her father, Charles Edward Nutter, was indulgent with her until his death, when Edna was fourteen.

Financial reverses soon came, and the family was reduced to genteel poverty.

Her uncle, still desirous of a career for her in grand opera, undertook her musical education. He placed her in charge of one of the leading teachers of the period. In two years she joined a small summer opera company which toured the parks of New England. A few weeks of singing in the damp open air, without proper precautions, ruined her voice. Forced to give up her twelve dollars a week salary, she returned home to find her mother in even more destitute circumstances. Her New England pride would not allow her to confide in Edna.

During Edna's girlhood, her hair hung several feet in a thick and beautiful golden braid.

Reading in a Boston. (Please turn to page 103)



Photo by Ernest Bachrach

"Like Chaplin, her screen humor springs from a hurt heart. And, like the pathetic little master of mimicry, she is shy and careworn."









Departing radically from customary film practice, Fox is bringing out a down-to-the-earth rural epic, staking an all-star cast on it, and booking it as a super-special. Here are a number of scenes from Phil Stong's "State Fair." In the cast are Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers.





Irene Dunne gives herself only five years of stardom. We give her a lifetime. Following the sensation she made in "Back Street," she repeats in "No Other Woman." Always building slowly, steadily. No fireworks. Just wonderful acting. Five years? . . . Ridiculous!





Here's a grand boy, Joel McCrea, one of the finest in movieland. Quiet, a lover of outdoor sports, preferring to be socially inconspicuous, he is, nevertheless, one of the most popular boys in Hollywood. See him in Constance Bennett's "Rock-a-bye."



**ELSIE JANIS** confesses:

**The real story of the  
Personality-Plus Girl.**



"When Helen announced her engagement to Charlie MacArthur, I thought, 'There's more in this little Hayes girl than meets the eye! Turn on the ears!'" At right: Helen Hayes when Miss Janis first saw her in 1906 . . . then an experienced actress of eight.

*Photo from Globe Photos*





"For years I stayed away from Helen Hayes because  
I thought she was just too sweet . . . but  
**NOW I THINK SHE'S SWELL"**

By **ELSIE JANIS**

**D**ON'T you think Helen Hayes is sweet?" . . .  
"I've never seen anything sweeter than  
Helen Hayes in 'Coquette!'" . . . "Hasn't  
Helen Hayes the sweetest little figure!"

With all the tenacity of an insurance broker, the inadequate and saccharine adjective "sweet" has dogged Helen's small footsteps on the road to fame, but at last that "ole devil" camera which sees all, shows all, and often takes all, has grabbed her out of the bon-bon class.

You don't win the Academy award for the best acting of the year by being sweet! Too many of the judges thrive on spice and acids! Her performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" proved that, though she is a "sweetie," she is like those imported and hard-to-buy foreign ones that you bite into expecting cream and find to your embarrassment or joy, a mouthful of liquid containing a kick!

**I** SAW our little award winner first in 1906. She was then an experienced actress of eight, having already played two years in the local stock company of her home town, Washington, D. C. She probably only played a few weeks out of each year, because in those days romances were not often written about married couples and heroines did not flaunt children when in doubt, or without benefit of clergy.

I imagine, however, they chose plays with child rôles in them as often as possible, because a local infant prodigy soon becomes a drawing-card in the home town. There are the mothers who think their children could do better, the ones who can't wait until Mary Lou is big enough to try, the ones who are regretting that they didn't put Millicent on the stage before she began to grow so fast. Added to that is the general public which despite its screams of "That child ought to be home in bed!" will laugh at, cry with, and applaud children as long as they exist. At the time of going to press I've heard of no depression in the baby industry!

Helen made her New York début in good company. Lew Fields was the star, the play, "Old Dutch," an operetta with no less distinguished a composer than Victor Herbert, who conducted the orchestra. Among other comparatively unknown members of the cast were Vernon Castle, Ada Lewis and John Bunny.

They have all "gone on," but from the front-row seats which I'm sure they occupy on the other plane, they must get a thrill out of the activities of that "sweet" child they loved and predicted great things for, little Helen Hayes!

Four years she remained with Lew Fields, which brings her, you will find without much calculation, to the age of twelve and facing the uncertain teens.

**I**T'S odd that last month I should have been writing about how few child wonders ever achieve adult prominence and this month be asked to write about one of the rare exceptions. I find though, (after some super-snooping) that Helen took time out for growing.

It is apparent that she (*Please turn to page 106*)



*Photo from Globe Photos*

"Helen made her New York début in good company. Lew Fields was the star, the play 'Old Dutch.' . . . In the cast were Vernon Castle, Ada Lewis and John Bunny."



# Great Mysteries



Photo by Wide World

Theda Bara as "Salome" in those good old days of her tremendous popularity and the first feature-length thrilling silents.



## The Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire

or

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THEDA BARA?

I WENT to see Theda Bara the other night. What memories that name brings up! Memories of going to theaters packed with people to see pictures packed with passion; memories of Salomes with bare legs and writhing torsos; memories of Cleopatras in brassieres and asps!

What a woman she was, with her great waves of dark, lustrous hair thrown back from her fine forehead, her eyes set wide and glowing with the hungry fire of "The Tiger Woman," her rounding, generously voluptuous body alive with the vitality of "The She-Devil"!

And now? I know what the story needs. I should show you a poor, wizened old woman—hair thinned and grayed, eyes sunken and lack-luster, body shrivelled and weak—standing on a Hollywood street corner asking for alms. There, I should say, is the once great Theda Bara.

And what have we? A beautifully gowned woman in a beautiful home. The same waving, lustrous hair; the same wide-set, glowing eyes; the same sumptuousness, the same compelling vitality. The same Theda Bara!

"It was nice of you to come to see me," she said, extending a welcoming hand. "I am 'the forgotten woman,' now, you know."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, with an abruptness that I fear was not very polite. "Your public will always remember you."

"Perhaps you're right," she laughed, "but *how* will it remember me? For my 'wickedness'?"

That was a good start. It was as if this lovely, gracious woman of the world, her beauty bathed in the lamplight of her own home, her wine-red gown softly blending into the dark paneling of her luxurious living room, was inspired by this meeting—our first in more than a decade—to live over again the breathless years of her cinema triumphs.

"And yet," she philosophized as we settled ourselves comfortably by the open fire, "the 'wickedest' thing I ever did on the screen would seem tame now."

I wonder. There *were* scenes in "A Fool There Was," in "Carmen," in "Du Barry"—but I dismissed as unlikely the thought that Miss Bara's sudden and mysterious retirement from the screen had been due to remorse!

The thought that I could *not* get out of my head was that this woman beside me was still young, still beautiful, still possessed of those vibrant qualities which had lifted her to the movie heights.

Why had she fallen from those heights?

Why should she ever have fallen, this Cleopatra, this Salome, this woman for whom a wicked man would gladly lose an empire or a pious man a head?

What, in short, was the solution to the mystery of Theda Bara?

Well, this is the story. You can judge for yourself.

Her real name was not Theda Bara. It was Theodosia Goodman. Her mother's people, the De



# of the MOVIES



Photo from  
Culver Service

At right: Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was," the first vampire picture; and (below), as she is today, known to Hollywood as Mrs. Charles Brabin.

By **FREDERICK  
L. COLLINS**

Coppets, were French. The family lived in Cincinnati.

The Goodmans were not rich people. Theodosia is said to have earned her living as a telephone operator. In time she became infected with the movie bug; went on to New York, which was then the movie capital; and landed a job as an extra girl at the Fort Lee Studios.

**W**INNIE SHEEHAN, then as now, general manager for the Fox organization, picked her out of a mob as a possible candidate for the leading rôle in a Broadway play which he was about to make into a picture. She tested well. She was the type—and she got the part.

The play was "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne. Robert Hilliard had starred in it on Broadway. It was based on Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Vampire":

*"A fool there was and he made his prayer,  
Even as you and I,  
To a rag and a bone and hank of hair. . . ."*

It was the first vampire picture. It was an instant success. Clergymen raged against it. Audiences raged about it. Theda Bara, as the vampire, woke up to find herself a theatrical institution.

"Give us more vampires," the people demanded.

"Give us more Theda Bara!"

The way the gang pictures swept the country was as nothing by comparison. The growth of the Gable vogue was a snail's progress compared with the sudden blooming of the Bara.

Well, they gave them more vampires, ancient and modern; and more Theda Bara, with and without clothes: "Carmen," "Her Double Life," "When a Woman Sins," "The (Please turn to page 76)



Photo by Daniel Sheehan





Raquel Torres, Columbia's dazzling brunette player, in "That's Africa," featuring Wheeler and Woolsey, was born on Armistice Day, just eight years before we called it that. Off screen, she indulges her artistic instinct in making charcoal sketches and her appetite in chicken chow-mein. She's famous throughout Spanish-speaking countries as a star in foreign versions of American films.



Almost before she knew what had happened,  
she was looking into a camera.



Drawing by the Author

## By Ted Cook

**M**OST alarming announcement of the month:

"I don't want just to be known as an IT-girl. In the last five days I have read eleven books."—Clara Bow.

Clara, we beg of you, do not let fame  
For showing your lingerie bring you to  
shame!

Let Lady Chatterton faultlessly reflex  
Perfect behavior, superior complex.  
Clara, beware of profound meditation,  
'Twill merely conduct you to woe and  
frustration.

Your natural bent, your bulge and your  
dimple

Are very important—and quite pure  
and simple;

Don't give in now to the self-conscious  
blush,

Disport in your scanties, carefree and  
lush.

*Academy of Motion Picture Arts  
and Sciences has been asked to make  
an award for "the best theater lobby  
display of the year."*

*Why stop at that? Why not give*

*a medal to the most bored appearing  
motion picture usher?*

And toss a rose to the costume de-  
signer who goes farthest south in cut-  
ting a gown for Jean Harlow.

And give a nod to the adaptation  
writer who hacks deepest into the vitals  
of a successful novel.

**B**ERT KALMAR ought to get an  
Academy award for the story he's  
circulating:

A couple of men were cutting a log  
with a cross-cut saw. One man was an  
enormous brute. The other fellow was  
an emaciated shrimp. An Irishman  
stood watching them pull and saw back  
and forth, back and forth. Suddenly the  
Irishman, his face flushed with anger,  
stepped up to the big fellow, socked him  
right on the jaw, and indignantly sput-  
tered:

"If the little guy wants the saw let  
him have it!"

### NICKNAMES OF THE STARS

Joan Blondell is always called "Dearie"  
by salesgirls. (Please turn to page 86)

**Our inimitable humorist running wild in Hollywood**





Photo by Tower Studios

"If you don't believe that most people think with their eyes," Will Hays remarked to Will Irwin, "why not take a look at our letters from the general public? We have ten years of them stacked away in the vaults."

# LETTERS the Public writes to WILL HAYS

**T**HE motion picture," remarked Will Hays, "interests more people more profoundly than anything else in the world."

"Oh, come now!" said I, being that afternoon in an argumentative mood. "You can't mean that literally! What about journalism? Or politics?"

"Probably," he replied, "more people read newspapers than see motion pictures. And yet, when you think of the children—who get nothing out of newspapers except the comic strips—and the vast illiterate populations in backward countries, the difference is not so great after all. But that's mere quantity. For intensity of interest—the comparison is all in favor of the cinema. Most people think with their eyes. If you don't believe this, why not take a look at our letters from the general public? We have ten years of them stacked up in the vaults."

When Hays undertook his duties as head of the movies, he had some idea of encouraging the public to write to him, telling him what was good or bad about the cinema. He found almost at once that the public needed no encouragement.

As every motion picture fan knows, the stars have always received letters by bales and tons. In the

**Another in the series on Will  
Hays' Ten Years in the Movies**

**By WILL IRWIN**

nature of things, these effusions are mostly wild paeans of cloying laudation. When they happen to be critical, the star or her secretary sees that they go to the furnace before another eye falls on them.

Even at that, the most indignant citizen somehow hesitates to say it to the face of an offending actor. So before 1922, the kickers and complainants, when moved to put their thoughts on paper, could only write to the producer whose film they found distasteful. The mail clerk at the studio usually dropped such letters, unanswered, into the wastebasket.

The Hays organization, widely advertised in the newspapers, gave the kickers a vent to blow off steam. By tens of thousands, they dipped their pens in vitriol and wrote Hays. And although many of them hated the motion picture on principle, they all did good service to its cause.

By these letters, almost as much as by the opinions and observations of three hundred national organizations represented in their advisory committees, Hays and Joy and Milliken learned what the public will and will not stand for, what offends, and conversely what pleases. For ten years this correspondence—almost all of it critical—has been (*Please turn to page 95*)



# Changed

**W**HAT a different Marlene Dietrich! Out of her shell . . . giving interviews . . . allowing herself to be photographed even in her trousers. Frank. Rebellious. But still the loneliest girl in Hollywood.

"I'm tired of contracts," she says. "Want to make a picture when I want to make it—when I think the story is good. Want to go back to the stage.

"Money doesn't mean anything to me. . . . I'm tired of working so hard. . . . Hollywood is like a resort—home is peaceful. . . .

"Take these pants, for instance." She patted one leg. "I wore them before I went to America. No one in Berlin wondered. I love them. They're so comfortable. And they never go out of style."

The first informal pictures taken of Marlene Dietrich in years for which she willingly posed. One shows her walking down Hollywood Boulevard, the other dining at The Brown Derby.



*Photographed for New Movie by Wide World*



# How GARBO puts

Paris dictates fashions but they don't get across with young America unless some of Hollywood's favorites take them up

By VIRGINIA SCHMITZ



*Just Like the  
Blouse  
Greta Garbo  
Wore in a  
Recent Picture!*



Globe Photos

Clothes and personality are all mixed up in the glamour that is Garbo. Here she is (lower left) before she achieved the personal glamour and the clothes glamour that made her famous. Above, left: In a fashion-making square-on hat. Above, right: This is a typical advertisement from Gimbel Brothers, New York.



# Glamour into Clothes



M-G-M

Here's what a platinum wig, skillful make-up and the famous Garbo romantic high neck, plus black velvet, will do for a girl. Garbo in a scene from "As You Desire Me." Right: The Garbo look becomes copy in a Saks Fifth Avenue advertisement.



## off-for-sweden

For that inscrutable look the Great Garbo made famous, muffle yourself from chin to toe in black velvet and go Out Into the Night. This devastating wrap uses yards and yards of black matt velvet, lined with white satin. All pretty staggering.

**A**ND if you had your choice, whose clothes would you step into?

Not those of a Paris mannequin. Not those of a New York society leader. Not those of a mythical crown princess.

*Garbo's!*

Maybe you wouldn't want to step into Garbo's shoes. They aren't quite glass-slipper size. But you'd take the shoes along with the rest if that were part of the bargain.

You'd take the Garbo long line, the Garbo clinging velvet, the Garbo romantic high neck, the Garbo low back—but you've taken them. You're wearing Garbo's clothes already.

It's been a gradual invasion of your wardrobe, so gradual that perhaps you haven't realized. Maybe, too, you haven't had time to stop and take notice that at least half of the girls in the advertisements wearing clothes for your approval are modeled after Garbo.

For more than three years now the men and women behind the scenes who draw fascinating pictures of what the stores and shops have to sell you have been

using Garbo, consciously or unconsciously, as their model. Look through your newspaper and you'll find as many as ten Garbo heads.

And that isn't all. You are reminded that this long, black velvet evening wrap has the Garbo inscrutable look; that that perky down-in-front hat is the kind that Garbo wears; that these sports pajamas have that Garbo languor; that this ultra evening gown has that Garbo glamour.

**P**ARIS is still the fashion dictator of the world on paper. But Paris must get Hollywood to accept and use its fashions if it wants to make a dent on young America. Garbo, of course, isn't the only actress who sets styles by what she wears.

But the Garbo influence goes deeper and is more comprehensive than that of the rest. Not a copy of one of her dresses nor all of them is the point. It's an attempt to get the same mood that Garbo expresses. You are not offered a "Susan Lennox" dress but a gown will catch for you the glamour that is Garbo. It's more subtle; it's more (*Please turn to page 84*)



Our Hollywood Boulevardier voices an anguished—

# "For Shame!"

**D**EAR old Hollywood Boulevard grows to look more and more like *Sadie Thompson*. A frowsy ensemble of gawdy shops, a jangle of scarlet and gilt and aluminum fronts stridently hawking bargains, cut-rates, two for the price of one and what am I offered? Signed star photos, implying indorsement, in every window as come-alongs. Beauté salons screaming special combination offers of croquignole, brow arch, platinum bleach that will make you a Harlow while you wait. Fountain lunch counters slyly tempting the carnal appetite with William Powell parfaits, Bill Haines nut sundaes, Marlene Dietrich delights. Clothing store—no suit over forty dollars—"Wear What the Stars Wear." Nickelodeon lunch—no dish over five cents—"Eat Where the Stars Eat. . . ."

I'M surprised that no Woman's Patriotic Corporation detected the sinister influence of Moscow undermining the piety of dear old Hollywood during the Yuletide. It was the only obvious explanation for this terrible atrocity.

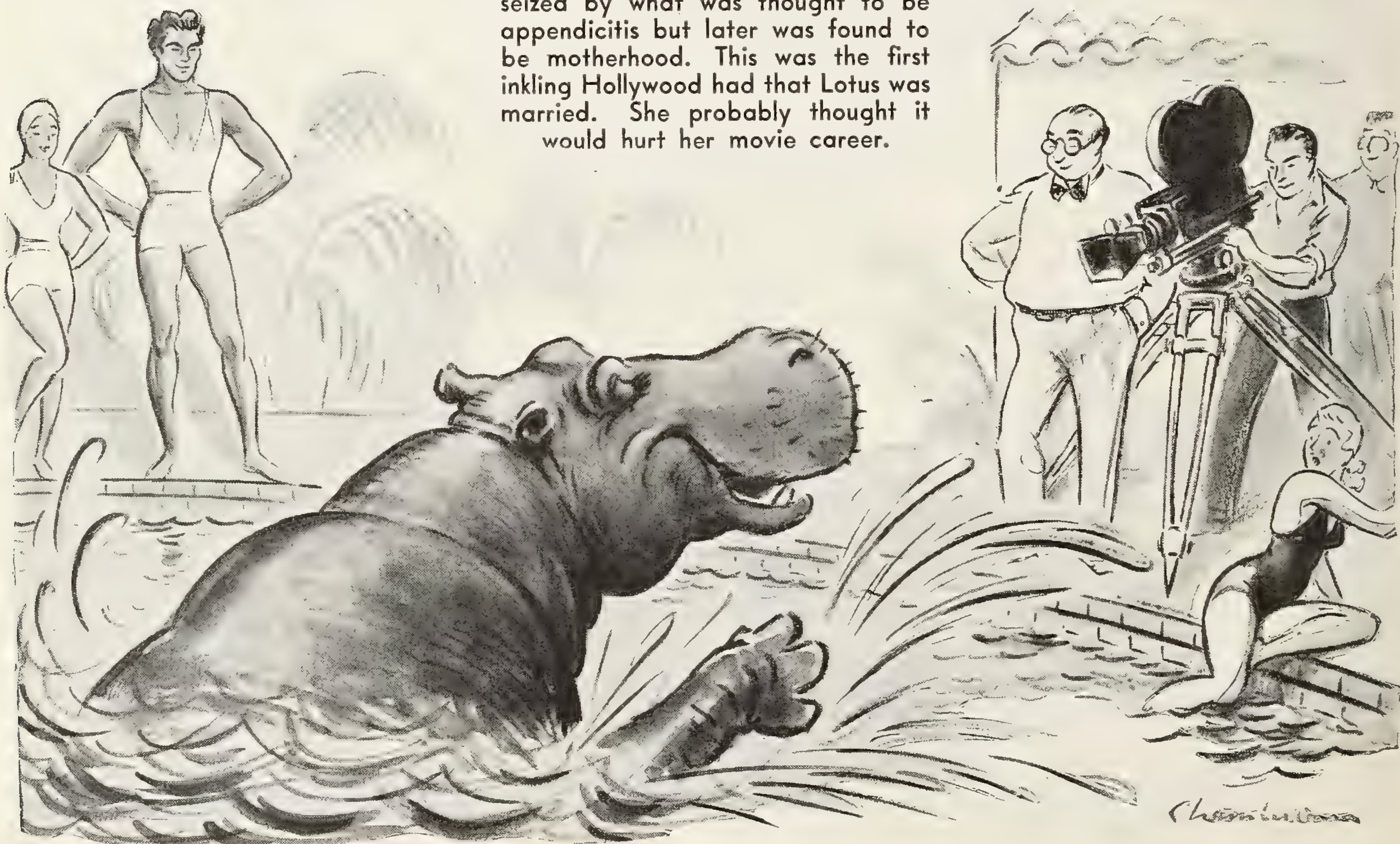
For years now the Boul' has been converted into Santa Claus Lane. Lighted fir trees and pictures of Santa embraced the lamp posts. This season it mysteriously became the Path of Fame. Images of St. Nicholas were displaced by icons of movie idols, just as in Russia, they tell us, the saints have been dis-

placed by unsanctified mortals. But I doubt if the Russians in their maddest militant godlessness ever perpetrated such iniquities as offended our eyes this Hollywood Christmas. Monstrous painted faces, attributed to movie stars, smirked from tin horse collars affixed to the posts. If you hadn't been told that these were film gods and that it was Christmas you'd have thought surely the Minsky Burlesquers had seized the town.

**T**HE older generation, devout in its belief in Santa Claus, was undoubtedly shocked. But godless youth exulted in the pagan spree. Kiddies roamed the Boul', each intent on choosing a star for his new Santa. It was no mean task identifying one's favorite. One plump girly who stood in adoration before the image of Janet Gaynor got quite a shock when she discovered that the artist intended it to be Jimmy Cagney.

I chose Jean Harlow for my Santa. Santa Jean was appropriately stationed in front of a bank. I wrote her a letter telling her what I wanted and sat up all night waiting for her to come down the chimney. Her failure to make a personal appearance disgusted me with the new order of things. It seems that movie goddesses are just as mythical as the others. And now I don't seem to believe in anything any more.

Lotus' film career has been temporarily retarded. She was suddenly seized by what was thought to be appendicitis but later was found to be motherhood. This was the first inkling Hollywood had that Lotus was married. She probably thought it would hurt her movie career.





**HERB HOWE** suddenly realizes that his precious Boulevard has become a frowsy ensemble of gaudy shops and a jangle of scarlet and gilt



The cops are now nabbing everyone on the Boulevard after twelve o'clock. That is, pedestrians. If you ride in a car, even a stolen one, you are above suspicion.

Director Van Dyke confesses that he took a bunch of New Movie magazines into the Arctic. He says the Eskimo girls are now trying to dress like movie stars. And no doubt catching flu like them, too.

**I** CAN'T bring myself to blame Santa Jean. I found that most of my buddies had chosen her, and she couldn't possibly have made the rounds. Maybe I'll try once more next Christmas and choose Santa Marlene Dietrich.

Poem:

It was the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .  
When Bang! Bang! . . .

Down the chimney came Santa Marlene and her twelve bodyguards. . . . No, I wouldn't care for that either, on second thought.

**I**N view of the godless carryings on, Cecil DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross" arrived auspiciously. Brother DeMille is, in my opinion, the most persuasive evangelist next to Aimee McPherson. Brother and Sister know how to outwit Satan by putting on a better show.

In "The Sign of the Cross," Brother DeMille shows you Hollywood in Nero's time. We don't seem to have changed much in spite of Will Hays' spiritual guidance. In the very first shot Nero complained of a head. And we've been blaming the bootleggers!

True, we no longer feed Christians to the lions. Lions are awfully expensive. And there aren't many left since Gary Cooper visited Africa. The reason Mr. DeMille didn't show you the lions actually eating the actors is that the lions refused. Actors were ham and cats were kosher.

**O**LD Maestro DeMille knows how to build suspense as few directors do. I do not refer to the chariots-to-the-rescue, but to the cats lapping Miss Colbert's milk bath. You kept rooting for them. Of



Illustrations by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

course the odds were against them. There should have been more cats.

**I**F Fredric March had not received the Academy Award for his *Jekyll-Hyde* I feel he should have had it for his Roman prefect in "The Sign of the Cross." The actor who can wear Queen Marie's head-dress and Marlene Dietrich's tunic from "Morocco" without once suggesting a female impersonation is certainly entitled to the statue of a man.

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** also deserves an award. She was every inch the pagan Empress even after splashing around in that (*Please turn to page 101*)





George Brent's latest photograph—in a pose made especially for the New Movie Magazine. Completing "Forty-Second Street," with its galaxy of stars, he has been rushed into "The Keyhole," with only a brief rest. Apparently he thrives on work.

*Photo by Bert Longworth*



# "JIMINY CRICKETS, FOLKS, I've Gone Hollywood!"

## SEZ CHIC SALE

**The Specialist—in this exclusive confession—  
admits he jes' went too far and overdone it**



Well, folks, I've gone Hollywood, and I'll tell you why! When I first come out here I spent the time sorta knockin' around lookin' things over. Didn't see much to amuse me, but one day I run into one of them big Movie men. He sized me up and says, "How'd you like to play a grandpa part in a picture?" Well, I was a little 'sprised, 'cause I really wasn't a grandpa; but, I musta looked it fer

they said, "Sign here." When the feller who puts on the whiskers come along, he took one look at me and says, "Boys, here's where we cut down expenses; we won't have to make him up much."

Now, I'll admit I was beginning to feel kinda aged—my back hurt me worse'n ever, I was all bent over, and I sez to myself, "It won't be long now."

I'd heard about the violet ray and what the sun will do to you if it gets a chance, so I made up my mind when this picture was over that what I should do was to get out and soak up some of this sunshine. Well, sir, that's exactly what I did and I don't mind tellin' you right now, that I'm a little bit worried—'cause the sunshine's got me and I'm beginnin' to feel my oats!

One day I felt so good I begin to size things up, and I says to myself that if I'm (*Please turn to page 94*)



Charles (Chic) Sale, the Urbana, Ill., boy who made good in the big movie city, (left) as he is today, gone juvenile, and (all over the page) as you have seen him on the screen.



*Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World*



# LIP to LIP

**Here's how Hollywood actresses get those luscious curves you've admired**



Eleanor Holm (above), Warner Brothers starlet and swimming champion, likes cream rouge. She applies it with a small pledget of cotton.

Adrienne Ames (right), Paramount player, prefers liquid rouge, and applies it with a camel's hair brush. "I find it stays on longer," she says.

Mary Mason (below), RKO starlet, would rather use a lipstick. "I can get a more even effect and don't smear up my hands," she told us.





Evalyn Knapp, who has been told she has the handsomest mouth in Hollywood, carries a lipstick. "It's handier because you can apply it in a jiffy without removing your gloves," she says.



First a lipstick, then a finishing touch with the finger and finally a rolled up piece of tissue to give the Cupid's bow indentation for the upper lip—that's Mary Carlisle's method. She uses a light shade of rouge.



Julie Haydon prefers a lipstick for any and all occasions. "But I always have to put the finishing touch on with my finger." Julie makes up her mouth right to the very corners, it's that small.

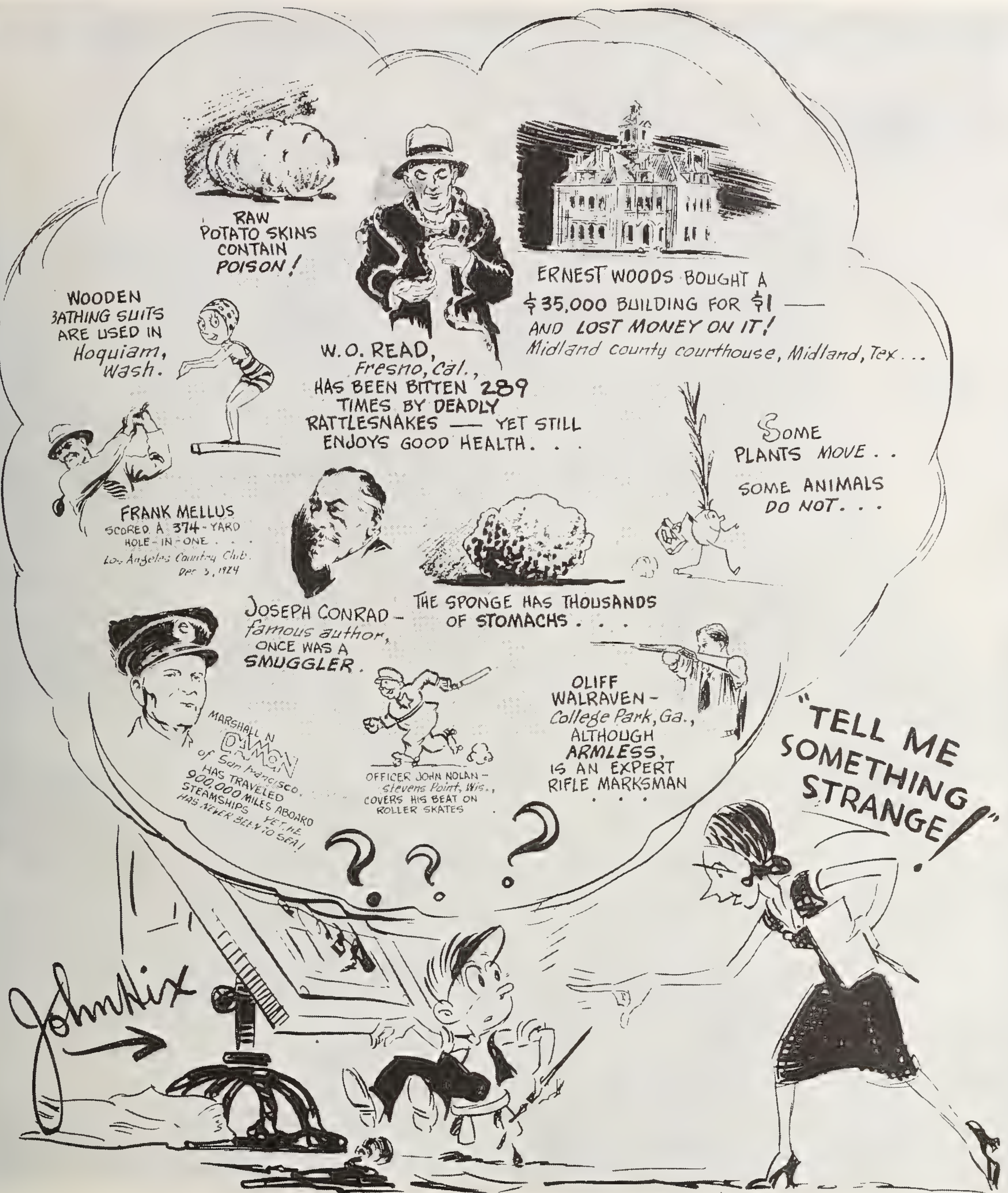




Try to laugh this one off. Jack Oakie laughing at himself, but not professionally. Groucho Marx was helping to take the picture, acting as the birdie. "Take that laugh off," he yelled at the wrong moment. "You look exactly like Wheeler and Woolsey."

*Photo by Otto Dyar*





Drawing by John Hix himself

HESTER ROBISON MEETS

# The Stranger

UNTIL five years ago people were just people and things were just things to John Hix. Then—one bright and profitable morning the editor of the syndicate where John, then twenty years of age, worked called the boy into his office. He harrumphed importantly. He said the syndicate wanted a new cartoon feature that would startle the world.

John went home, sat up all night thinking and drawing and making dollar signs in the air to give him additional inspiration, and the result was—"Strange

As It Seems." And since the day he started drawing cartoons of the strangest things that ever were, are or will be in the world, life has changed for John. People are no longer people; they are strange creatures. Things are no longer things and the commonplace is no longer commonplace. Everything moves in an aura of mystery.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, who heads Universal Pictures, saw the cartoons and signed John. Now "Uncle Carl" may be found at almost any hour of the day or nighthanging around the (Please turn to page 100)



# STEPPING OUT WITH THE STARS

•  
HOW HOLLYWOOD  
ENTERTAINS  
•



You can't keep Jack Oakie quiet, even at parties. Here he is at the party Helen Kane and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin gave. He's photographing Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez for New Movie Magazine.

**GRACE KINGSLEY**, *New Movie Magazine's* society reporter, takes you on a round of parties



*Photo by Wide World*

Jean Harlow and Grace Kingsley, *New Movie's* society reporter, at the Helen Kane-Charles Irwin festivities.

**L**IGHTS glowing from every window and a garden gate wide open beckoned Jose Crespo, the Spanish actor, and myself into the home of Helen Kane, the Boop-a-Doop Girl, and of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, where the trio were giving a party, assisted by Max Hoffman, son of Gertrude Hoffman, famous dancer of fifteen years ago.

The huge house simply overflowed with guests. Helen's round little figure was clad in green taffeta, a daring gown, by the way, not low at the neck, but with two slits in front, otherwise tight fitting from top to toe. Mrs. Irwin wore a black velvet dress with ruffles running diagonally around the skirt, and lined with rose-colored silk.

Jean Harlow arrived presently and said hello. Her platinum blondness was set off by a gown, simply made, of black and white, sleeveless, low at the neck, the skirt being black pebbled crêpe, long and clinging, while the waist, attached to the skirt at the waistline, was of white pebbled crêpe.

The only ornament Jean wore was a striking one, a large black onyx cross unrelieved by any stone, worn on a chain. It was, we understood, a present from her late husband, Paul Bern.

The gay Jean of yore is changed. She is quiet, a little sad.

Bruce Cabot was telling her that she had spoiled the golf game of himself and a friend the day before—"because I had to watch you playing just ahead of me—couldn't keep my mind on my game—while my friend couldn't play because he couldn't swear on account of your proximity." Jean came out with her father and mother.

**P**RETTY, wide-eyed Patricia Ellis was there with Tom Brown. This seems on the way to being a permanent combination. Tom said he had been trying to paint his house, but had got more paint on himself and the dog, not to mention the lawn, than on the house, so he had finally given in and hired a painter.

Tom said that Sally Eilers had pulled (*Please turn to page 120*)



# That Certain Something

## Why is Melvyn Douglas always cast as the siren's foil?

By DOROTHY DAVIS

**W**HY is it producers pick Melvyn Douglas whenever they need a leading man for an exotic star? That's what I want to know!

Every time there is a colorful, vivid rôle for a leading man, they say "Melvyn Douglas"—and that's that. There must be a reason for such persistent selection of one man for one type of rôle.

Of course we know he made an overnight sensation opposite Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never," as a drunken weakling, and was a most despicable character in Ann Harding's one venture into an exotic locale in "Prestige," (yet we still loved him); that Garbo requested him for her lead in "As You Desire Me"; that he played opposite Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman at Paramount, and opposite the screen's own little spitfire, Lupe Velez, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that when they needed a man to play a dramatic rôle in an exotic locale opposite Tala Birell in "Nagana," Melvyn Douglas was selected forthwith without any hesitation whatever.

Now, let's guess why this is so. . . . I'm going to take a few guesses; see if you think I'm right!

He has that certain restraint, that certain cynical something which experienced ladies of allure need to make their particular brand of appeal more potent. He seems superior, whimsical, amused at women and their capriciousness. He has the ability to form a romantic and intriguing background for the love intrigues of beautiful women.

Perhaps this man's greatest appeal is the feeling one has that no matter what happens it does not surprise him; the feeling that he knows all the answers before a woman approaches him. One instinctively feels that if a woman is going to try and put anything over on this man she will have to be more clever than the average—and that at any moment she may receive just what's coming to her. It is much like watching a fight to death between two well-matched animals.

**T**HE audience feels a certain pity and sympathy for the man who is the average romantic type when a Garbo, a Swanson, or a Birell falls in love with him. They feel it is an unfair match from the very beginning. Their innate sense of fair play resents the very helplessness of her victim. No ordinary man makes a good foil for this sort of woman. . . . Now, with Melvyn—it's altogether (Please turn to page 81)

"YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT, GIRLS!"

"HE HAS THAT CERTAIN RESTRAINT"

"SUPERIOR, AMUSED AT WOMEN"

"BUT HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF"







Photo by K. O. Rahmn

Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in "Secrets," directed by Frank Borzage—a combination difficult to beat.

Nancy Carroll and John Boles in "Child of Manhattan," which reminds you of Nancy's "The Shopworn Angel." You'll see Buck Jones sans his cowboy outfit.



Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier in the British-made picture, "Perfect Understanding," in which Gloria's husband plays her screen mate. An almost all-English cast.

# NEW PICTURES YOU

**THE MASQUERADER**—(United Artists)—This rather famous play has been changed somewhat on its voyage to the screen but the changes are unimportant when the main rôle or—rôles, for it is a dual character play—are in the hands of Ronald Colman.

Playing a member of Parliament and his cousin, Mr. Colman adds more laurels to his already crowded crown. Not since "Arrowsmith" has he tackled a rôle that called for the intense feeling displayed in this. One scene calls for his dying the torture-ridden death that comes finally to all

## The National Digest of the Best Talking Films

drug-addicts. Mr. Colman can do this, and rob it entirely of any gruesome terror that ordinarily it might hold; and he can make the last few moments look to be, as they most certainly are sometimes, a happy surcease from a pain that has grown too great to be borne longer.

There are lighter moments, too. Mr. Colman replaces his dead cousin as a member of Parliament, takes over all

his effects and duties and, as a crowning climax, takes over his wife.

Elissa Landi, also an English star like Mr. Colman, plays the leading feminine rôle. They are supported by Halliwell Hobbes, Juliette Compton, David Torrence and Creighton Hale. Richard Wallace directed and the finished production is one that should be placed on everyone's movie list.

**SECRETS**—(United Artists)—It would be hard to imagine a better or more complete production unit than the one that made "Secrets." First we have Mary Pickford, America's first screen sweetheart, in her first rôle of the year. Second we have Leslie Howard, always a favorite and more so than ever after his excellent work in "The Animal Kingdom" and one or two other recent successes, including "Smilin' Through." Third we have Frank Borzage as director, the man who made "Seventh Heaven," "Bad Boy," and more recently "A Farewell to Arms."



Edmund Lowe, Lupe Velez and Victor McLaglen in a speakeasy comedy called "Hot Pepper."





Sally Eilers and Richard Barthelmess in "Grand Central Airport," sometimes called "Central Airport," planned as a sort of epic of commercial flying.



Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in "Tonight is Ours," once known as "The Queen Was in the Parlor," taken from Noel Coward's play.



Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in "The Secret of Mme. Blanche," another picture adding to the laurels of this actress.

# SHOULD SEE—and WHY

No one can touch Miss Pickford when it comes to playing the type of rôle that made her famous, there is no better romantic lead than Leslie Howard and the director has been responsible for three of the sweetest, most touchingly human pictures that have ever been made. The answer had to be a success.

It is a different story from any that Mary has done before. Starting in Salem, Mass., where she elopes with Leslie Howard, it carries her through the upgrowth of the Middle West, into California, where her husband begins to show promise in politics. Finally it leaves them in Washington, with a firm place among those who shape the country's destiny and with their own happiness assured.

The picture is not quite in its final form, as yet, and the definite release date has not been decided upon. However, it is well worth waiting for.

**TONIGHT IS OURS**—(Paramount)—This is the second of the Noel Coward stories to be made into pictures this year, the first being "Cavalcade." While "Cavalcade" must probably be ranked as the most important, your reviewer has what he thinks is a shrewd idea that most

## ACCORDING TO US THE ONE BEST PICTURE OF THE MONTH IS

**THE MASQUERADER**—because the story gives Ronald Colman a chance to combine the rare drama of "Arrowsmith" and the cheerful effrontery of "Devil-May-Care."

## AND YOU SHOULD ALSO SEE

**SECRETS**—because Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard, directed by Frank Borzage, are a treat that comes seldom.

**TONIGHT IS OURS**—because Noel Coward's story becomes brilliant entertainment in the hands of Fredric March and Claudette Colbert.

**HELL BELOW**—because M-G-M has a different type of show . . . a swell cast . . . and Schnozzle Durante.

of the movie goers will like "Tonight is Ours" quite as well.

Probably you've all heard about the little princess who loved a commoner and couldn't marry him because she had to marry the big, bad,

prince from a neighboring country. Maybe you know what always happens in the end . . . But if you do, you can forget all about it, for when Claudette Colbert plays the princess and Fredric March plays the commoner, it's a very different story, especially when the dialogue is by Noel Coward.

In case this isn't enough to persuade you to put this picture on the list of those you've got to see, let us add that Alison Skipworth, Stuart Walker and Arthur Byron are in the supporting rôles.

Remember "Private Lives" . . . then think what Miss Colbert and Mr. March can do with a story that is every bit as good.

**HELL BELOW**—(M-G-M)—This is the most masculine rôle ever attempted by Robert Montgomery and he is hard pressed to defend his laurels against the histrionic onslaughts of an excellent accompanying cast.

The story, an intensely dramatic one by Commander Ellsberg, concerns the pig-boat, or submarine flotilla, during the war. Montgomery, as a young naval lieutenant, falls in love with his commander's daughter, only to find later that she is already married to a wounded soldier.



# All of the latest news and reviews direct to you from Hollywood

Randolph Scott, Charles Grapewin, Kate Smith and Sally Blane in "Hello, Everybody."



Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Sucker," an exciting story, which bids fair to be one of Doug. Jr.'s. most successful.

Here we see Zita Johann and George Brent in a scene from Paramount's "Luxury Liner."



Unreasoning, Montgomery comes to hate his Commander, played by Walter Huston, and the tiny confines of the pig-boat turn to a hell of hate and jealousy. Finally, during a skirmish in which the sub is almost sent to the bottom, Montgomery comes to his senses, realizes that there can be a time when duty is more than love of self or even Love . . . and so he stays behind to face certain death, after forcing his commander through the air-lock, in order to make a desperate attempt to trap the enemy fleet.

In spite of the dramatic story there are many laughs, chiefly contributed by Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante and Eugene Pallette. The submarine scenes are entirely authentic and were taken at the submarine base of the United States Navy in Honolulu.

A fine picture for the whole family.

**THE GREAT JASPER**—(Radio Pictures)—Fulton Oursler created one of the most rampant characters of recent fiction in his Jasper Horn, the rôle played by Richard Dix in his latest picture.

Jasper is a pagan, a two-fisted Sybarite, who takes his fun and his women where he finds them, and spends most of his life looking. Any woman who has known Jasper never forgets him; even his wife, the one

## DON'T MISS:

**THE GREAT JASPER**—because it contains the meatiest, gaudiest characterization of the year. It's a modern Droll Story.

**SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—because Mae West fills a long-felt movie need and is better than swell.

**HELLO, EVERYBODY**—because the Kate Smith fans are legion and they will like their favorite.

**PRIVATE JONES**—because Lee Tracy is in it . . . and they have given him some wonderful lines.

**HOT PEPPER**—because Lowe and McLaglen can be funny when they have a good story and Lupe Velez to help them.

**THE BLUE MOON MURDER CASE**—because it is the best mystery story of the month and will keep you guessing.

**PERFECT UNDERSTANDING**—because Gloria Swanson is seen too seldom for you to miss her.

**THE SUCKER**—because a brilliant cast makes dandy entertainment out of an exciting story.

woman he cannot charm, cannot wholly forget him. Richard Dix has never played a rôle of this type before, in fact, nothing quite like it has even been attempted. But the result

is certainly quite worth while.

We see Dix from a two-fisted youngster on a street-car line, in the midst of a violent love-affair with the owner's wife, to a lusty manhood in which never a day passes without at least a glimpse of the excitement on which Jasper thrives. Naturally, there are several ladies in the cast, including Florence Eldridge, Wera Engles, Dorothy Wilson and Edna Mae Oliver. Miss Oliver, however, does not contribute to one of Jasper's more romantic moments.

We think you'll like this one.

**SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—(Paramount)—Mae West, who, we are willing to bet, is known in every town and hamlet in these more-or-less United States, turned author as well as star on this story and there is certainly no one better qualified to write on the subject.

Directed by Lowell Sherman, who is one of the smarter directors, Mae West brings to the screen a gaudy story of beer-garden life in New York in a manner that only "Diamond Lil" would dare attempt.

Mae West shocked even Broadway, the blase, with her torrid "Sex" some years ago and since then has been looked upon as somewhat of an authority on the subject. In "She Done Him Wrong" Mae sets about the



## Describing the best and greatest of the month's unusual movies



Walter Huston, Jimmie Durante, Eugene Pallette, John Mahin and Charles Dorian in "Hell Below."



George Arliss and his wife in the latest Arliss film, "The King's Vacation," another delight for his fans.



Ronald Colman and Juliette Compton in "The Masquerader," selected as the best picture of the month.

Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," a highly amusing film that will make many remember her stage success, "Diamond Lil."



life work of collecting as many diamonds as possible from as many men who will show interest.

You may take your reviewer's word for it that the results are staggering. There is a grand cast in support of Miss West. Noah Beery, Cary Grant, Owen Moore, Marian Marsh and Rochelle Hudson all add considerably to the evening's fun . . . and fun it certainly is. You can be very sure that this picture is something quite new for your movie experiences.

A trifle strong for the weak sisters . . . but rare stuff for any who like brisk entertainment with a kick.

**HELLO EVERYBODY** — (Paramount) — There is no getting away from the fact that Kate Smith has one of the most pleasing personalities among present day entertainers on stage, screen or radio. In "Hello Everybody" she has no story at all, or at least, as little as a picture can possibly have, yet she makes much of it and manages to grace the rather trite situations with real importance.

Smiling Kate shines, under the direction of William Seiter, as the small town radio star who goes to the big city and makes enough money to come back and save the happiness

and fortunes of her small town neighbors. A simple but pleasing enough story that wouldn't mean much if our Kate were not the most popular singer on the radio.

**PRIVATE JONES** — (Universal) — Lee Tracy, who during the past few months had advanced to a place near the top of the list, saves "Private Jones" from being just another war picture.

Tracy is good for plenty of laughs as the cocky, devil-may-care private who struts through the war with a chip on his shoulder, willing to fight anyone but the Germans.

There is a slightly saccharine ending that might have been tragic, but which becomes human, and funny, in the hands of the capable Mr. Tracy.

This one should entertain anyone who sees it.

**HOT PEPPER** — (Fox) — Personally, your reviewer liked this story better than any that the famous combination of "Quirt and Flagg" ever had. This time McLaglen appears as a speakeasy owner and Lowe as a slick-article who lives by his wits alone and doesn't have a hard time doing it. The luscious and lively Lupe Velez furnishes the red pepper and ought to be seasoning much to your taste.

El Brendel supplies the comedy and the whole show is much more smartly paced than the past McLaglen-Lowe vehicles have been. In case you haven't seen Miss Velez in any of her latest pictures, I would beg to report that in my opinion, she is



## Novelty productions the rule of the month on the silver screen



Mary Brian, Glenda Farrell and Lyle Talbot in "The Blue Moon Murder Case," a new mystery thriller—the best of the month.



Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in "The Infernal Machine," which sounds serious, but really isn't.

Warner Baxter and Florence Eldridge in "Dangerously Yours," in which the thief falls good and hard for his lovely captor.

the most improved player in Hollywood. . . . At least, so far as looks are concerned.

**THE BLUE MOON MURDER CASE**—(Warner-First National)—This is from an original story by S. S. Van Dine and is interesting for the unusual story twists it contains.

To tip off the story would spoil the show, but those who care for mystery will find this a dish to their liking in the hands of such capable players as Ben Lyon, Peggy Shannon, Lyle Talbot and Guy Kibbee. Mr. Kibbee has



a rôle that he must have enjoyed immensely . . . not quite as much as you will, however.

**THE SUCKER**—(Warner Brothers)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has not been blessed with very good screen stories of late, but "The Sucker" gives him a much better break. Not only does he get a story, but also one of the swellest supporting casts of the year.



Joan Blondell and Allen Vincent in "Broadway Bad," in which Joan has both a hectic and a miserable time in the big city.

Doug plays a "sucker" fighter with tons of "stuff" and a weakness for the women. Though the story has a boxing background it's far from a fight story and Mr. Fairbanks has plenty of trouble holding the starring position against the onslaughts of a cracker-jack cast. Guy Kibbee, who is fast becoming this reviewer's favorite character actor, and Aline MacMahon who scored smash hits in "Silver Dollar" and "Life Begins," both add more feathers to their caps, while Loretta Young is sweeter than ever and much more competent.

If that isn't enough for you, we also have Fifi Dorsay, Lyle Talbot and Farina, whom you'll want to see more of. There are also some girls, more girls, and then more girls and not one of them that isn't an eye-stopper. Archie Mayo must have enjoyed his job as director.

**PERFECT UNDERSTANDING** — (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson offers her only picture for the season in "Perfect Understanding," a production made in England with practically an English cast, Genevieve Tobin being the only important exception. Laurence Olivier, whom you may remember as the irresponsible author with Ann Harding in "Westward Passage," plays an important rôle and does better than he did in any of his American efforts.

La Belle Swanson has lost none of her charm. From the days of "The Humming Bird" and "Woman-handled" to "Sadie Thompson" and "The Trespasser," Gloria has remained serenely entrenched in the hearts of her fans.

Probably everyone knows that Michael Farmer, husband of Gloria in real life, plays the same rôle opposite her in "Perfect Understanding." Obviously, Mr. Farmer is taking no chances.

(Please turn to page 110)



BY  
JOHN EDGAR  
WEIR



A scene from M-G-M's new musical revue, "Hollywood Premiere," done in colors.

# Music of the Sound Screen

**News of some of the latest hits in the  
talkies and on the records**

**H**OLLYWOOD PREMIERE" is the first musical picture M-G-M has made for a long time, and to show the importance attached to it the company is making it in colors. It should be well worth waiting for.

And now for the month's best records:

Despite the fact that we review some very excellent records this month, I think most of you will agree that Guy Lombardo and his orchestra rightfully heads the list. "No More Love" is the tune Guy and the boys play for us this time, and take it from me, it's a real Lombardo melody. Smooth, easy going, with plenty of that phrasing that makes this orchestra outstanding. There is no band today so easily recognized as Guy Lombardo's. On the radio, you don't need the services of an announcer to tell you it is the Lombardo orchestra. The vocal in this number is sung by Brother Carmen.

"Just Because You're You," is on the other side, also played by Guy Lombardo. This is just a shade

"NO MORE LOVE," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (Brunswick)

"THERE'S A RING AROUND THE MOON," fox trot—played by Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra. Recorded in Europe (Victor)

"SMOKE RINGS," fox trot—played by Baron Lee and his Blue Rhythm Band (Melotone)

"HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN?" vocal—sung by Ethel Merman. (Victor)

faster than the preceding number, and makes an excellent change. You'll like the vocal by the trio. (This is a Brunswick record.)

**H**ERE'S one from Europe for us, and it's great, too. Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra do the recording honors, and they deserve our congratulations. Also, another (*Please turn to page 85*)



# Radio Rambles

**O**F all the performers who commute to their programs, Frank Crummit and Julia Sanderson have, according to our own private bureau of weights and measures, the longest trek. Every week Mr. and Mrs. Crummit have motored to Manhattan from their home near Springfield, Mass. This has been going on for four years now—ever since they left the stage for radio.

The other day we bumped into florid and genial Frank Crummit in the grill of the Lambs Club—he's just been elected Shepherd—and we temporarily forgot our Blue Points over this one.

Shortly before they took to the ether Julia and Frank were starring on Broadway in "Queen High" with Jack Hazzard. One bit of action in the play required Crummit to spray Hazzard's coat lapel with perfume. Of course, they never had any real perfume in the atomizer. But on the last night of "Queen High's" long run Crummit decided something should be done to liven things up, so before the performance he dropped in at a drug store where he purchased a bottle of liniment and some carborana. These he mixed with loving care in the atomizer. The noxious fumes which struck Hazzard unawares that night as his lapel was sprayed by Crummit stopped the show.

Jack Hazzard, however, had apparently had a premonition. All went smoothly until the next scene when the action called for Julia Sanderson to hand Frank a love letter. As he read the secret missive he was caught by Hazzard, as the jealous husband, at which

he quickly stuffed it in his mouth and ran off stage.

"Imagine my chagrin," gurgled Mr. Crummit, "when Julia opened the desk drawer where the property man always left a small sheet of letter paper for me to swallow and instead, through the kind offices of Mr. Hazzard, handed me a yard of blotting paper."

**Frank Crummit Gets a Summons:** Over week-ends Frank Crummit and Julia Sanderson and the neighbors up at Springfield have been playing Elsa Mayfield's new game—Scavenger. They assembled last week about six o'clock and the list of things they had to get before seven included a cigar butt, a hotel key, a lock of hair from a red-headed woman, a Bible, a red lantern, a red ostrich feather and a traffic ticket from a cop. Frank thinks he would have won if it hadn't been for the traffic ticket.

The genial officer Mr. Crummit asked for a ticket turned out to be a radio fan. When he discovered he was talking to Frank Crummit, he insisted that Frank come to his home first, meet the wife and kids and distribute autographs to the family. Then the cop gave Frank a whole book of traffic summonses. However, Miss Sanderson came in last. She couldn't find her hotel key. Naturally, she couldn't. Frank already had it. As a penalty for the booby prize Miss Sanderson had to wait on tables for the entire crowd.

## Who's who among the stars of the air—and what they are doing



Lee Wiley (above) began playing and singing as a child. She comes from Muskogee, Oklahoma. Perhaps this little girl isn't proud to be teamed up with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt!

*Photo by Culver Service*

Do you know who owns Radio's "Magic Voice?" She is Elsie Hitz, selected as having the most alluring tones on the air. Veteran of the stage since she was fourteen, she played leads in many plays, and then, in radio, was in "Mysteries in Paris," "Joe Palooka" and other skits.



(Below) Jessica Dragonette, after being featured in "The Miracle," "The Student Prince" and the "Grand Street Follies," and hailed as a musical comedy find, turned her back on the theater and went into radio. Born in Calcutta, India, she was educated in a New Jersey convent. Her voice is one of the best known on the air.



Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

(Above) Irene Taylor is a Texas girl—at least, she calls herself a Texan. But she really comes from St. Louis, where her father was a supreme court judge. She made her first public appearance when she was nine. She has never had any technical musical training. She is on Paul Whiteman's broadcasts.

**When it's Springtime in the Roxies:** Roxy has a column of stuff named after him in the New York telephone book—starting with "Roxy, delctsn, 621 9th Ave." and ending with the "Roxy Window Cleaning Co." Intervening items include:

- 1 Roxy Button and Passamenterie (whatever that is) Company.
- 4 Roxy Laundries
- 6 Roxy Markets
- 5 Roxy Clothing Stores
- 1 Roxy Pants Company
- 1 Roxy Doughnut Shoppe (2 branches)
- 1 Ditto Coffee Shoppe

One item, however, must be an error in proof reading—The Roxy Mountain Farm. We imagine it is probably the same farm where they raise those famous Roxy Mountain Goats.

**If They Had the Wings of an Angel:** One of Nellie Revell's favorite stories these days was told her by the attending physician at a Middle Western penitentiary where lights go out and (*Please turn to page 83*)



Photo by Wide World

Jack Benny and his wife. You know her as Mary Livingstone. Until they were married six years ago she'd never set foot on a stage. But Jack made an actress out of her, just to keep it in the family. George Burns and Gracie Allen are their closest friends.





# Crazy!

*Jimmy Durante's story of his life  
—as told to CHARLES DARNTON*

**A**T last I ups to 'em and says this thing has gotta stop. I just can't stand it no longer, my enemies nagging, nagging, nagging me to tell about my cock-eyed career like I was a canned prize-fighter or a prominent convict.

So here I am in my study where I does all my serious writin'. It's really my dressing room, only I calls it my study 'cause in any place but a study I'm a bust.

To put you wise, I been hangin' back from muscling in on the awthor racket till my horoscope says "Go!" Careful, that's me, feelin' my way and not leaping before I looks in case I lands on some Plymouth Rocks or rusty nails or a mess of biscuits which a bride's husband gives the air when he notices they got hardening of the arteries. I don't do nottin' till my horoscope is sitting pretty with Venus over Mars, and Saturn on the outs with Minneapolis. Night after night I feverishly scans the heavens, stayin' out all hours and tellin' the missus that if I'm goin' to be an awthor she's gotta stand for me bein' a bum.

And now I'm ready to make my life a open book, and

"I been living a sheltered life, in Bowery dumps, Coney Island joints, Broadway night clubs, and New York theayters. And here in Hollywood I get about as much privacy as an extra girl after dark!"

if the spellin's lousy you'll fix it, won't you, pal o' mine through rain and shine I'm always thine?

**A**S I sees it, peeking around my nose, I been livin' a sheltered

life in Bowery dumps, Coney Island joints, Broadway night clubs and New York theayters, and here in Hollywood I got as much privacy as an extra girl after dark.

I beats it out to Hollywood for two reasons, viz., which is that my night clubs get closed so reg'lar that I feels like Tex Guinan's long-lost son and whereas and furthermore I wants to play around in front of the camera with Greta Garbo on my face value of a profile which beats Jack Barrymore's by a nose, and in a kissin' contest I keeps my attertude till the stodio burns down.

If I'm gettin' ahead of myself, stop me, hold me, carry me back to Alabamy where my mammy, my dear old mammy, don't you hear me, mammy, mammy, MAMMY, ain't waitin' for (*Please turn to page 114*)



# ST. PATRICK'S DAY

## IN HOLLYWOOD



**Mary Pickford gives us some Irish recipes from her grandmother's cook book and her own**

**I**F you chance to pass by Pickfair on the morning of the seventeenth of March you might catch a whiff of colcannon cooking in the expansive Pickfair kitchens. It's the favorite St. Patrick's day dish for the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks ménage. And it comes straight out of Mary's grandmother's cook book.

She had the old book out the other day, thumbing over the pages and reading the directions for savory Irish dishes which her mother, too, prepared for the family's St. Patrick's day dinner.

"Of course, in those days," Mary said, "dinner was always served at midday and the evening meal was called 'supper'. One of our favorite dishes was colcannon, and even today at Pickfair it is still the main dish for our Seventeenth-of-March menu. Douglas is as fond of it as I.

"To make it you boil six pounds of potatoes and one pound of new peas, separately, of course. Chop one onion very fine. Mash the potatoes with lots of butter-milk and butter, and add the raw, chopped onion. Then stir in the peas with a fork; add salt and pepper, and eat while it's hot.

"It's really a sort of Irish stew. The delicious flavor makes it one of the most palatable dishes in the

entire lexicon of culinary art. And it is so economically made that depression pocket-books will find it a real boon to the household budget.

In Toronto, where Mary spent her early childhood, St. Patrick's day was always one of great significance.

Wearing one of the costumes in which she will be seen in her new picture, "Secrets," Miss Pickford turned the leaves of her grandmother's book.

"I had to have the book rebound," she told me. "It was getting so worn I was afraid it would fall apart. And I have a lot of new Irish recipes which I have added to my collection. Maybe NEW MOVIE readers would like some of them," she said questioningly. Being assured that NEW MOVIE readers *would* like some of Mary's St. Patrick's Day recipes, she added, "Well, I hope they will like them as well as the Pickford family does."

### Irish Shenanigan

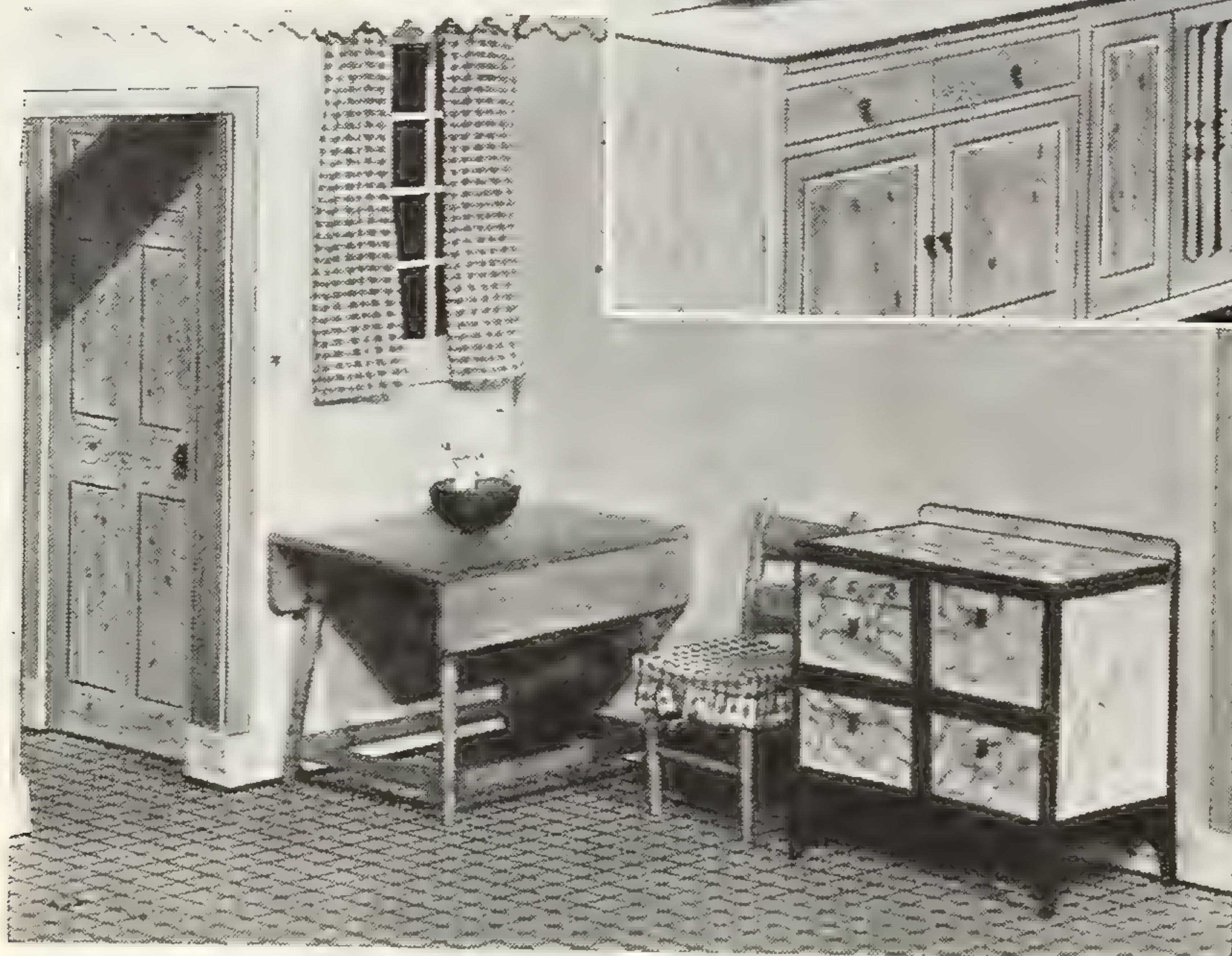
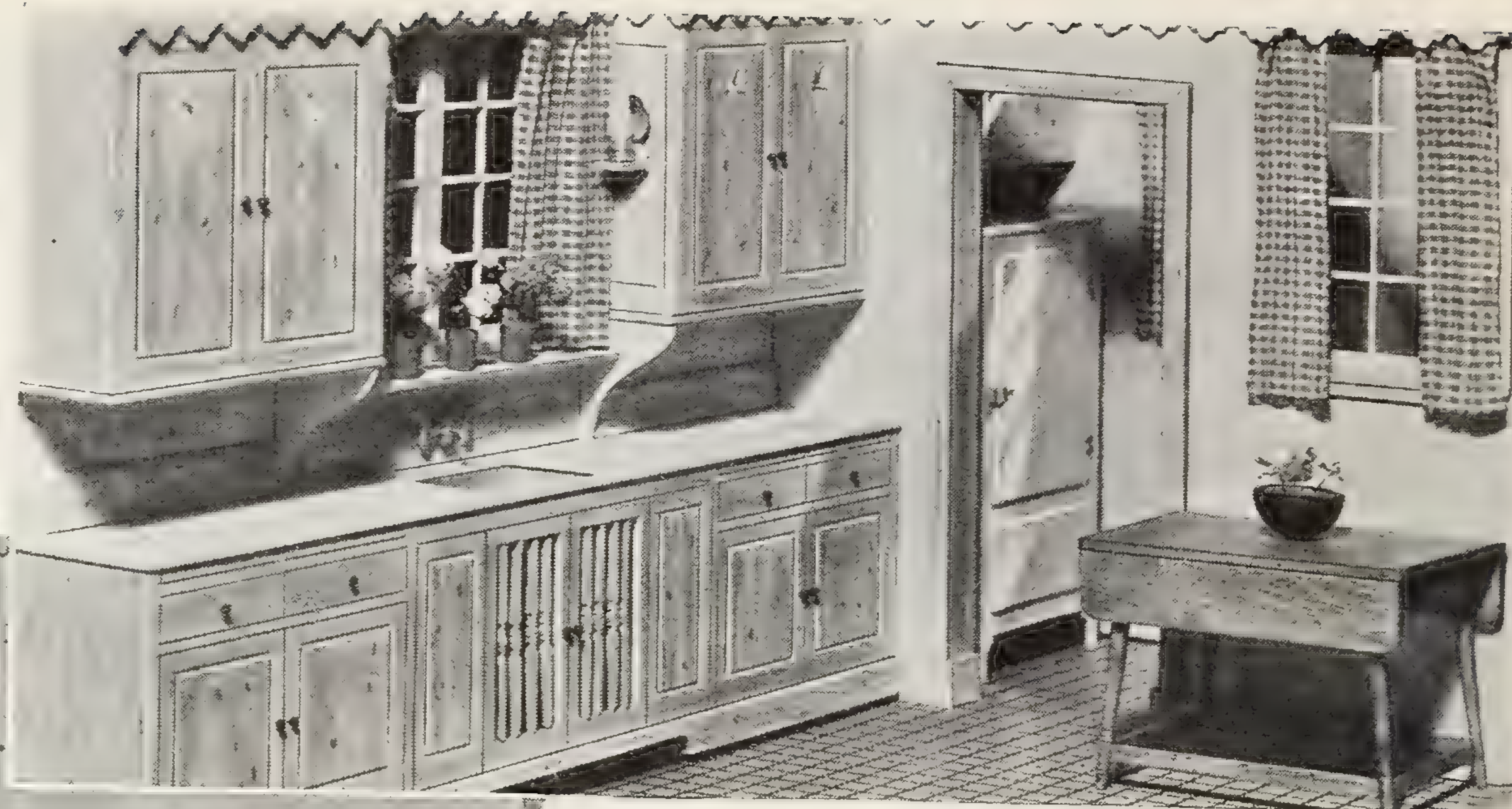
- |                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cans tuna              | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt  |
| 1 cup celery             | Dash of pepper and           |
| 2 cups bread crumbs      | paprika                      |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise |
| 1 egg yolk               |                              |

Combine the celery and (Please turn to page 79)



The refrigerator occupies a small room of its own, convenient both to the kitchen and the service entrance.

The small corner near the window makes an inviting spot for breakfast or lunch.



The kitchen of our little Colonial house is bright and cheerful and efficient to the last detail

By BETTY LENAHA

## The Cheerful Kitchen of our Colonial House

IT is just within the last few years that the kitchen has come into its own. Now, as much attention is paid to its color scheme and decorative detail as to any other room in the house. We wanted our kitchen to have the Colonial feeling, but it had to be modern and efficient in every detail. We wanted an unusual color scheme, but it had to be bright and cheerful, so we hit on the idea of a red and yellow kitchen, a modern kitchen which still retained that quaint Colonial atmosphere.

The walls of the room are painted a canary yellow and the doors, cupboards and woodwork are of pine. One wall is occupied by built-in cabinets in the center of which, under the double window, is a shining, metal

sink. And the counter provides excellent working space. The entire floor is covered with inlaid linoleum in a red and black block design.

The curtains are made of red and white checked gingham and are topped by a decorative pine cornice which extends as a trim around the top of the room.

The stove is the very latest model. It contains four gas plates, an oven and broiler and a space below that can be used for pans. The top of the stove when raised provides a shield for the wall.

A Colonial drop-leaf table in pine occupies one corner of the room. The two quaint little slat-back chairs are also of pine. The seats of the chairs are upholstered in red and white checked gingham and have the short box-pleated skirts.

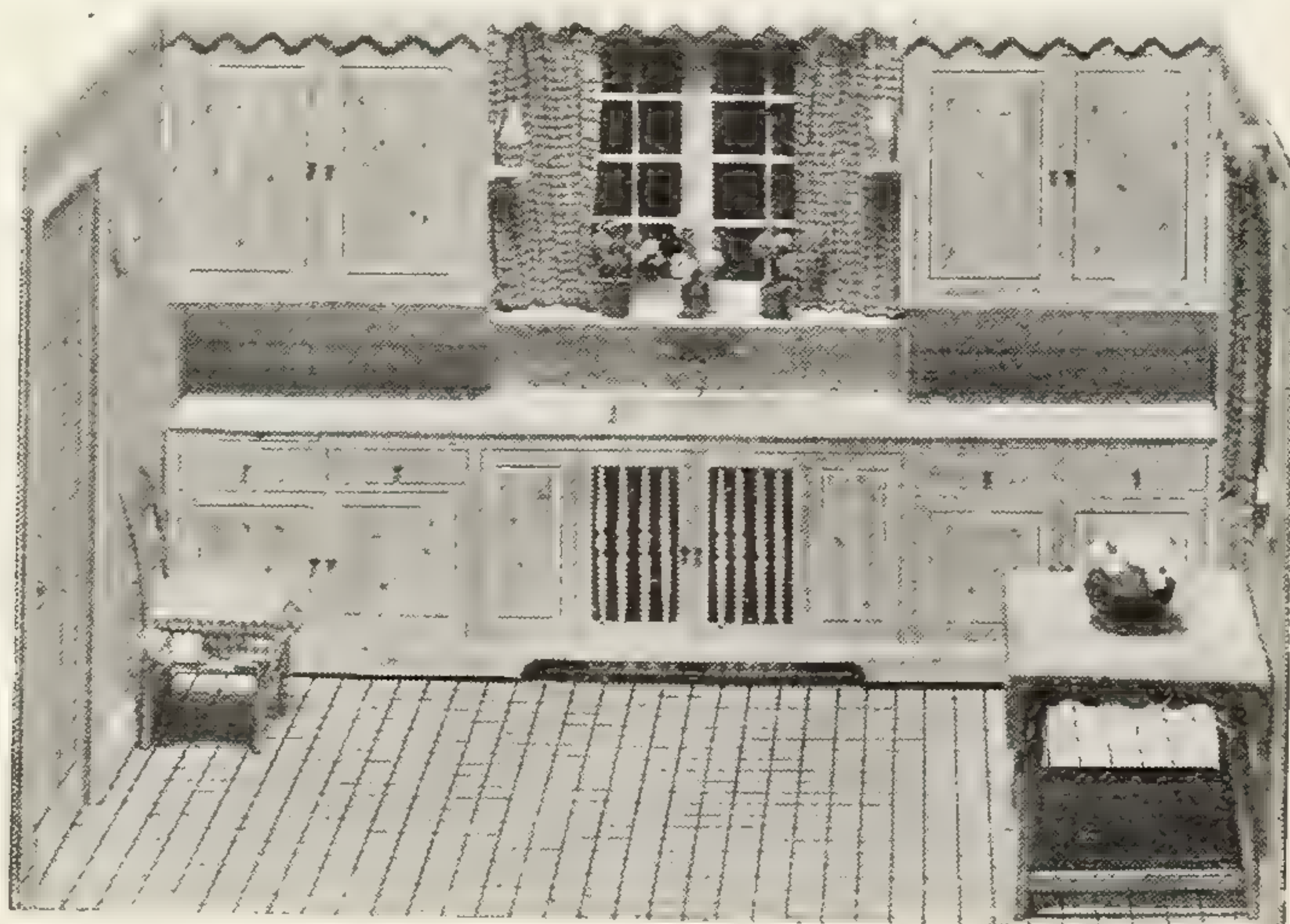
Off the kitchen to the right is a small room which serves as an excellent place for the electric refrigerator as well as a service entrance. Above the refrigerator are cupboards for extra supplies.

If you have been following the development of our Colonial house which we are producing in miniature, room by room, you will be glad to know that the large bedroom of the house will be shown in the next issue of this magazine.

Models by

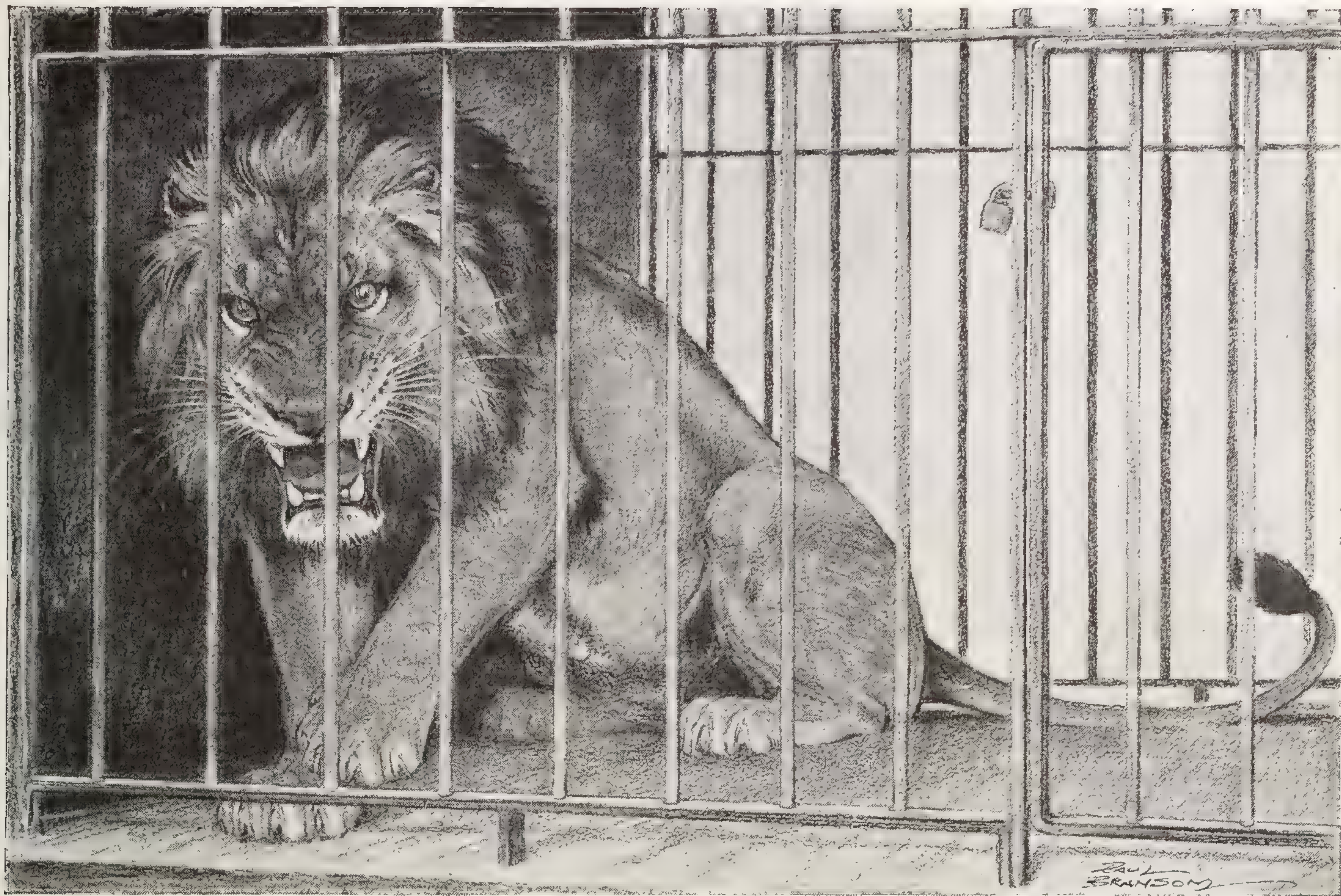
Herman C. Knebel

The long shelves on either side of the sink provide an excellent working space.





# DIABETES—the Lion Caged



**D**IABETES, under control, might be likened to a safely caged lion. Out of control, it strikes with a lion's speed and crushing power.

The discovery of insulin and its application to the treatment of diabetes is one of the great triumphs of medical science. It has saved many thousands of lives.

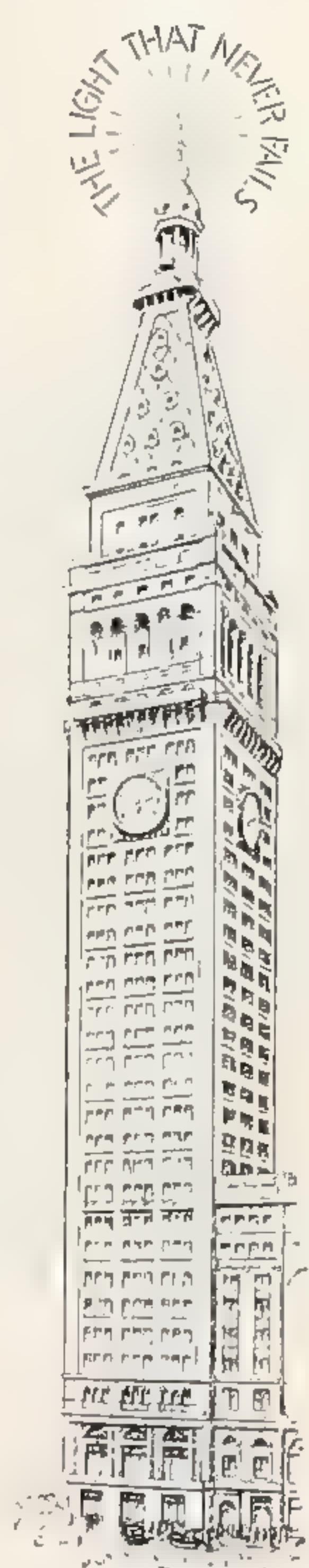
Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live the normal, healthy lives of their playfellows. It has lifted chronic diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to carry on industrious, useful careers.

Before this great discovery, a victim of diabetes was forced to adhere strictly to a wearing and often spirit-breaking diet—if he would live. Suffering from a constant and almost unbearable craving for rich food and sweets, he struggled to obey his doctor's orders—"No starches, no sugars." The dining room was a dreary place for a diabetic.

What a contrast between the old, half-starved, hopeless days and the present time when the majority of diabetics are allowed many of the things they like to eat. A goodly percentage of them will live out the expected span of life for their ages.

Diabetes is by far most frequent among overweight persons. It may be largely prevented by correct diet and proper exercise. New cases of diabetes appear with almost mathematical regularity—tens of thousands each year in this country. But a person who showed no trace of the disease last year and now finds unmistakable symptoms has little cause for anxiety. In all probability his case can be fully controlled by proper diet, exercise and the use of insulin.

Still a grave danger remains. Insulin has such a tonic effect on a diabetic that he sometimes makes the mistake of regarding himself as cured. He must be reminded that if he lets his lion, Diabetes, get out of control he runs a risk which may be fatal. As long as he keeps his lion caged he is safe.



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

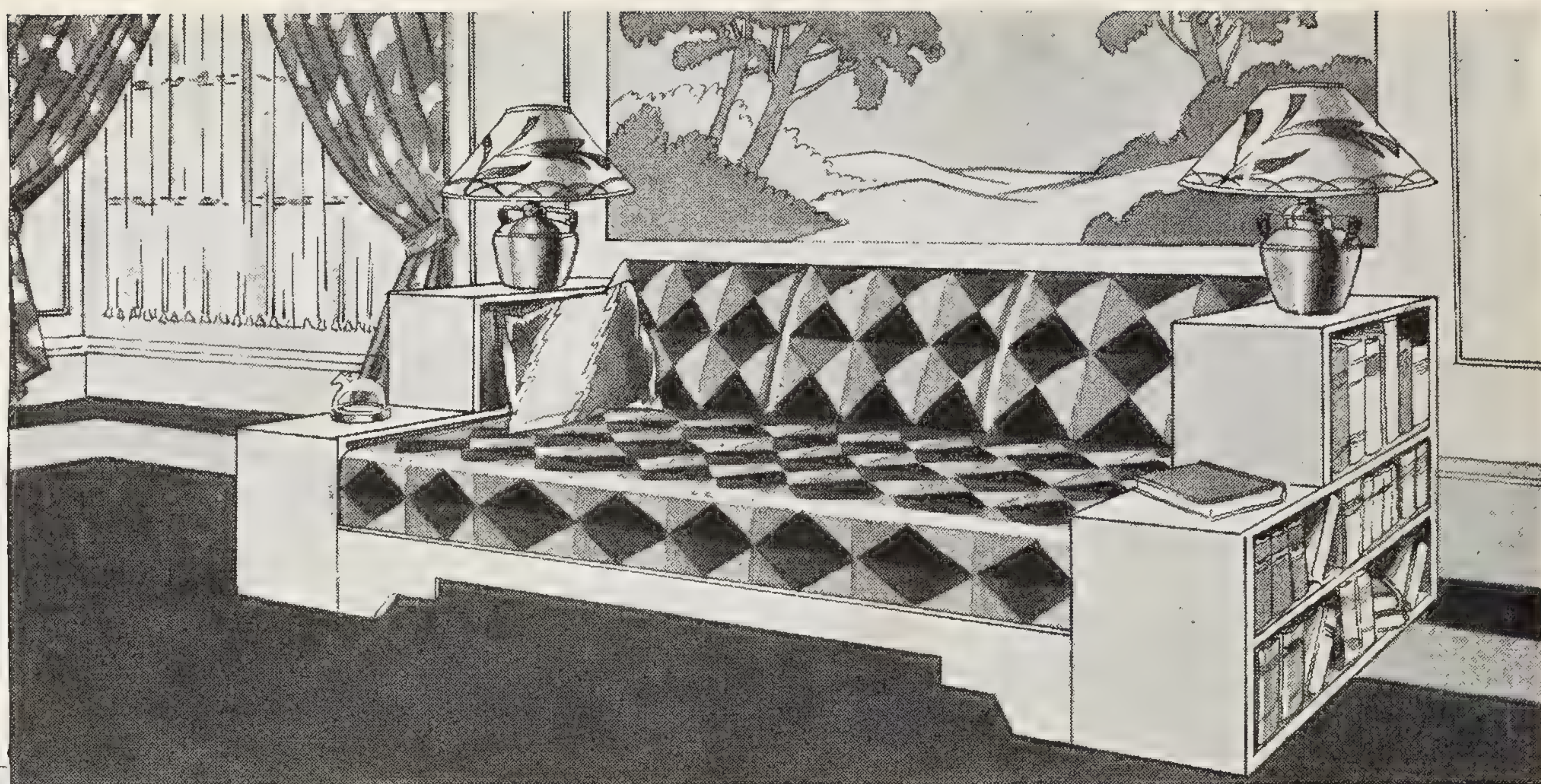
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M.L.I. CO.



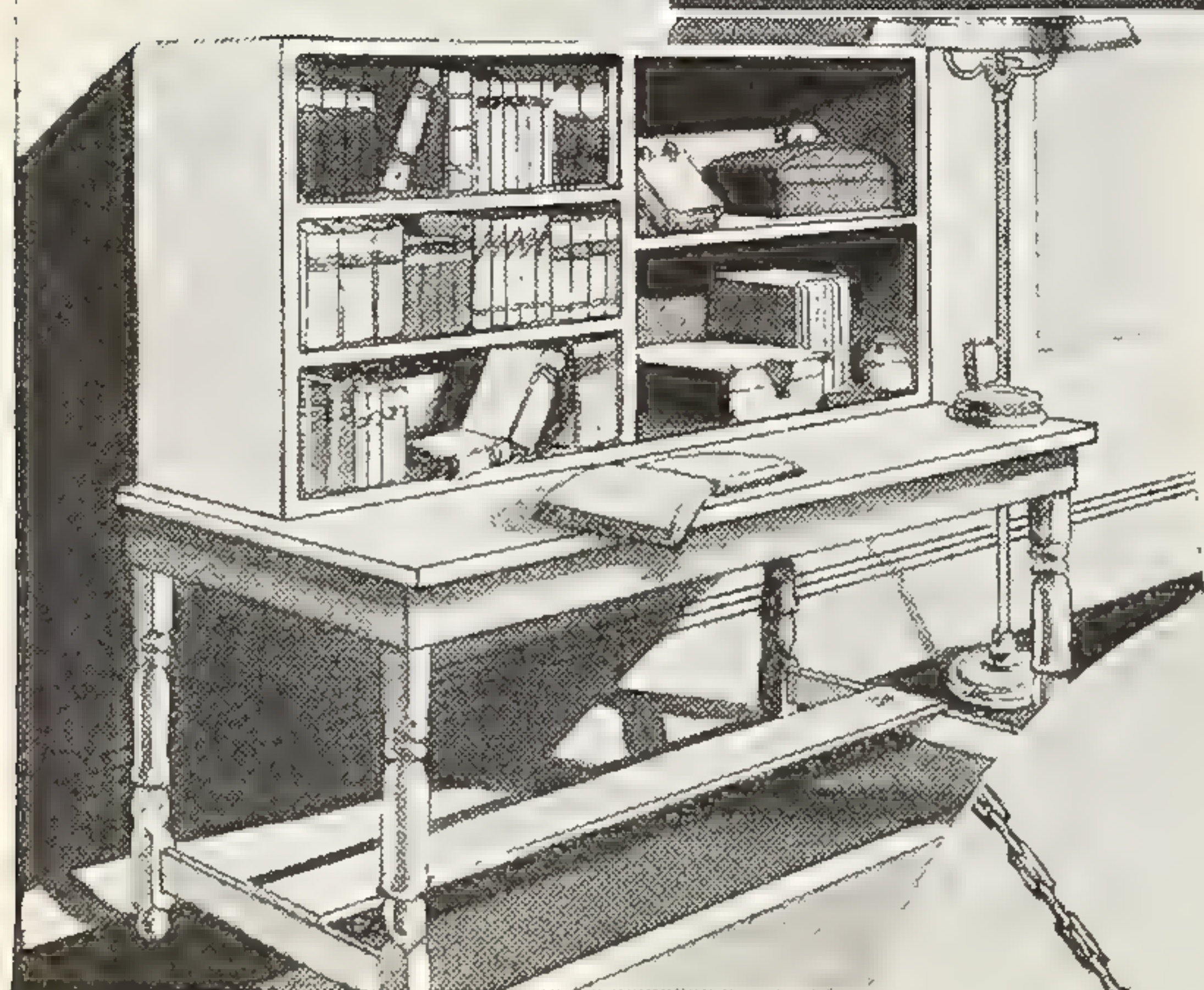
Ma200—This circular tells how to make couch frame and book-case ends in the modern manner.

By  
**FRANCES  
COWLES**



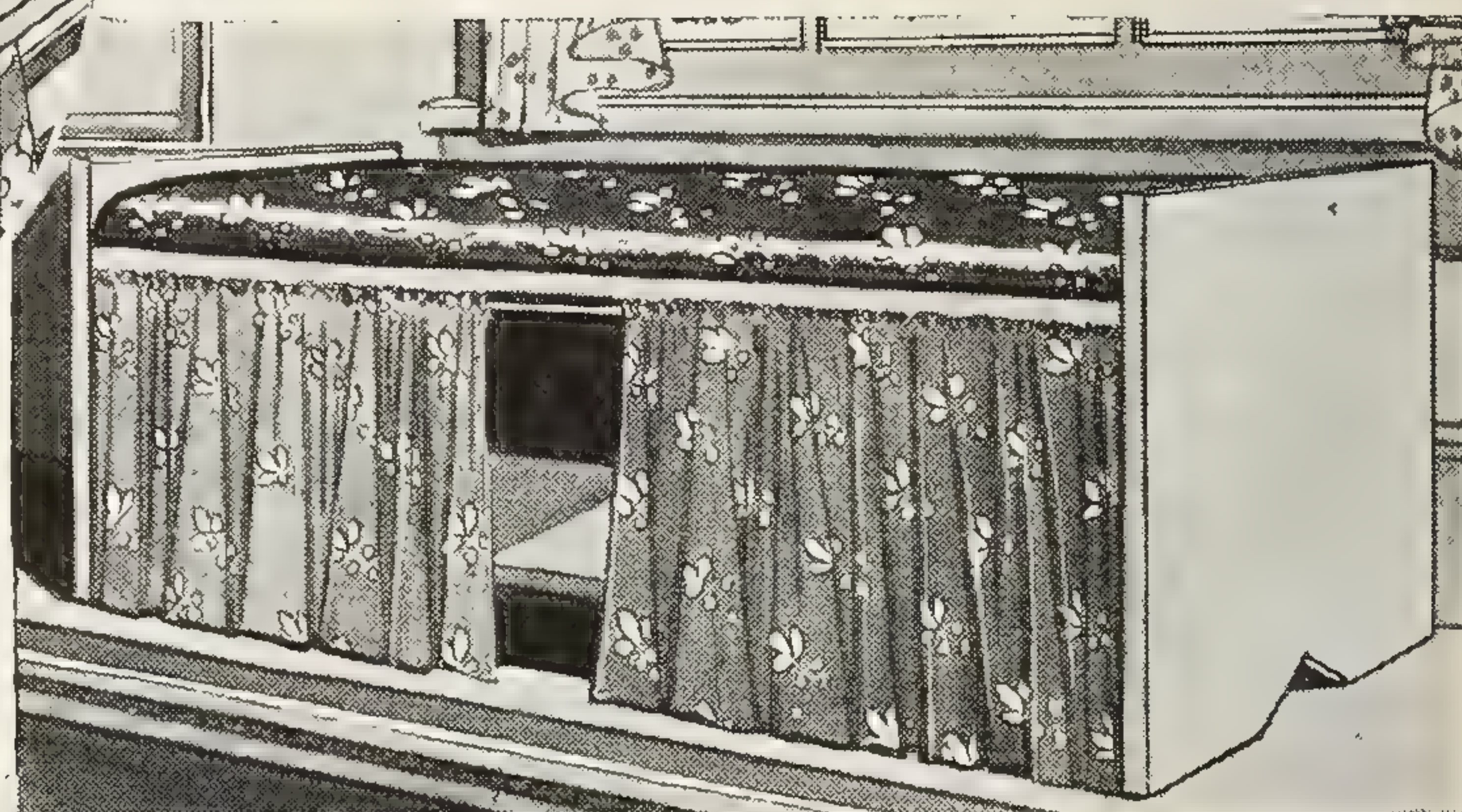
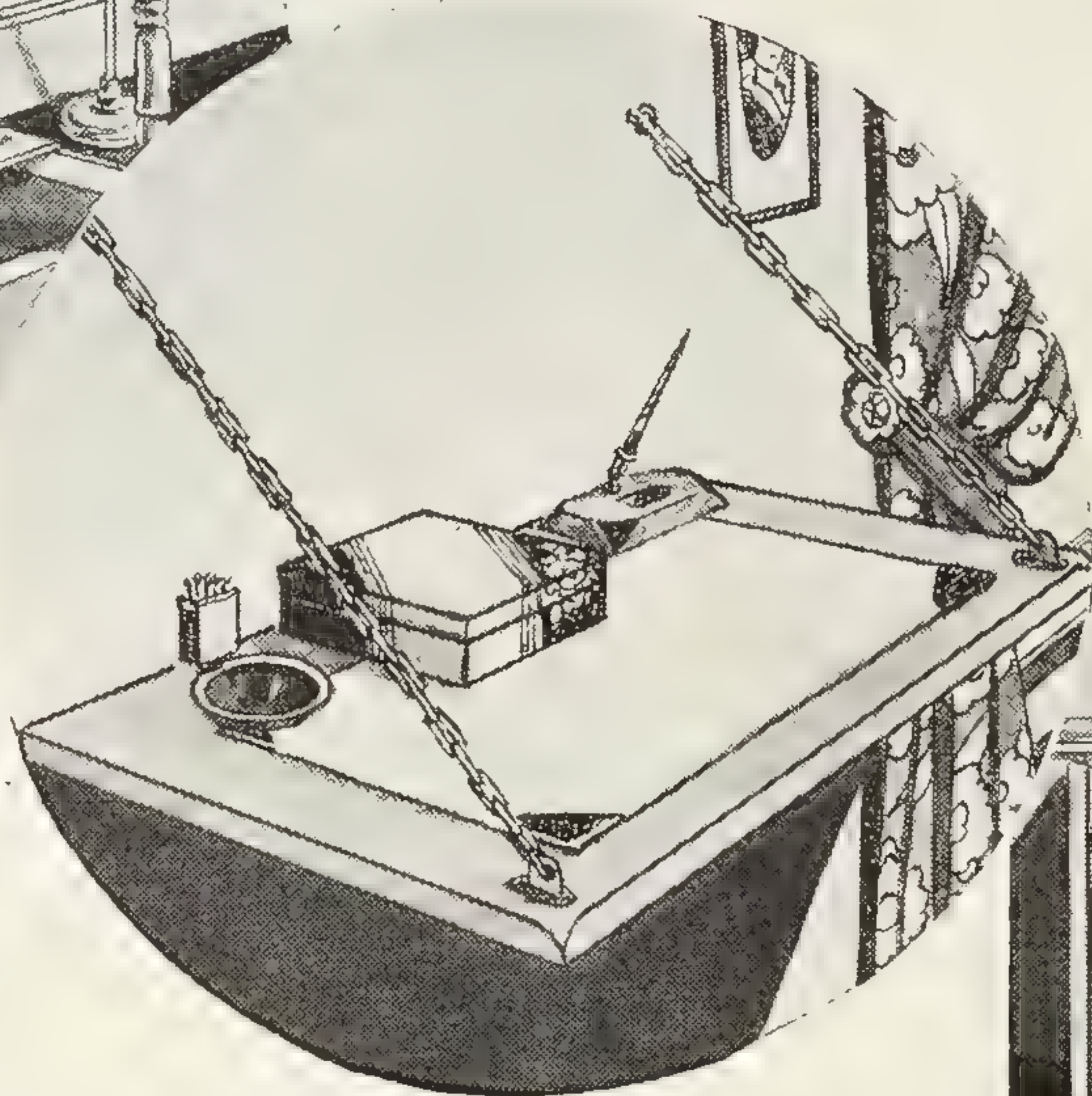
## Made from Wood— for Your Home

**Our New Method Circulars give full directions for constructing and painting these up-to-date pieces of furniture**



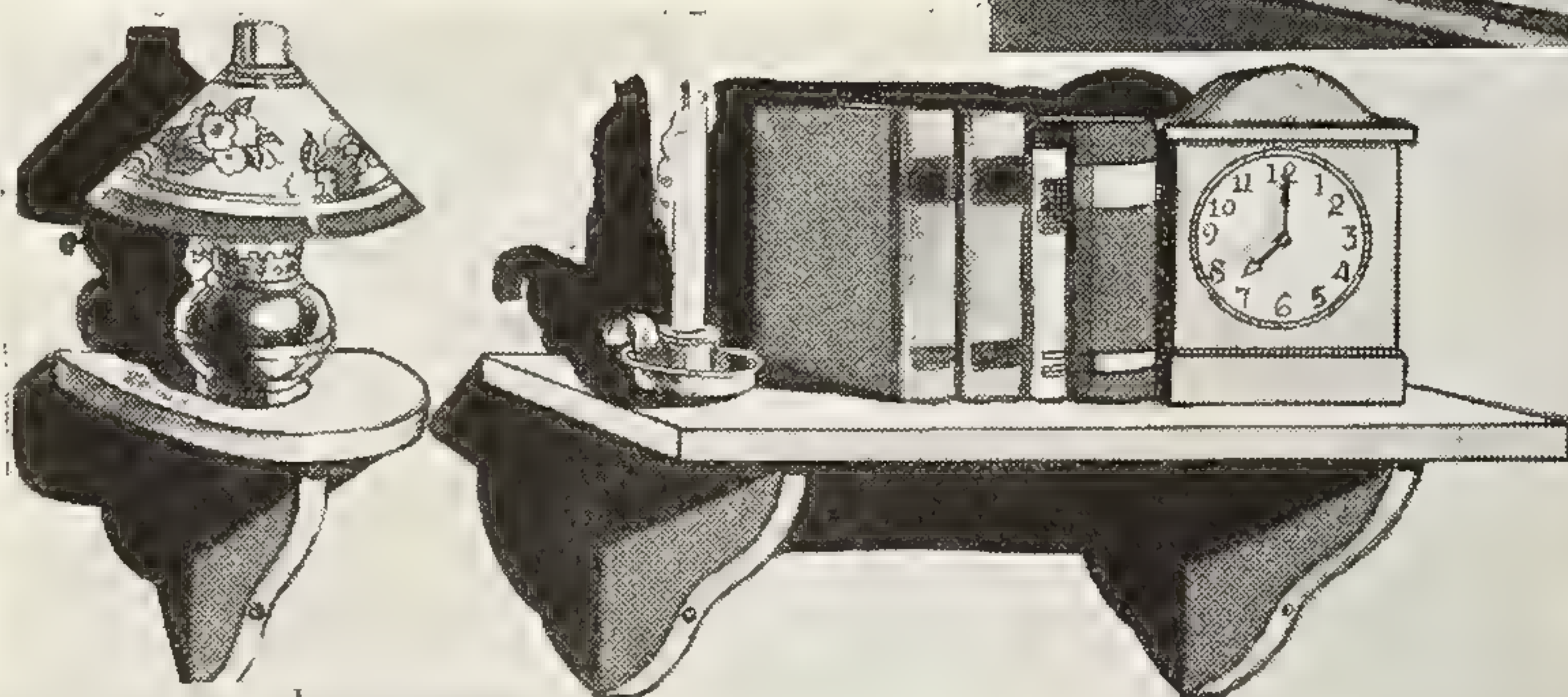
Ma201—You can make this desk from an old table and specially designed shelves.

Ma202 — Here you have full directions for making a convenient drop-leaf writing desk.

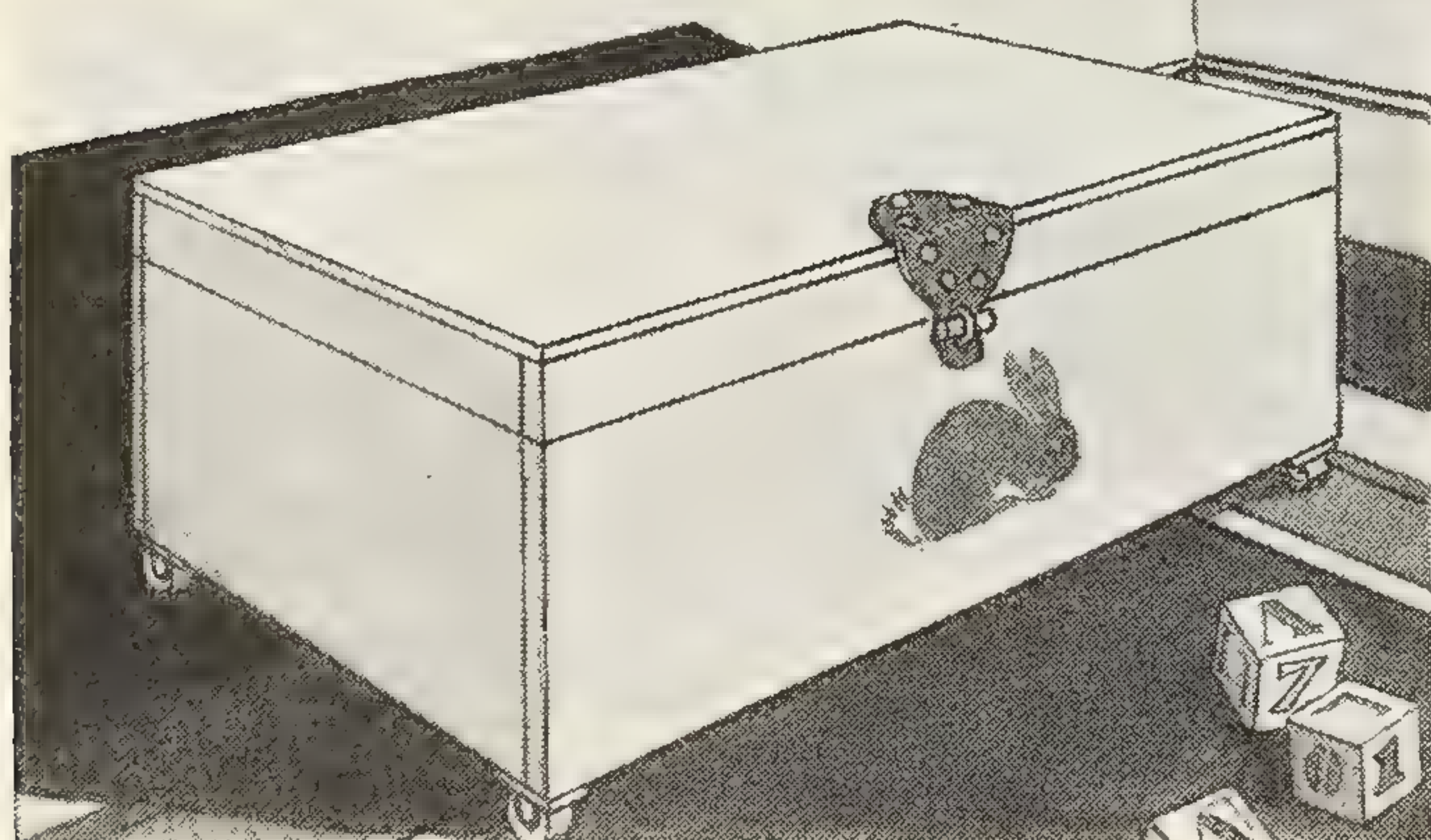


Ma203—Directions for making useful bracket shelves for every room in the house.

Ma205—A sturdy chest for the children's toys, attractively decorated.



Ma204—Make this window seat with shelves for shoes or boxes.



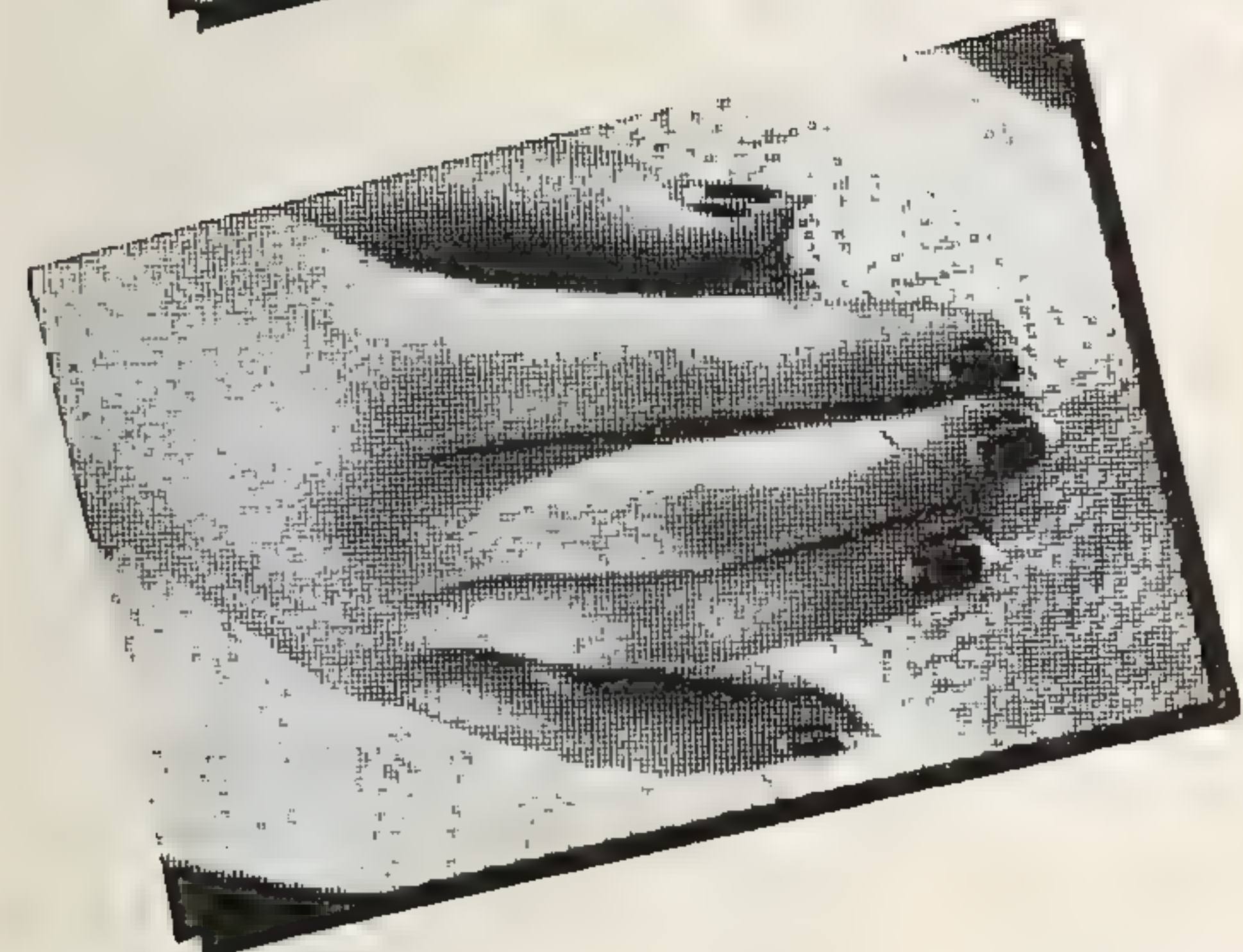
Ma206—A clothes hamper painted or enameled to match the bathroom is made with the help of this circular.

Turn to page 99 for directions for obtaining the various circulars indicated here.





# Both tinted nails and natural on the Ile de France



Miss Nancy Morgan in white skirt and brown striped sweater and Coral nails. For this blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wears Ruby with red and white.

*Natural* just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

*Cardinal* contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

*Rose* is a shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

*Garnet* is smart with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

*Coral* nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"—either daytime or evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense, black and brown.

*Ruby* (new) is such a real red red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be particularly gay and dashing.

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure and Excitement.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs . . . curved over the ship's rail . . . in the Salon . . . you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Nowhere will you find Competition Keener than on shipboard. And if you want to be in on all the exciting things that happen . . . or the Romantic things

that Might . . . see that your nails are as gay and beckoning as butterflies. Those Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly. And Stays On.

If this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns. Get the new Cutex tints and see how the right color nails will make even

year-before-last dresses take on Parisian chic.

**EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .** Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream). Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with new Cutex Hand Cream.

Northam Warren  
New York • Montreal • London • Paris

## Cutex Liquid Polish—

Smart . . . Inexpensive



# Our Fight to Crash the Studios

(Continued from page 72)

galow. We had food; we could laugh. So I started to get our first dinner in the new place. Horrors! There were no pots and pans! Nothing at all to cook in. And it was late, and we had nothing with us that could be eaten without cooking, we only had bacon, flapjack flour, coffee, corn-meal, dried lima beans. We had the food, and the stove, and the gas and no pans. That time I was discouraged.

But it didn't stop Clark. He kept right on grinning. He went exploring and came back from the alley with a kerosene can. He cut it in two and made a kettle out of part of it, and a coffee can out of part of it and a frying pan out of part of it. So we had beans and flapjacks and coffee—and a lot of laughs—for our first meal in our home. Can you stop that kind of chap? I don't believe it can be done. If that kind of chap is ever stopped, he will stop himself.

Then what?

Clark's voice lessons in the early morning. Piano practice. His acting lessons—play reading—work, work, work, but no students, no money coming in—it *must* come in, somehow. And Clark must not go back into an office. This was his big chance. So I got a job.

A friend gave me a job, because he had known me when I was a leading woman on the stage. He was publishing a theatrical magazine. He was also operating a scenario school. He gave me work criticizing first efforts of aspiring movie writers, and I read thousands of story plots that were sent in in answer to an advertisement he printed asking why the old man in the accompanying illustration was picking a carnation out of a garbage can.

**H**ARD work? Yes! But when ambitious youngsters come to my door and ask me to help them, and tell me of their hopes and yearnings, I always try to find out whether or not there is someone standing by to help—someone who can laugh—someone who can "take it"; someone they care enough about to want to make good for so that there will be comfort and satisfaction in attainment. Success is rare in this field of international striving, and it cannot be won alone.

I got sixty-two dollars and fifty cents a month for half a day's work—from eight in the morning until one. And that was a lot of money, it kept me out of the house while Clark did his practicing, and it paid the rent, which was twenty dollars a month, and paid the grocery bill—or some of it. You can count it up.

Then two or three of my old students drifted in and thought it was picturesque, and studied again, and paid me tiny prices to fit the tiny studio. And Saturday afternoons and Sundays I posed for Luvena Buchanan Vysekai who wanted a model for the Fall exhibition. She's a stunning painter. I was fiercely proud of the way she made me look on the canvas. That beautiful work and the fine high talk about real art used to come back down the hill to the little home on the alley, and make it all seem possible—this plan to make a fine actor.

Again there was not enough money coming in, so I rented a typewriter

and copied scripts at night. After all, one white shirt, an old pair of knickers and a shiny blue serge suit won't get you far in Hollywood.

**O**NE of my most vivid memories of Clark in those days is the picture of him working on those clothes. He said I didn't know how to sew on buttons properly—and he was probably right. I know my neighbor had to show me how to wash wool socks after I had ruined one of the precious pairs. She showed me how to iron shirts, but I could never do it right.

So Clark would trim the fringe off the shirt cuffs and sew on the buttons, and rip off the collar and turn it when trimming the fringe would no longer suffice. And as he acquired another shirt here and there, he would have the collars altered to the long pointed ones that Barrymore wore. All of his shirts—all three of them—had patches in the back where the shirt mender had taken off the tail to make the real actor collar. I remember one shirt with a lovely blue patch in the tail, that was particularly conspicuous on our washline.

The cooking went better. We had



Photo by Wide World

Jobyna Ralston, always athletic, particularly keen on tennis, was forced by the doctor's orders to abstain from all forms of strenuous exercise when it became rumored in the family circle that the little stranger you've heard about was soon to arrive. Jobyna spent her time at Palm Springs, Dick Arlen running down for week-ends and between pictures.

a grand supply of utensils now. Ella Buchanan, the sculptress who has recently been honored by the French government, discovered our plight and gave us a honeymoon shower of kitchen things. That was a party. She has a huge studio full of fine work, and she had a lot of people come to the party and they all brought things—kettles, frying pans, mixing bowls and a ridiculous collection of "home helpers," consisting of dish towels and dust cloths and such things for Clark, who promptly turned them over to me. He was far too thoroughly Dutch to help in the kitchen, that was woman's work.

**T**HEN it seemed time to start the career.

Dennison Clift was directing at Fox and we had been at Stanford University together. I wrote him a note and he sent for Clark to go over to the studio. And he got his first job. I had tried to interest other friends, but always the same answers—not enough looks, not well enough dressed, not enough experience, no style. Even June Mathis, who wanted to do something about us, couldn't use him, and was very unhappy when she told me he just wouldn't do. But Dennison Clift, clever and kind, said, "Surely, I can use you in the next picture. I'll give you a call. It will be a scene at a party—Tuxedo and everything—three dollars a day."

Three huge shocks in one remark, as Clark told me when he came rushing home. "Hey, honey, I've got a job! Do you hear? I've got into the movies! A job! Hurray!" And he whirled me around in the little kitchen, almost knocking the Irish stew off the stove, and shaking the whole house as I beat on the ceiling with the wooden spoon.

Then he set me down suddenly. "But where'll we get a Tuxedo—evenings things—shirt, shoes, pants—everything? Gosh! But it's three dollars a day, and there will be several days, maybe a week!"

Clark found out about a dress suit rental place, and by some means—perhaps just the contagious grin—persuaded the proprietor to let him have a complete outfit. Clark's first day's work in the movies was done in that rented outfit, from the shoes up, even the necktie and the handkerchief in the Tuxedo breast pocket.

At the end of this great first job, of course the rental of the grand outfit ate up most of the twelve dollars—four days' work it turned out to be. But that didn't matter. Now Clark could get other things to do. He was no longer inexperienced. That first job is always the hardest to get. Now he could register at Central Casting Bureau, and now he was a motion picture actor. We were very happy.

Clark Gable had come to Hollywood, he had seen the fight ahead, and he had got a job. That is to say, his foot was on the ladder, but the top was a long, long way ahead.

**T**HE process of barbering, pressing, cleaning, getting make-up and all completely wiped us out financially, so that the morning Clark left for his first job there wasn't any money at all anywhere. But there was food in the house—a can of beans, coffee, bread, no  
(Please turn to page 76)



# Red chapped hands

*made smooth and white in 3 days!*

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

## *Does not dry the skin*

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "second skin" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.



## **A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.



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*honey and almond* **CREAM**

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# Our Fight to Crash the Studios

(Continued from page 74)

sugar, no milk, no butter. And we had a job and were away on the career.

We had no idea about the lunch period he would have—whether it would be long enough for him to walk home and share the beans—so I had no idea whether to expect him.

That morning, at the office, I had been tempted to borrow some money to help us over until something came in, but the other workers there had razed me quite a bit about my marriage, as had most of my friends. So, rather than have them know how things were, I took a chance on having it come out right and said nothing.

So at noon when I went home, and found the house locked and quiet, I thought, "He isn't coming; he will go hungry all day." But I had hardly got my hat off, and decided to save the beans and things for evening, in case Clark didn't receive his check for the

day, when an old Ford runabout rattled up the alley. There were shouts of laughter back of the house and demands for food. And there was Clark and a cute little girl who is a famous star now, coming home for the can of beans. A beautiful, gay little person, she was, too.

Clark's first great scene in the movies consisted of sitting on the stairs at the far end of the set with a group of extras. He sat there four days. And sitting next to him was this little girl. We call her Janet Gaynor now. She was new to it all, too, so they compared notes, and then when pangs of hunger made themselves felt, they compared notes about prospects for lunch, and found they were both completely without funds.

"But I've got stuff at the house, if we had time to get over there for it," said Clark.

"Oh, I believe we could make it. I've got an old car," said the girl.

So they came home and giggled over the beans and the bread without butter, and the coffee without sugar or cream.

I suppose that neither of these two remembers that lunch now. Both of them have the world waiting to serve them. But I remember it. Perhaps it's because of the fact that I didn't share it, but I enjoyed watching. And that is still true.

*(You'll never forgive yourself if you miss the next installment of this remarkable series. This is real, human, authentic. Nothing like it has ever been written about Clark Gable—and probably nothing so revealing will ever be written again. So be sure to get the April NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale March 10th. Don't fail.)*

## Great Mysteries of the Movies

(Continued from page 41)

She-Devil." Each was a colossal success.

Theda was a personal success, too. She was well advised. Beginning at a hundred dollars a week, she hiked her salary up until it had reached the unheard-of-figure—for those days—of four thousand dollars a week.

In money and in popularity, she was so far out in front of all the other stars that, with the exception of Mary Pickford, there wasn't any second.

And how she worked!

She made forty pictures in four and a half years. Each picture earned more money than the one before. Each was a record-breaker for its day and age. Her manager, so it is said, offered her a bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to sign a contract for one more year.

And she quit.

SHE gave up much more than money, much more than movie fame. She was the most discussed, perhaps the best known, woman in the world. Her appearance on the stage of a theater packed the aisles and crowded the rafters. Her appearance on the street called out the reserves.

In 1918, when she was selling Liberty Bonds in competition with Maude Adams and other great favorites of the day, she broke all records by selling five hundred thousand dollars worth to a Wall Street luncheon crowd in just thirty minutes.

She was, as I have said, an institution. She had not only introduced the vampire to the screen; she had introduced it into the common language of her generation. She had made her own name synonymous with it.

She is remembered now—and, as she put it, *how* she is remembered!—for her more daringly naked characterizations; but, as a matter of fact, she it was who introduced the classics to the American screen. She played every rôle that Bernhardt played, and a dozen others besides.

She broke precedents and she made

them. She was the biggest box-office "draw" the stage or screen had ever known. She was a personage, a world personage. She had before her a limitless future that beckoned her on to gold and glory.

Then, suddenly and without warning, at the height of her career, she walked out of the Hollywood studios, and never entered them again.

These are the real mysteries of Hollywood—not murders, orgies, divorces. Every town has its quota of such ordinary scandals. Hollywood's may have been more eye-catching, more ear-filling than some, but, with few exceptions, not more interesting, certainly not more mysterious.

Hollywood has mysteries that no other town *can* have.

Why is it, for example, that the greatest actress of the screen cannot get a job?

Why is it that the screen's most famous comedienne, who had the world by the tail, let it wag her the wrong way?

Why is it that the most talked about dancer of her time, "the girl with the wicked wiggle," wiggled her way right out of pictures?

Why is it that the first movie actor to get his name into electric lights suddenly lost his popularity?

Yes, these are the real Hollywood mysteries—these and a dozen others that are more curiosity-pricking, more attention-gripping, more imagination-rousing than any mere newspaper story of drunkenness, perversion and vice.

But the deepest Hollywood mystery of all, the one that has defied solution over the longest period, is this Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire—which is another way of saying that the rise and fall of Theda Bara—if, indeed there was a fall—is the most mystifying, perhaps because it is the most simple story of the screen.

Why did she quit?

It was unlikely, of course, that the woman in front of me would give me the answer to this question, even if she

knew it. But there was no harm in trying.

"The fact is," she replied, "I was tired. It amuses me to read of these present-day starring contracts calling for two or three pictures a year. My output was seldom less than ten."

I didn't take much stock in this "tired" theory. After all, strong, healthy, vital persons like Theda Bara don't turn down two hundred and fifty thousand dollar bonuses because they are tired. They simply take a hitch in their diamond and emerald stomachers and a shot of cod liver oil with their breakfasts, and go out seeking new worlds to conquer.

There was, however, the more serious matter of Miss Bara's eyes. They are the kind that seem to look right through you. On the screen they used to reach out into the last row and snare every living soul in the house. But, as a matter of fact, she is today one of the blindest seeing persons I ever knew.

BUT she always has been—and to prove it, she fished out of her bag the tiniest of lorgnettes, and held them up to my perfectly good eyes. The lenses, which she said had not been changed for years, were so strong, I couldn't see anything through them—fairly good evidence that my hostess's trouble with her eyes was due to just plain congenital nearsightedness and not to any sudden affliction of the Kleigs.

So I tried another tack. Her retirement might have been a matter of increasing weight. I didn't raise the avoirdupois question that first evening. But the next day at luncheon—well, one grows brave over a chicken patty and a brandied peach.

"Good, isn't it?" she said, referring to the peach.

"Wonderful!"

"I have no use for people who don't like food. I enjoy it so much myself."

This was my opportunity.

"Yet," I ventured, "you manage to keep your—" (Please turn to page 78)



# Your family will like a real MOVIE DINNER

## A HOLLYWOOD SURPRISE MENU

Irene Dunne's Favorite Chicken Broth  
Spanish Chicken with Constance Bennett Sauce  
Asparagus with Crumbs à la June Collyer  
Melba Toast by Marian Nixon  
Grace Moore's Orange and Celery Salad  
Baked Apple Dessert by Kay Francis

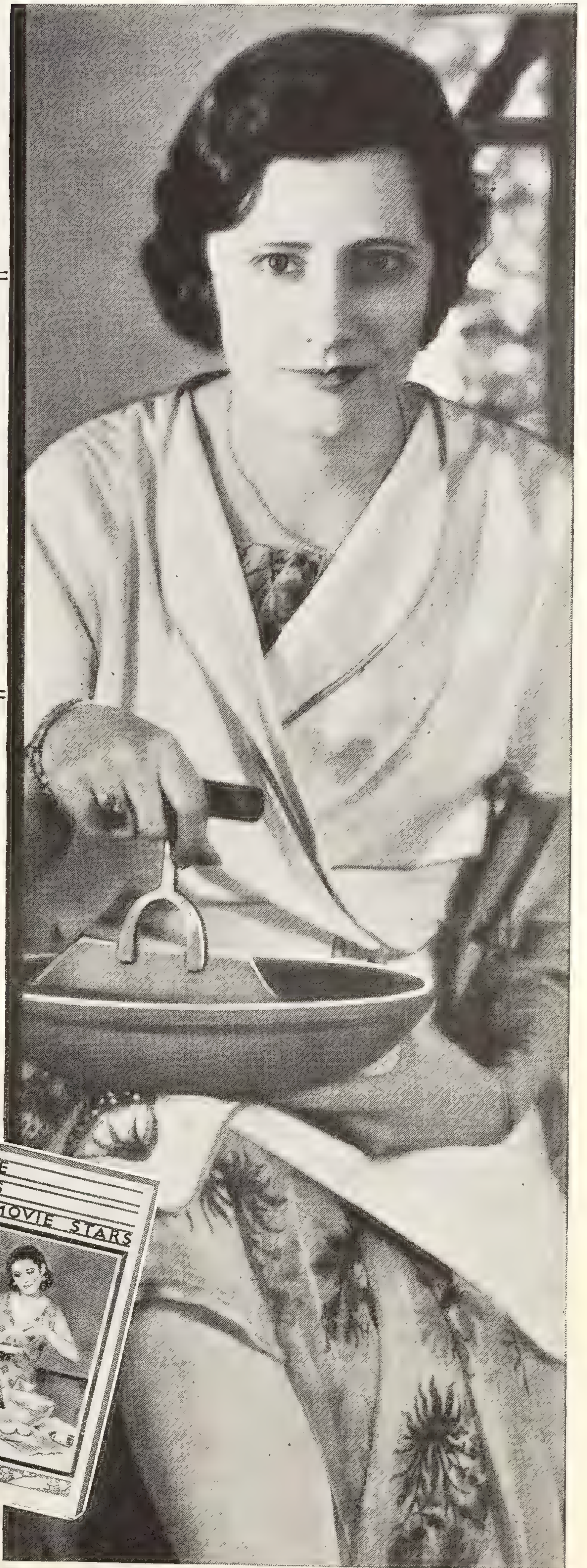
The glamour, the thrill, the fascination of the movies is felt by everyone. We like to know what the famous stars wear. What their homes look like, what their hobbies are. And now, a clever little book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" tells you all about their favorite dishes and how to prepare them right in your own home. Give the family a real thrill very soon by announcing that you are going to serve a Hollywood dinner. From the forty-seven recipes described by the stars themselves you can plan a deliciously different menu which will make a simple dinner at home a real event.

"Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" **10c**

*The Price on Canadian Orders 15c*

**TOWER BOOKS**  
INCORPORATED

**55 Fifth Avenue**  
NEW YORK, N. Y.





# Great Mysteries of the Movies

(Continued from page 76)

"My figure? Yes, I have never had to worry about that except when I diet or exercise. I remember once when I was making 'Salome,' I thought I was a little too fat for the costumes—you remember they weren't very concealing!—so I took a course in Dr. Somebody-or-other's Reducing Exercises. I gained twelve pounds!"

Miss Bara laughed as few professionals of my acquaintance are able to laugh at themselves. She has a nice, detached view on the whole world, including the first great screen vampires.

"Except for that one experience," she concluded, "I have never weighed more than I do now—exactly one hundred and thirty-two pounds."

That disposed of the weight-for-age theory. Obviously, the Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire was not to be solved with a Fairbanks scales. So I led her to talk of lighter matters.

"Things move fast out here in Hollywood," she said. "Life is cinematographic. The average span of a picture star's career, unless she has somebody especially interested in keeping her before the public, is about five years. That's why I stopped mine at four and a half."

At last, I said to myself, a clue! I did not give her credit for thinking out that "five-year plan" idea way back at the time of her movie ascendancy. The industry was too young and too unsettled then to have established any such precedents. But she was, and is, a very clever woman. She may well have sensed the rapid change in public taste, sweeping the country with the war.

**T**HE big woman—and Miss Bara did undeniably photograph big—was going out. The post-war flapper was coming in. Big women casualties were heavy on every front. Virginia Pearson, Valeska Suratt, Betty Blythe, Olga Petrova, Nita Naldi, Clara Kimball Young—all gave way before the bobbed hair and rolled stockings of the little John Held girls of that day.

But there was one flaw in this theory as an explanation of Miss Bara's sudden exit. All of these women—although none of them enjoyed the cinema prestige of the great Theda—remained on the screen and earned big money long after she had become only a glittering memory.

In short, the further I went the more insoluble the mystery became; and I suppose I looked my perplexity. Anyhow, for a moment, I thought she had made up her mind to "come clean."

"The real reason why I left pictures, if you must know," she said, rising from the table, "is that I married an Englishman. Need I say more?"

"As if that," I protested, "would stop Theda Bara—"

"You have no idea!" she said, with mock humility. "He won't even let me have a dog."

It is true that Miss Bara did marry an Englishman—tall, handsome Charles Brabin, director of "Sporting Blood" and "Washington Masquerade"—and it is true, as the neighbors will tell you, that he rules their home with that divine right of British husbands.

But—there always seemed to be a "but!" it was also true that Miss Bara had been married to her Englishman for some time prior to her mysterious

retirement; and that he, far from hindering her career, was responsible by his expert direction for many of her most successful pictures.

"I am so glad," she said, with an impish gleam in those great unseeing eyes, as I handed her into her car, "if I've helped you solve your 'mystery.'"

"I would be glad, too, if you *had*!"

I didn't blame her for her elusiveness. After all, she had kept her secret for more than a decade. She doubtless considered it her own. But Hawkshaw in Hollywood was not to be thwarted so merrily. If the lady



Ben Lyon, though making quite a name for himself as an amateur photographer, is in a jam. The movie magazines discovered Ben's pastime and deluged him with requests for pictures. So, rather than discriminate, Ben has been forced to refuse them all. (Note to editor: Exclusive picture of Barbara Bebe Lyon, photographed by Ben, is enclosed herewith.)

wouldn't tell, some gentleman might—and, as a matter of fact, several gentlemen, each contributing something out of his knowledge, did tell the true story of the Vanishing Vampire.

**T**HIS is what happened.

Theda was, as she said, tired. Also, as she hadn't said, there were rumblings about a moral clean-up of the screen, the beginning of a reaction against the exploitation of scenes of sin.

At this psychological moment appeared Al Woods, astute Broadway impresario, with a proposal to star Miss Bara in a stage production.

Her film managers were not exactly pleased to have her go. They probably did offer her the quarter of a million to stay. After all, she was still making fortunes for them. But, once she was gone, they were somewhat relieved.

With increasing success, so her employers maintained, she had not been easy to handle. There was, for one thing, the ever sky-rocketing salary. There was also an alleged tendency to play the queen, off as well as on the screen—in other words, to carry the Cleopatra hokey into every day life.

There had been a good deal of trouble, too, about her name. The studio, having christened her with it, claimed

to own it. She, having borne it, claimed to own it, too. The Supreme Court of New York State finally decided the matter in her favor. On the surface there was peace. But the fight had left its scars.

But Theda should worry! If the film public was with her, who could be against her? What was a quarter of a million dollars compared with what she might get if she stood pat? She would take her vacation from studio work, clean up in the Woods show, increase her prestige—and come back bigger than ever, to the tune of perhaps half a million.

Everything seemed to be going her way. To be sure, some of the critics refused to accept her as an actress. But the audiences hailed her as an attraction. Dispatches from the one-night stands were uniformly cheerful. Even the big city crowds did her homage.

Listen to this from conservative Boston:

"An audience such as is seldom seen in a house at \$2.50 top was capacity. Theda got a big reception when she appeared and when she went off stage after her first entrance the lines of those remaining on stage were inaudible because of the constant chatter of her worshippers. Many 'shushes' finally got the house quieted down.

"It was necessary to call for extra police to hold the crowd in check when Theda was due to leave the theater as a crowd jammed the alley where the stage door is located and overflowed."

**A**LL this sounded good. It was good—except for one thing. Life in Hollywood, as Miss Bara herself said, does move swiftly, cinematographically. Pictures themselves were moving fast in those days, developing, changing over night. Yesterday's technique was old stuff today; a joke tomorrow.

Miss Bara, when she came back to Hollywood, had not changed. But Hollywood had changed. A new type of picture had come in; a new type of direction; a new type of action; and with all these things, a new type of star.

Theda was still able to do the stuff she knew. She was still able to take a ten-twenty-thirty seduction scene in her two strong hands and tear the vitals out of it. But directors, producers, exhibitors and customers were no longer keen to have her do it.

Frankly, they didn't seem to care a darn *what* she did.

So the half million wasn't waiting for Theda, or the quarter million either. She was, as we say in Hollywood today, "all washed up in pictures"—and, as it turned out, all washed up for good.

To make sure, I went to the studio and had them run off one of the old Theda Bara pictures. As an expert witness, I took with me one of the most successful directors, a young man to whom Theda was only a tradition.

Because she *was* a tradition—because she was the best of her kind in a primitive day—we both sat in respectful silence. But as the lights came on at the end of the final reel, my director friend turned to me with the real solution of the Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire.

"Theda Bara didn't leave pictures," he said, "pictures left Theda Bara!"



# St. Patrick's Day in Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)

tuna. Place a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish, cover with a layer of tuna mixture. Continue, alternating layers of crumbs and tuna until all have been used. Combine milk, egg yolk and seasoning. Pour over tuna. Cover and bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, 20 minutes. Remove cover and bake 20 minutes longer. Fold mayonnaise gently into beaten egg white, spread mixture over top and slip under broiler until delicately browned. Serves 8.

## Fairy Fluff

- 1 box lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 orange, grated rind and juice
- 1/2 lemon, grated rind and juice
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine gelatin with orange and lemon rind. Add boiling water and dissolve. Add sugar, salt, orange and lemon juice. Add orange sections if desired. Chill until firm and cover with:

## Three-Minute Meringue

Place 2 egg whites, unbeaten, 1/2 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons water and 1/4 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract in upper part of double boiler and beat until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat one minute. Remove from fire and continue beating two minutes, or until mixture will stand in peaks.

## Frosty Avacado Shamrocks

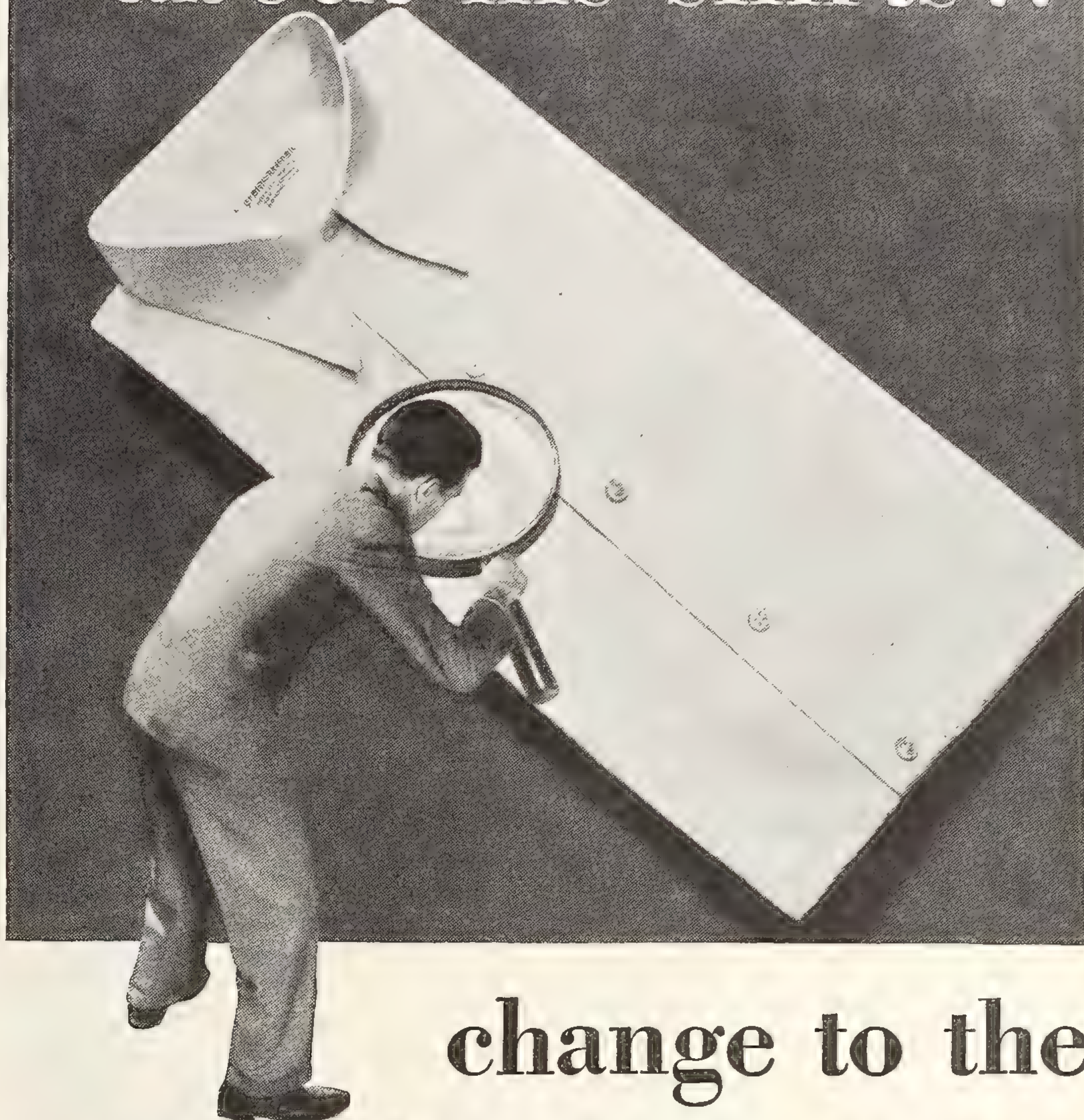
- 1 Avacado
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon gelatin
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 1 cup cream
- 3 drops green coloring

Make a syrup of the sugar and water and boil for four minutes. Remove from fire and add the gelatin that has been hydrated in the cold water. Allow to cool. Make a paste by mashing 1 Avacado (or enough to make 1/2 cup). Add the lemon juice and then add to the syrup. Fold in the cream that has been whipped, add the coloring and place in small shamrock molds, then put in trays of electric refrigerator to freeze for four hours.

## Can You Make Suki-Yaki?

Everyone's talking about this famous Oriental dish and clever hostesses are serving it in true Japanese style on their own tables. Turn to page 122 if you want to know how to make it.

# If he's a "crank" about his shirts..



## change to the extra-help soap

He'll be the *smilingest* "crank" that ever eyed a shirt—that husband of yours—if you take this hint:

*Change to Fels-Naptha*—use it. In a few washes—shirts, linens and all your things will take on a brighter, whiter look!

The reason is simple. Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt out of clothes—even the stubborn kind. For that big golden bar is more than soap alone. It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. These

two helpers, working together, wash clothes cleaner and do it without hard rubbing.

Another thing. You're being thrifty these days—and Fels-Naptha saves clothes. It saves hands, too, for there's glycerine in every bar.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today. Try it in tub or machine. In hot, lukewarm or cool water. For soaking or boiling. You'll see nicer washes on your line—and you'll hear no more shirt grouches.

**GENTLE!**  
There's glycerine  
in it, too!

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SMELL THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

T.M.-3-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please print name and address completely



a Laxative must be

*Gentle*

to be safe for a

*Woman!*

**I**s the laxative you are taking gentle enough for a woman? A laxative that can answer "Yes!" to that question is the ideal laxative for *all*. For the feminine sex must be especially careful.

Ex-Lax is gentleness itself. Ex-Lax follows Nature's way in relieving constipation. Ex-Lax simply "nudges" the intestinal muscles — and so stimulates the bowels to gentle activity. It doesn't affect digestion, nor leave harmful after-effects.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is one that is widely prescribed by physicians in their daily practice. It is combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

For more than a generation Ex-Lax has been the choice of young and old. 30,000,000 boxes were used last year.

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store. 10c and 25c. Or we will gladly send a free sample if you write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B33, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!



## BOX OFFICE CRITICS



NANCY CARROLL

Oakland, California

Stars may come and stars may go—but Elsie Janis, may she go on forever! She's so human and lovable and as genuinely honest and American as apple pie.

Her chummy articles are so newsy and informal with never a single "meow" in them. A low and sweeping bow to this grand "little feller" whom I'd like to meet grin to grin.

Eva L. Dunbar,  
2702 Harrison Blvd.,

#### Must Like Karen

Swampscott, Mass.

Do you know who has the most expressive, most impressive, most alluring voice on the screen? Who makes me sit in ecstasy through her whole performance, and who puts across her personality with a bang. Of course it's Karen Morley.

She is lovely and glamorous and I hope she goes to the very peak of success. I'll be watching her climb.

Jennie  
Toothaker,  
36 Middlesex Av.



MYRNA LOY

opposite sex, I will endeavor to answer the question.

To me, Joan Crawford is, without a doubt, the best dressed woman on the screen today. She has, in all of her latest pictures, worn the most alluring and gorgeous gowns of any actress I have seen. In "Letty Lynton" and "Possessed" she was in her glory. Her clothes stood out for beauty and distinctiveness. The only modern actress to come near her is Jean Harlow in her best picture "Red-Headed Woman." So I say long live Joan Crawford and her beautiful clothes.

Charles Browne,  
3619 Forest Park Dr.



EVELYN BRENT

#### Must She Sing?

St. Louis, Mo.

Can it be true Joan Crawford is to take the leading role in "The Merry Widow?"

Miss Crawford is a splendid actress, but that doesn't mean she can sing. Imagine hearing her low, throaty voice in the title role of this beautiful oper- (Please turn to page 117)



BESSIE LOVE

#### Do You Agree?

Cincinnati, Ohio

Who is the best dressed woman on the screen?

That is a question that many women have tried to answer. But I have yet to see an article written by a man, pertaining to this subject. And yet why shouldn't a man's opinion be considered even more than that of a woman's? Don't women dress to attract the opposite sex? Therefore since I am of that

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# That Certain Something

(Continued from page 57)

different! One feels he can take care of himself!

Melvyn seems to be sitting back and enjoying the game. He seems to be saying, "Go on, you beautiful darling, I understand your game better than you do . . . but I like to watch your work. I'll let you go so far—and then I'll call your bluff . . . WATCH OUT!"

Every woman feels the challenge this man radiates—and loves it! She is heart and soul with the beautiful, exotic love game on the screen. She feels this girl's final triumph over him almost as her own. She hopes the woman will get burned first, learn her lesson—and then conquer him irrevocably—and, of course, this is the Melvyn Douglas story formula—almost always.

**U**NDERSTAND, that is just what Melvyn represents to women from the screen! He is not conscious of this quality in himself at all. The producers vaguely feel this quality and realize that it is the best foil for the Garbos, the Swansons, the Birells. I doubt if they have analyzed why they pick Melvyn when they need a powerful, dramatic lead for a woman who knows her screen alluring stuff!

There is something stern and unrelenting about Melvyn, in back of which is a glorious sense of humor. He is tall, broad-shouldered, blond and quite handsome in a very he-man way—all this, even in real life!

He is quiet, self-possessed and cultured. He is a nice young man any woman would be instantly attracted to, because of his quiet, reserved manner, his humorous and genial smile.

He might be quite the same type of man he plays on the screen, but one has the feeling he would not like a lot of foolishness and flippery from a woman. He would have no patience with feminine tricks. He would seek the woman of feminine beauty, the kind who needs to be protected and yet not the hopelessly helpless kind.

He is distinctly intelligent and despises rank stupidity. He gives intelligence and demands intelligence in return. Outside of that I would say he is reasonably ambitious, has no affectations or false pose. In fact, he is altogether delightful, girls, this Melvyn Douglas, believe me he is! . . . Perhaps after all, that's the answer to our original question—"Why do they always pick Melvyn Douglas?"

## SPEND YOUR MONEY

If you want to use every nickel of your income to best advantage you should know what proportion to spend for food, shelter, clothing, savings, etc. The Tower Budget Circular gives figures and percentages with explicit help in arranging your own personal budget. To obtain a copy send your request to Mary Marshall, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, enclosing three cents for postage.

# ANITA NAMES THE DAY

by Timmins

1.

YOU AND ANITA HAVE BEEN ENGAGED TWO YEARS NOW. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME . . . ?



I'VE BEGGED HER TO MARRY ME AGAIN AND AGAIN. BUT SHE ALWAYS HAS SOME EXCUSE. WON'T YOU TALK TO HER?

2.

ANITA, YOU'RE NOT FAIR TO HIM. HE'S OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE WITH YOU — ANXIOUS TO MARRY. BUT YOU —



OH, UNCLE DICK, DON'T SCOLD. I'M SO UNHAPPY

3.

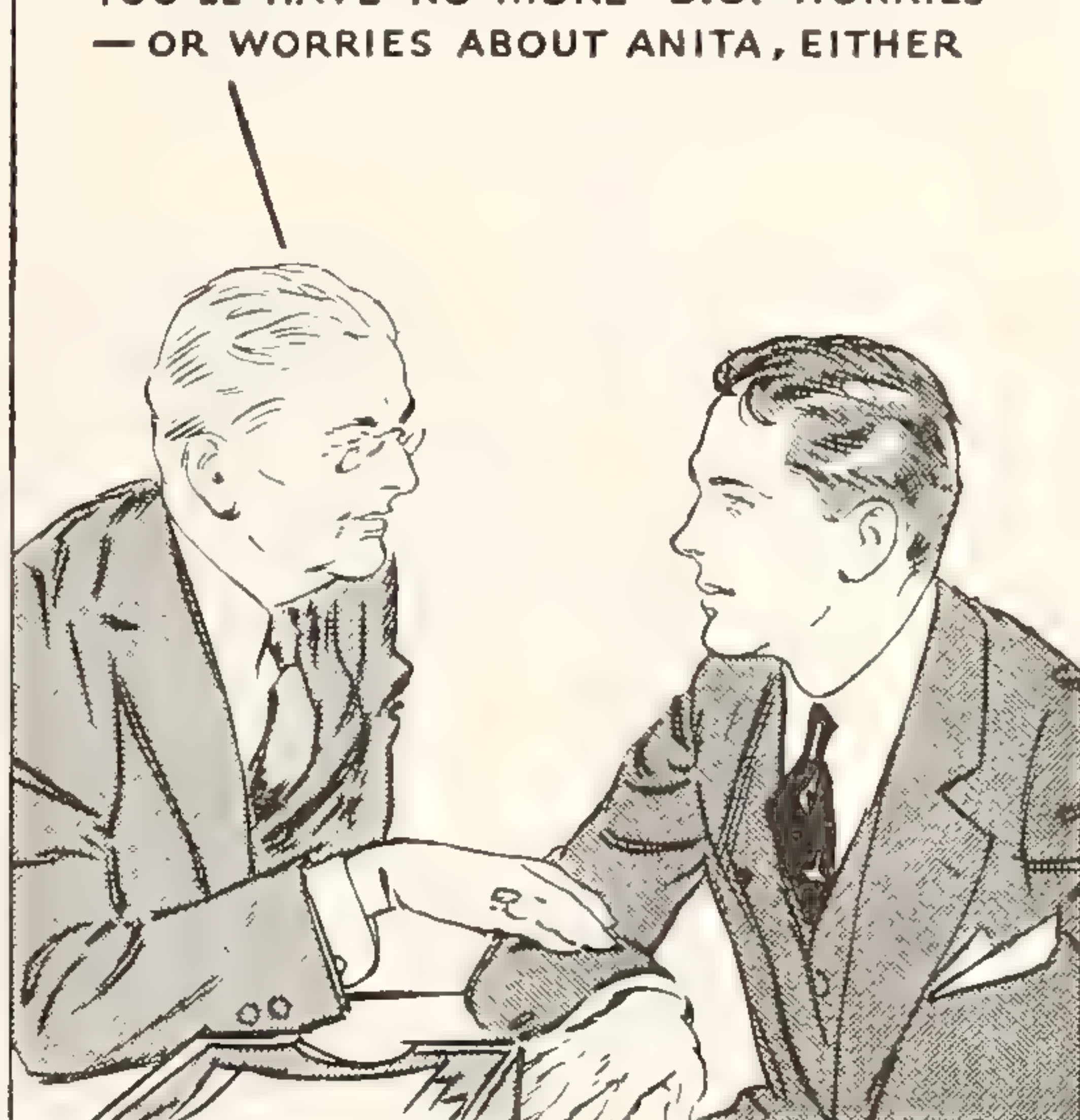
AND YOU CAN'T BRING YOURSELF TO TELL HIM. BUT I WILL!



SOMETHING IS HOLDING ME BACK. IT MAY SEEM UNIMPORTANT BUT IT ISN'T. YOU SEE . . . IT'S "B.O." . . . HE'S CARELESS SOMETIMES

4.

... THE THING FOR YOU TO DO IS GET LIFEBOUY. BATHE WITH IT REGULARLY. YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE "B.O." WORRIES — OR WORRIES ABOUT ANITA, EITHER



## 5. "B.O." GONE — a wedding near!

LET'S MAKE IT SOON, ANITA

HOW'S THE 25TH, DEAR — HIGH NOON?



## What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O."?

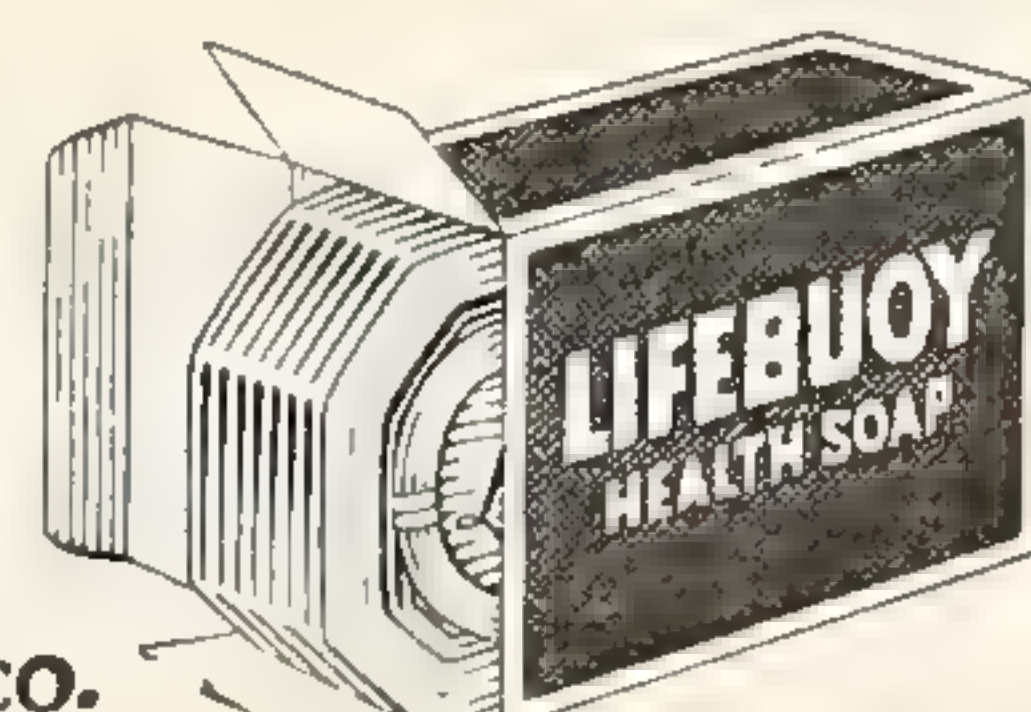
(body odor)

**N**EVER trifle with "B.O." (body odor). Sooner or later, you're almost certain to offend—and pay the penalty! To be safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll notice its abundant lather. Notice, too, how *clean* it smells. This pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, creamy, searching lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

### Aids complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* face pores—makes dull skins glow with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.





# You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with  
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

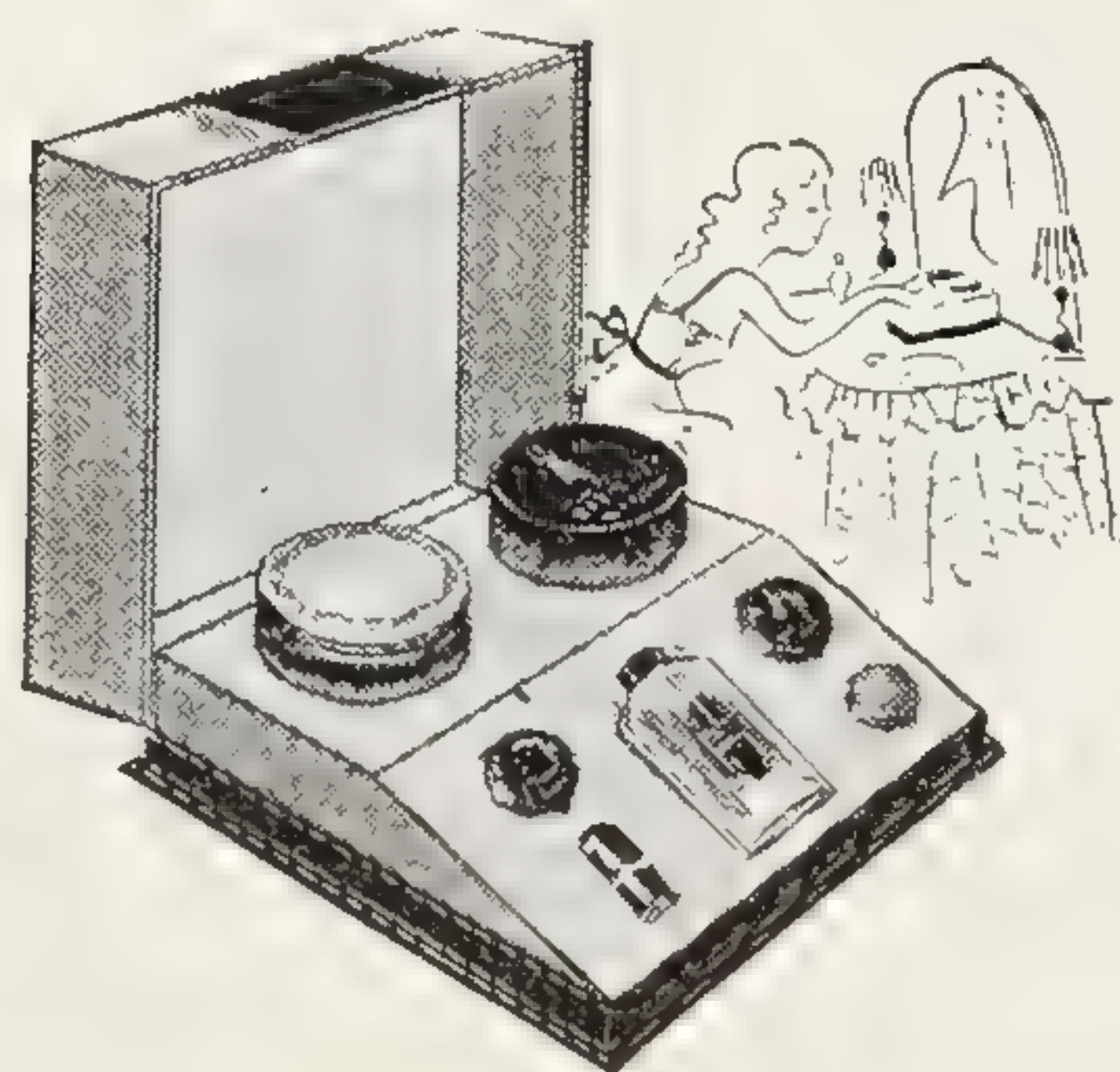
On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

## Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

# The MAKE-UP BOX

YOU'LL be doubly protected from March winds and March misgivings about your loveliness if you are lucky enough to get hold of a new beauty ensemble that's just come on the market.



Here's a beauty ensemble that contains everything you could need.

Not a thing is missing for your beautification. First there's cold cream and then there's that olive oil face powder, both in large sizes; eye shadow, both cream rouge and dry rouge; lipstick and your choice of perfumes for morning, night or noon. The box is attractive, too, in a purple and silver design.

We were delighted to find on our desk the other morning a nice large sized jar of pink hand lotion, as pretty as you could wish and at as convenient a time as we could wish, for the breezes were none too gentle on our tender paws. This is a thick lotion that refines and bleaches the hands as well as protects them from the damages of wind and weather and too frequent washings.

If you're not too sedate or dignified in your ways, you'll have a lot of fun with the new nail pictures. You may have hearts and flowers, your own initials; notes of music, fleur de lis;



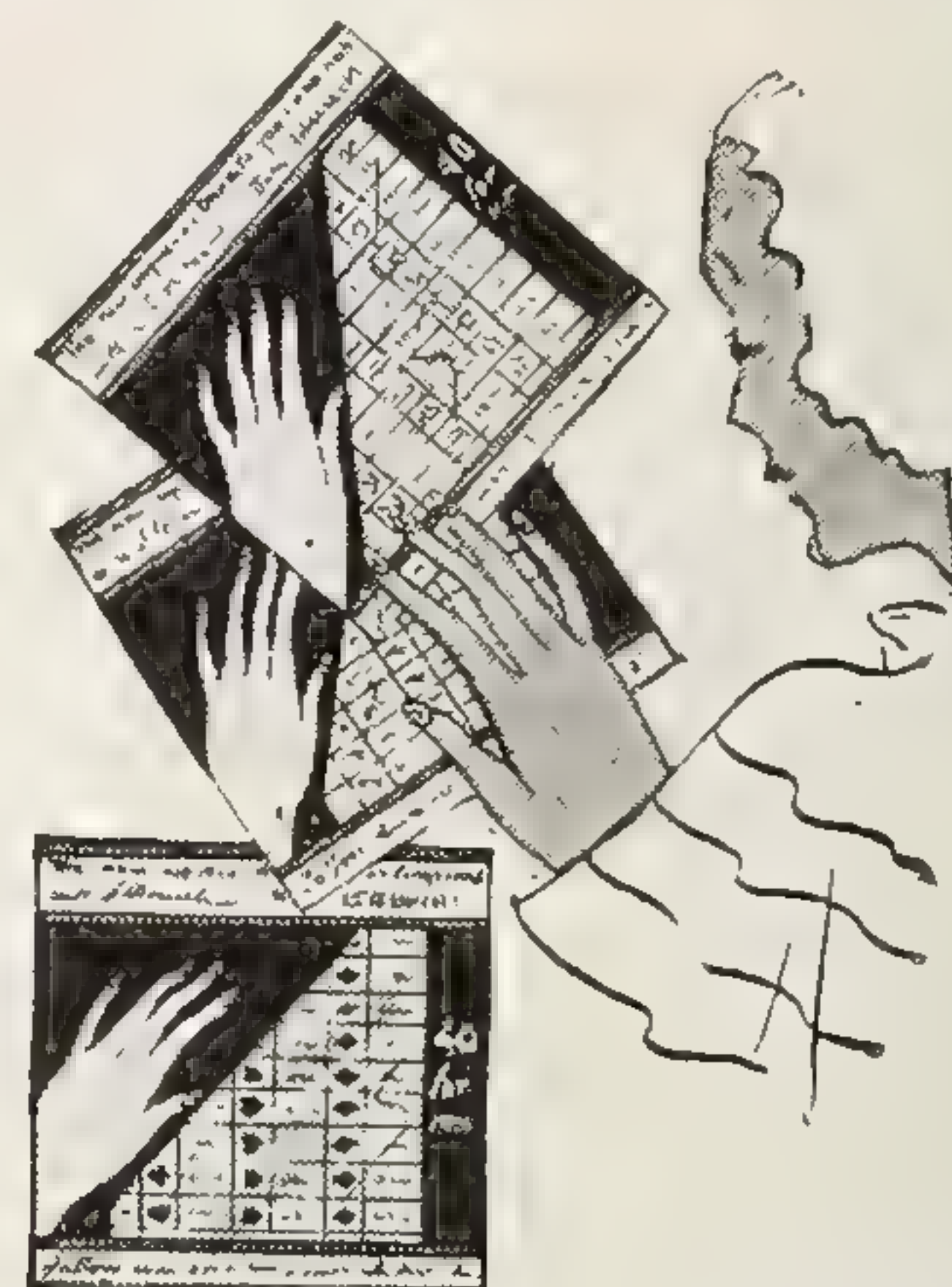
Hand lotion that is pink and pretty and does its work efficiently, too.

bridgemarkers—in fact almost anything you might have wanted to draw on your nails in your rather younger days. But the best thing about this new fad is that you won't have to repent at leisure over your choice. The pictures come on cellophane which you fasten to the nail and paint over with polish. They'll stay on as long as the polish stays but you can

If you wish to know the prices of the articles described here, send a stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

remove them sooner by using polish remover. In fact you can have a different motif for every day if you feel so minded. The fad is new to America but we understand it has had England by the ears or should we say under its fingertips for some months.

But we don't want to neglect telling you about the new compact and lip-



Nail pictures that transfer to your finger nails for lighter moods. (They can be removed.)

stick set. They're both automatic as a bow to this mechanical age and don't we girls love it! The powder gadget is entirely new to me. You move one section of it to the other side of the case, move it back and presto; the right amount of powder for one puffing is there. The stick works from a gadget on one side. You push it up and the doors at the top open and the stick comes out. The one we saw was green and gold but there are other color combinations. The compact comes single or double with a variety of rouge shades in the double.

To make us completely happy about our hands—this is a very handy month, you know, and why not with March winds blowing as they do—we received a tube of the swellest hand cream we've tried yet. For one thing it isn't greasy. It disappears like magic and leaves your hands as soft as anything. It's particularly good for those of us (and we're in the majority) who have dry skin—as a preventive as well as a cure for chapping and redness and all the other ills that dry skins are heir to. It won't overtax your purse, either.

An attractive compact and lipstick, both automatic, in green and gold.





## Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 65)

radios are switched off at 9 P. M. pronto. Two of the toughest gangsters at this particular Big House recently petitioned the keeper to let them sit up an extra hour to listen to a program. The two mugs were so urgent in their demands, that the keeper finally sent for the head warden.

"What's the big idea, boys?" asked the warden.

"It's this way, chief," replied the elder of the two—a swarthy gent who in civilian life had received wide comment in the press for his efficiency with the typewriter (Chicago model).

"This Lucky Strike mob is doing one of these here big crime broadcasts tonight. Jack and me just wanted to listen in on how them studio hams play our parts."

*Word comes from Variety, the stage publication, that Ed Wynn and Al Jolson, at a reported salary of \$5,000 each, are the two highest paid entertainers on the air.*

**Marge, Radio's "It" Girl:** At last radio has its "It" Girl. In a recent nation-wide poll Donna (Marge) Damerel of "Myrt and Marge" was voted the winner. Voice, mike personality, and looks were the three primary considerations. At any rate, when it comes to an award before her audience Marge can blush unseen.

Ruth Etting ran a close second.

*One of those sudden requests from executives recently threw NBC librarians into a turmoil of activity. The question was:*

*"Who wrote 'Peck's Bad Boy'?"*

*The research experts went feverishly to work. A half hour later, somewhat chagrined, they had the executive back on the phone. The author was, as you might imagine, a Mr. Peck.*

**Marx Remarks:** Those two Marxes, Groucho and Chico, in spite of their radio success as the five-star theater attorneys, Beagle, Shyster and Beagle, are, nevertheless, jealous of Harpo, who's been invited by the Soviet Ministry of Education to appear as a guest artist in Moscow.

"Harpo's going to Russia, because he bought his harp on the five-year plan. He's heard about free love out there, so he's going to take steppes," explains Groucho.

"The trouble with Harpo," adds Chico, "dates back to our grandfather Schoenberg who was a magician. He used Harpo's brains in a trick and forgot to return them."

"About our broadcast," Groucho continued, "the play is about Beagle, Shyster and Beagle, but Shyster is not a lawyer at all. He's the guy that ran off with my first wife, and I put his name on the door out of gratitude."

This item still leaves one of the four Marxes to be accounted for.

### A Damrosch Mash Note

Lush-voiced Dr. Walter Damrosch is well into the fifth year of his "Music Appreciation Series." Few people on the air get more fan mail than the benign maestro.

Dr. Damrosch was particularly amused this year when he got the fol-

(Please turn to page 84)

## Tintex Tints and Dyes—the Choice of Millions of Women

—because they make it SO easy to achieve Professional Results on Apparel and Home Decorations



**SO SIMPLE TO USE!**—Just sprinkle a little Tintex in a basin of water and "tint as you rinse." As easy as A-B-C.



**LINGERIE MADE NEW!**—When underthings fade just use Tintex and restore their fresh charm and color-beauty.



**DRESSES AND FROCKS!**—If faded, Tintex will restore their colors. Or will give them NEW colors, if you wish.



**HOME DECORATIONS, TOO!**—Curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., are kept colorfully new with easy Tintex.

Because Tintex is simplest to use—because it gives professional results without muss or fuss—and because it offers the widest choice of fashionable colors—it is the largest selling Tint and Dye in the world. Use it for restoring faded colors—or giving new colors—to everything that you wear and home decorations, too. Save time, save disappointment and save money with Tintex!

# Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



**35 Fashionable Colors**  
On sale at Drug Stores and Notion Counters Everywhere





# SATURDAY NIGHT *Heinz Oven-Baked* BEANS



EVERY member of your family will enjoy the good old New England custom of having baked beans for dinner Saturday night. Everyone relishes Heinz beans because they are really oven-baked—as the label states—not merely steamed or boiled. Baking makes these beans light and digestible—brings out their full flavor—permits the delicious Heinz sauces and seasonings to penetrate every mealy particle.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are now available at your grocer's in new larger containers. There are four styles to choose from—all baked. Two varieties in tomato sauce—with and without pork. Then, Boston Style—with

pork in a rich sauce flavored with molasses. And lastly, Red Kidney Beans with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve. Order a supply of this wholesome, economical food now. Make absolutely sure you get oven-baked beans by asking for Heinz.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY  
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.  
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

## HEINZ *oven-baked* BEANS

## Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 83)

lowing letter from a young admirer: My Dear Friend:

I am 8 years old. I like you very much. I have a little boy I got for Christmas and he is Walter just like you. The boy next door I play with. He says I will marige him when I get big. No I won't cause I have a sea crit. I am going to marige you. We like your music very mush but Walter not too mush. I say your Daddy is playing you must be pulight. I buyd you a Christmas present. It was a mush dash cup. The socer got broker the cup is all right. Pulight people do not drink with a socer so you will be all right.

Good bye my music man Walter and I love you up to Heven.

Naoma.

I teared open my letter cause I told a fib. I did not buy your present. I found it over to granpaz. Naoma is sorry.

Sometimes we feel we just write and write and don't get anywhere. But, as Jack Pearl explains, if we don't get anywhere at least we don't have to come back.

## Getting Glamour Into Clothes

(Continued from page 47)

intelligent; and it's possibly the greatest compliment that could be paid an actress.

Garbo fans know better than to copy a dress exactly like hers. They are wise enough—and the fashion houses catering to them are ingenious enough—to take this line or that, this material, that draping, this hat angle, and work it into a wearable gown or hat or wrap for them.

The high in front, exposed back gown Garbo wore in the early sequences of "As You Desire Me" made the vogue for that type of gown certain and assured. It had another feature that has been picked up to a wide degree for evening gowns—long gashed sleeves.

BUT before that Garbo had brought back another—and a very different vogue—the polo coat. Sports clothes in the negligent manner have her to thank for their widespread use, too. These two are her specialty—the careless walking costume and the studiously careless evening ensemble.

Neither of them is the result of chance. When Greta was only the unknown find from Sweden posing in track costumes or evening wraps for publicity pictures she not only lacked the glamorous personality she has since obtained but glamorous clothes as well.

By some magic—and a good deal of it was make-up magic—she cut down the curves to give her face its long inscrutable look. A new eyebrow placing gave her eyes the setting they needed, the wide delicacy of her mouth was accentuated and a careless hair dress did the rest for her face.

For her figure nothing was needed but the insinuating drapery of clothes that spelled languor with a capital L. The low, long look—and the innate personality of a Garbo—did the rest. Now you and I could ask nothing better than to look like Garbo.



## Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 63)

palm should go to the recording engineers in the European Victor studio where this record was made. You will find in this disc an excellence of recording as to clarity and volume, that leaves the American product far behind. I wonder what the reason for this can be? Aside from this, Ray Noble has one of the best combinations on the other side of the pond that we have heard. The other side is by the same band, this time a novelty tune. "In the Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden," and you should enjoy it. (This is a Victor record.)

**B**ARON LEE and his Blue Rhythm Boys are the next artists on the list, and they deserve a prominent place. Here is a band we have not heard from enough recently. "Smoke Rings," is the tune they play for us, and in my estimation, this melody is on a par with "Stardust," a number that took so long to gain its justly deserved popularity. Listen to "Smoke Rings" and see what you think of it. The other side is also by Baron Lee, a fast hot number, "Jazz Cocktail," a very potent concoction. If you like your musical drinks HOT, you won't go wrong on this. (This is a Melotone record.)

**N**OW we have a very fine vocal, by a young lady who is familiar to all followers of the musical comedy stage. Ethel Merman is the star of this disc, and I hope we will hear many more records from her. "How Deep Is the Ocean?" is the song she sings for us this time, and on the other side we find "I'll Follow You," also by Miss Merman, and every bit as good. (This is a Victor record.)

**H**ERE is one from that great Broadway success, "Of Thee I Sing" and the title is "Wintergreen for President," strictly a novelty number, and not for dancing. However, it's very well recorded for us by Hal Kemp and his orchestra.

On the other side, we have a very good dance number, also played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. "Ah, But I've Learned," which should meet with your approval. Skinny Ennis sings the vocal chorus. (This is a Brunswick record.)

**L**EO REISMAN and his orchestra are the next group to entertain us, and although Leo doesn't always win my vote I know there are plenty to welcome him. "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" from "Americana," is the tune Leo and the Boys play for us. The vocal chorus in this is the high spot.

"Whistling for a Kiss," is on the other side, from the same show, and played by the same band, but the less said about this one, the better. (This is a Victor record.)

**"I**T Don't Mean a Thing" is next on the list, and this time we hear this big hit of Duke Ellington's as a vocal. The Song Fellows are the recording artists and produce a very entertaining and enjoyable vocal.

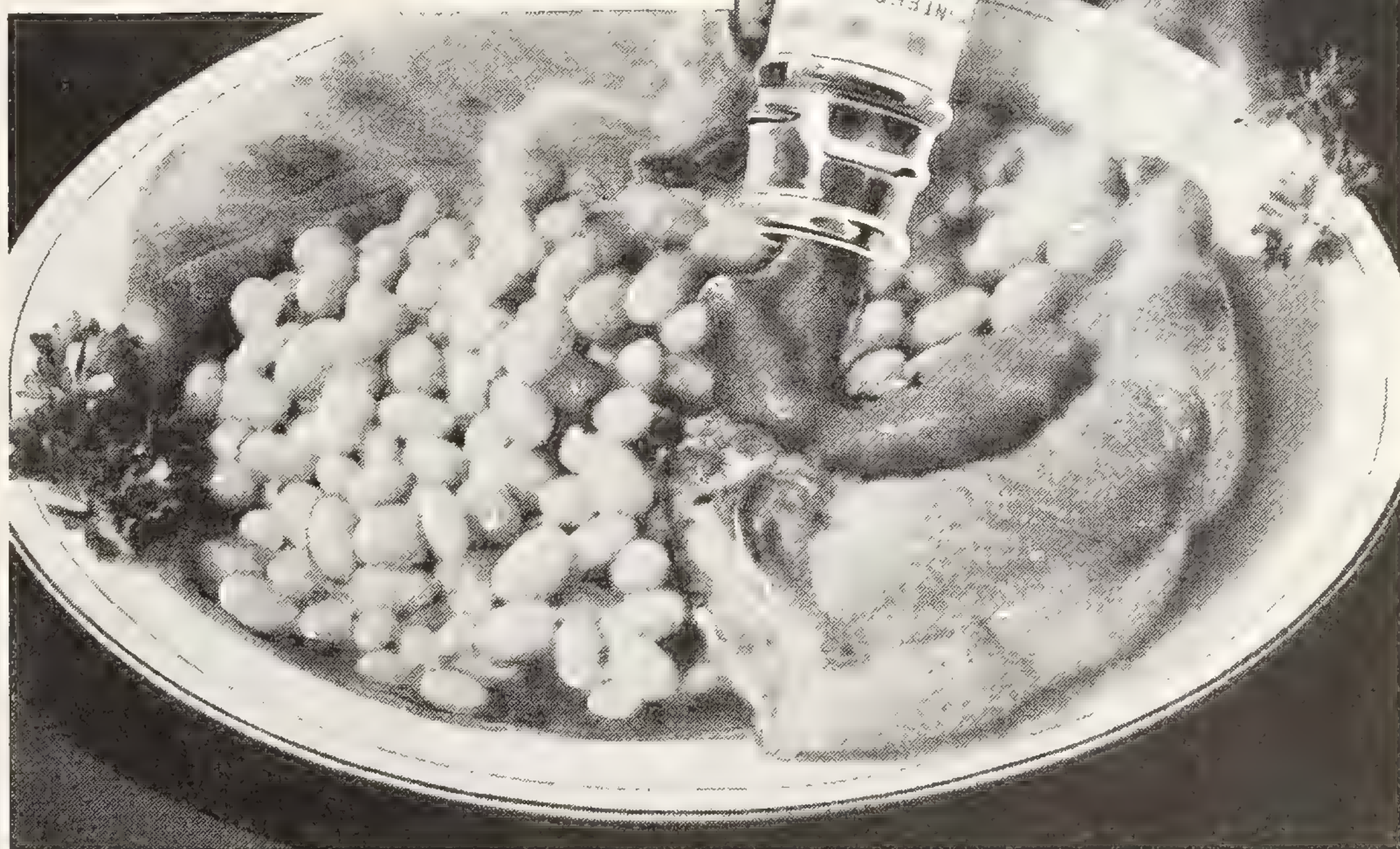
They are also on the other side in a sweet tune, "So Ashamed." (This is a Melotone record.)

# Every Woman's MAGIC WAND



**E**VERY woman can add magic to her cooking skill with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. It gives zestful taste and tang to favorite sauces and gravies. Its spicy, appetizing flavor makes humble stew and old-fashioned hash truly delicious dishes. To beans and cold cuts it brings a delicious flavor and a tempting touch of ruddy color. And men relish their steaks and chops far more when a bottle of Heinz Ketchup is at their elbow. Made from the most luscious Heinz-bred tomatoes you ever tasted—seasoned by experts with the Orient's choicest spices—and bottled piping hot on picking day, its marvelous flavor is famous throughout the world . . . Keep it handy when you cook. Bring it to the table daily.

**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**  
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.  
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND



# HEINZ

## TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD



# Coo-Coo Gossip

(Continued from page 43)

William Powell is affectionately greeted by truck drivers as "Hey, you!" Waiters always call Clark Gable "Sir."

Joe E. Brown is invariably "Brother" to guys who want a dime for a cuppa cawffee.

"Time changes everything," says Lupe Velez, "and for that reason I do not believe in marriage."

Which just goes to show that Lupe is oh-so-different.

That time changes everything is the reason most stars believe in marriage so frequently.

Sign in a Hollywood shop window  
Wedding Gowns  
and  
Tuxedos For Rent

JAMES CAGNEY, who popularized a sock on the jaw as the great home remedy for what ails women—

And thumbed his nose at all the Warner brothers—

And who used to be a chorus man himself—

Well, James Cagney is, at heart, a bloomin' highbrow who tries to make you think he's a lowbrow. Jimmy attends debates at the People's Forum in Los Angeles. When Lincoln Stefens lectures on, "Is Capitalism Doomed?" you'll find Master Cagney right there sitting on the edge of his seat, his eyes popping out, lower lip between his teeth, and his perspiring brow puckered in meditation.

For that matter, ever so many ladies and gents of the cinema spend spare time beating their breasts in a demand for social justice and political progress.

In fact, a big film executive recently expounded as follows:

"At a time like this we must all, every one, stand shoulder to shoulder behind the President."

*And, incidentally, this same titan observed that "the most prophylactic writers are not always the best."*

And when some one suggested "The Pinnacle of Redemption" as a title, the wise tycoon shook his head and replied, "No. There's lots of people don't know whether pinocle is a game or a fish."

THE scene showed a woman, clothed, but asleep on her bed. The husband entered the room. He tenderly put her to bed. The big executive was watching the scene.

"Do you think it is all right?" asked the director.

"Yes," replied the film magnate. "It is so human. I know I would do the same thing myself. A good husband is always salacious for his wife's comfort."

Sign in Santa Monica—  
Antiques  
And Old Things

And movie stars are seldom gentle  
Expressing what is elemental.

DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART  
PROVE IT

Fill in the Blanks and Win Yourself  
a Pat on the Back if You  
Are Double-jointed

1. Studio cameramen get gray hairs because no gal has more than two —.

2. — producers have gone broke trying to give the public what it likes to think it wants.

3. Making a bull fight picture, one studio is planning to get past the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by having the publicity department double for the —.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, son of a Brooklyn cop, and America's one and only matador, will act in a screen version of his own amazing career. His face has just been remodeled at the hands of a surgical sculptor—his sitzer was remodelled two years ago by a bull in Madrid. Perhaps you saw Franklin for a brief but courageous and beautiful moment in Cantor's "Kid From Spain" picture. Fighting bulls before a movie camera is (believe it or nuts) more dangerous than fighting bulls in Madrid, for the simple reason that there must be many retakes. The bulls get too wise. In Spain the law requires that a fighting bull that survives the ring must be butchered—after one matinee it is suicide to try to fool a bull with a cape. When Franklin finished his scenes in "The Kid From Spain" he said he would never again face a bull for motion pictures. But Samuel Goldwyn, by some means or other, got him to change his mind and face.

NEWS item from abroad says Garbo was on the verge of renting a shack on an island in the Mediterranean, "without electricity, telephone, gas or water, and entirely surrounded by cactus."

But it would never be home to Garbo unless the cactus was entirely surrounded by reporters.

*And furthermore, it's a mighty poor publicity still that shows neither all a gal's teeth nor all of her legs.*

And those who accuse motion picture critics of being psychologically dyspeptic should not confuse the cause with the effect.

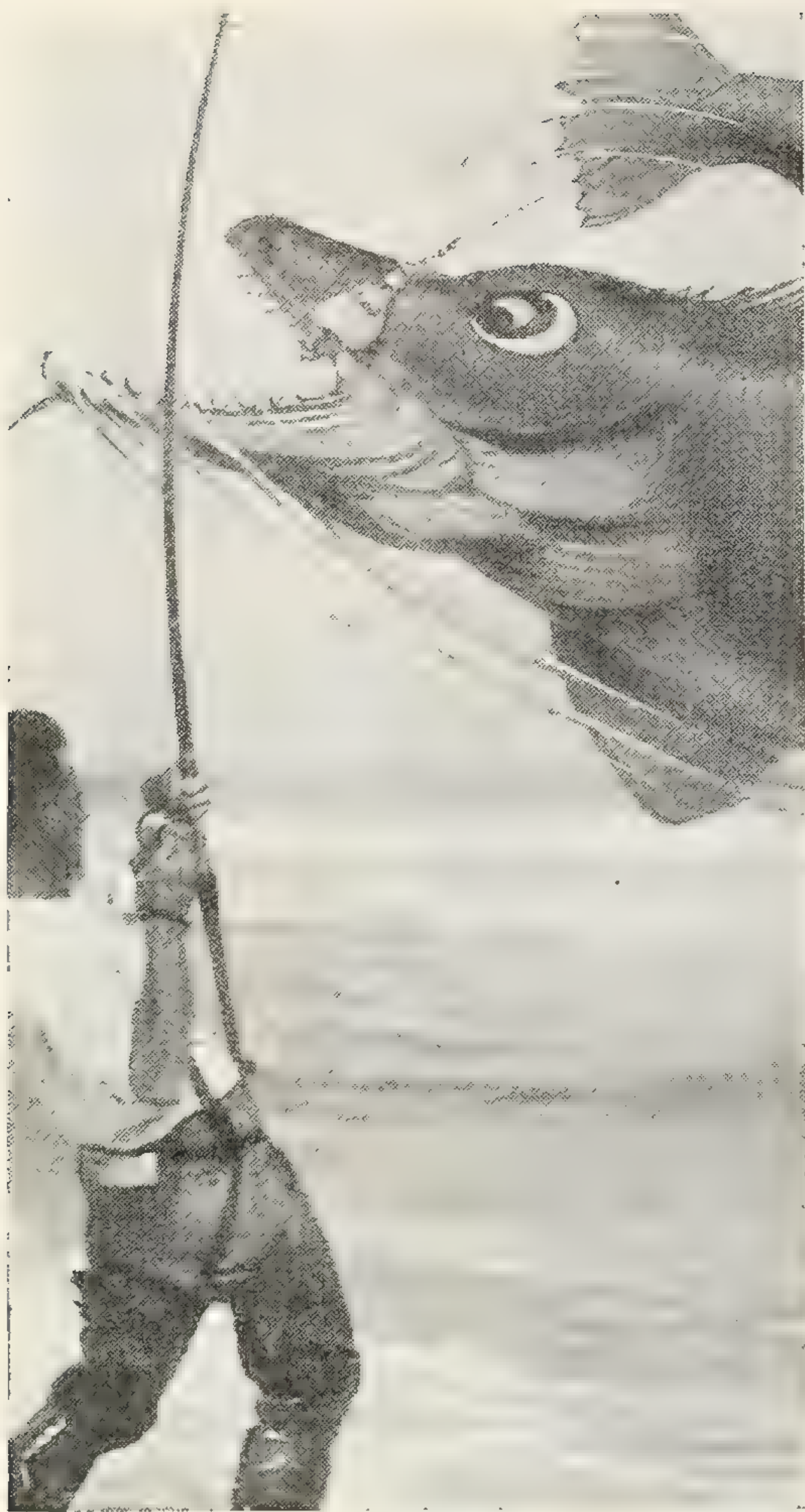
ALL youse debutantes, misunderstood waitresses, and poor little rich wenches who feel you ought to be in pitchers, listen to this:

A girl named Patricia O'Roark had tramped wearily day after day, from studio to studio looking for a job as stenographer.

She was sitting in the waiting room at Paramount wondering how long a girl can be expected to go between meals.

All at once a couple of half-familiar men (or perhaps they were very familiar) stood there ogling her, and mumbling to each other.

Suddenly they each grabbed an arm and rushed the young lady through the swinging doors and down the studio street and onto a set. Almost before she knew what had happened, she was looking into a camera. And the screen

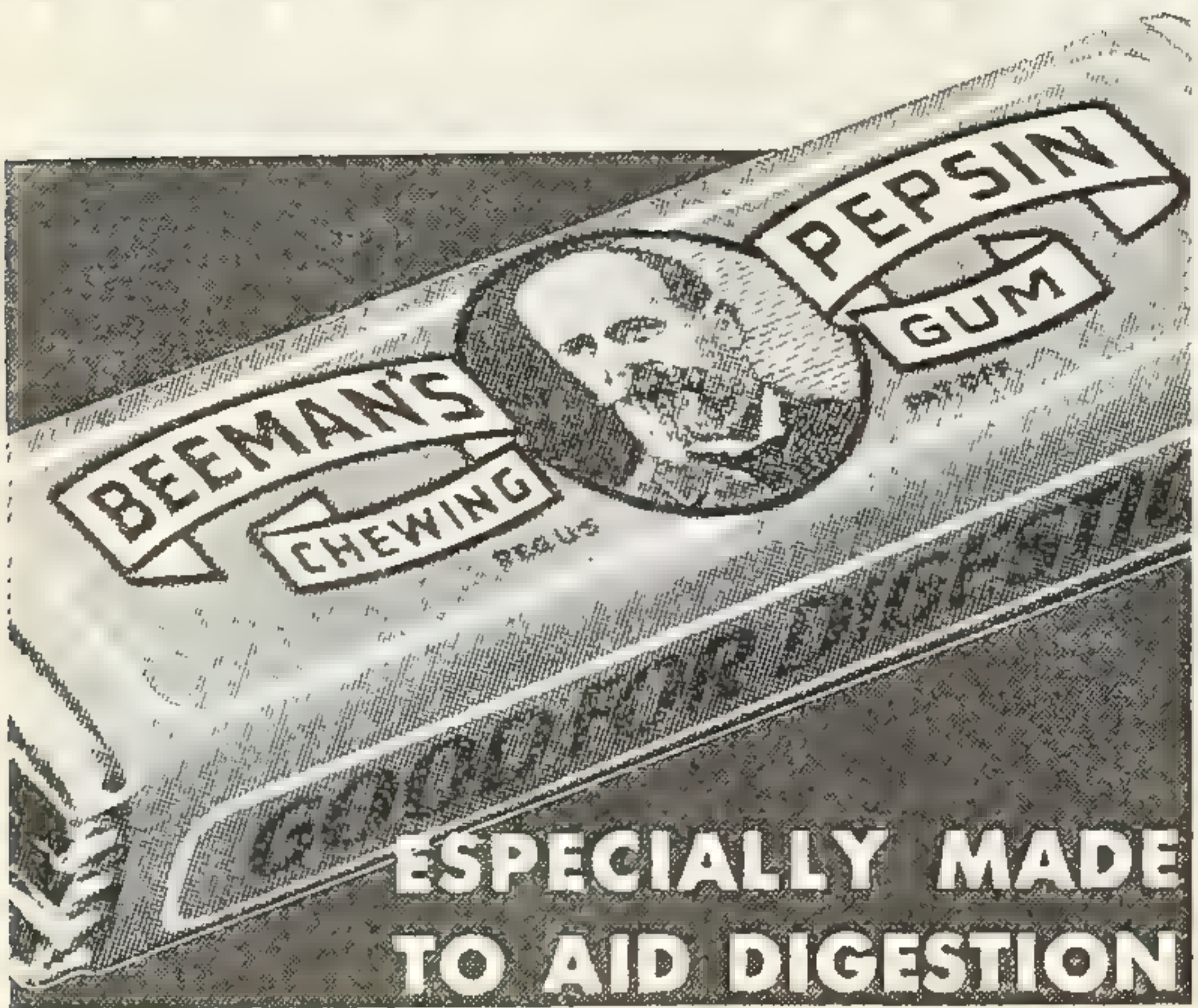


## Whopper!

Reel in a whale! Fight a horse mackerel with a five-ounce rod. Why not—feeling the way you do when your digestion is right?

Even a touch of indigestion cuts down your pep—and often you don't know what's wrong. That's why it's a good plan to chew Beeman's regularly. It keeps your digestion good. And the flavor is delicious. Try chewing it every day.

## Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM





test came out so well that Patricia got a part in "Cracked Ice," and the two zanies who bounced her out of the waiting room were a couple of Marx brothers.

**H**ARPO MARX, bachelor of the family, lives a hectic social life between pictures. He's invited to all the parties, and takes great delight in chasing big blondes, in the manner of a satyr. Or playing his harp, in the manner of an angel. Life of the party—and never took a lesson in his life. A running jump into the lap of a purtoibed grand dame seems to be his particular pleasure. Harpo lives in a luxurious mansion, with swimming pool and tennis courts. Recently Harpo took an airplane ride with Charlie MacArthur—and as they cruised high in the starry sky in the middle of the night, Harpo played his harp.

"Where have you been?" asked Helen Hayes, when her husband returned.

"I've been up in the clouds," replied Charlie, "playing angel with Harpo Marx."

**M**acARTHUR says he "wrote the jokes" for the Barrymores in "Rasputin." He was on the set week after week, month after month. And Charlie contends there is no truth in all the vicious little stories circulated about the Royal Family while the picture was in production. The gossips were fond of lisping tales to the effect that the Barrymores were in a continuous jealous rage at one another—that they formed a flying wedge to bounce young Tad Alexander every time the child wandered in front of the camera to steal a scene. The stories were amusing enough, but false as Lionel's beard. As a matter of fact, Ethel was so impressed by the boy's splendid acting that she finally persuaded Irving Thalberg to put the chee-ild under contract. And he lies who says Ethel wore puffed sleeves just to hide her brothers' faces.

*Of course we aren't worrying about the Barrymores. But thought you might like to.*

And when better pictures are made not enough people will go to see them.

Mrs. N. R. Wallace, motion picture censor for Birmingham, Alabama, has written an indignant letter to Will Hays, asking him to "Please watch Jean Harlow" because "when she appears in a picture, sex rears its ugly head."

*It might help the picture business if Mrs. Wallace would write an open letter to the public.*

New York's censorship board proudly reports that it has made a net profit of \$1,356,396 (since 1921) and snipped 1487 scenes out of 1652 miles of film since last June.

On the other hand, some of us are wondering whether or not pictures will be cleaned before producers are.

Hereafter when Estelle Taylor steps up to a microphone she must be veddy careful wot she says. Radio clucks were all in a dither after Estelle's recent broadcast.

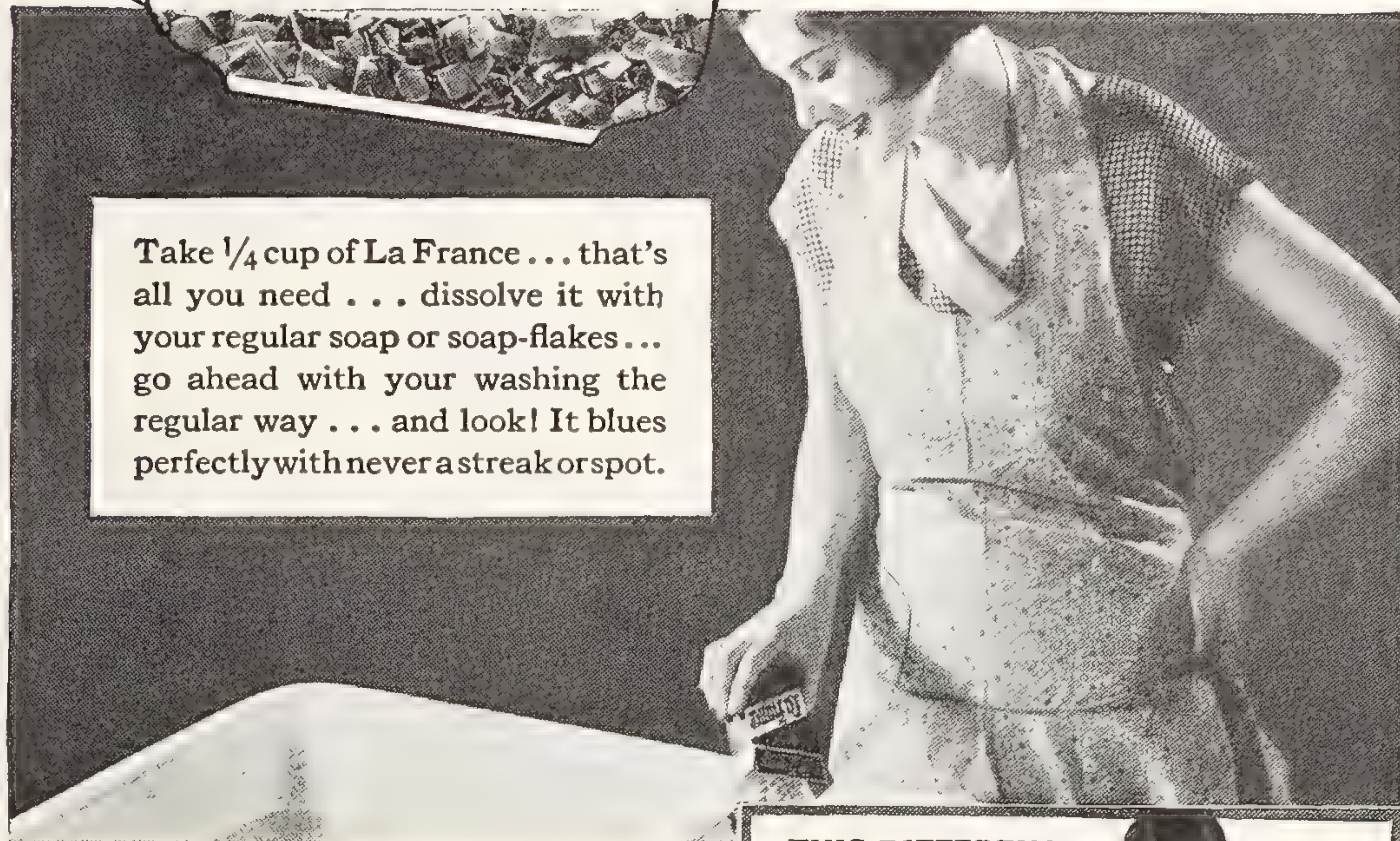
"You look like a million," chirped the announcer, as he introduced Estelle.

"And," she replied, shyly, "just as hard to earn."

# Yes, Ma'am... 1/4 cup of LA FRANCE makes all this difference!



Take 1/4 cup of La France... that's all you need... dissolve it with your regular soap or soap-flakes... go ahead with your washing the regular way... and look! It blues perfectly with never a streak or spot.



**W**ATCH what happens! The stubbornest dirt disappears from your wash with no hard rubbing at all! If you use a washing-machine, often you'll need to run it only about half the usual time.

You'll be *amazed* that you're through in so much less time than it usually takes!

La France cleans your most delicate silks or your heaviest blankets *perfectly*! Never harms filmy materials... never fades colors!

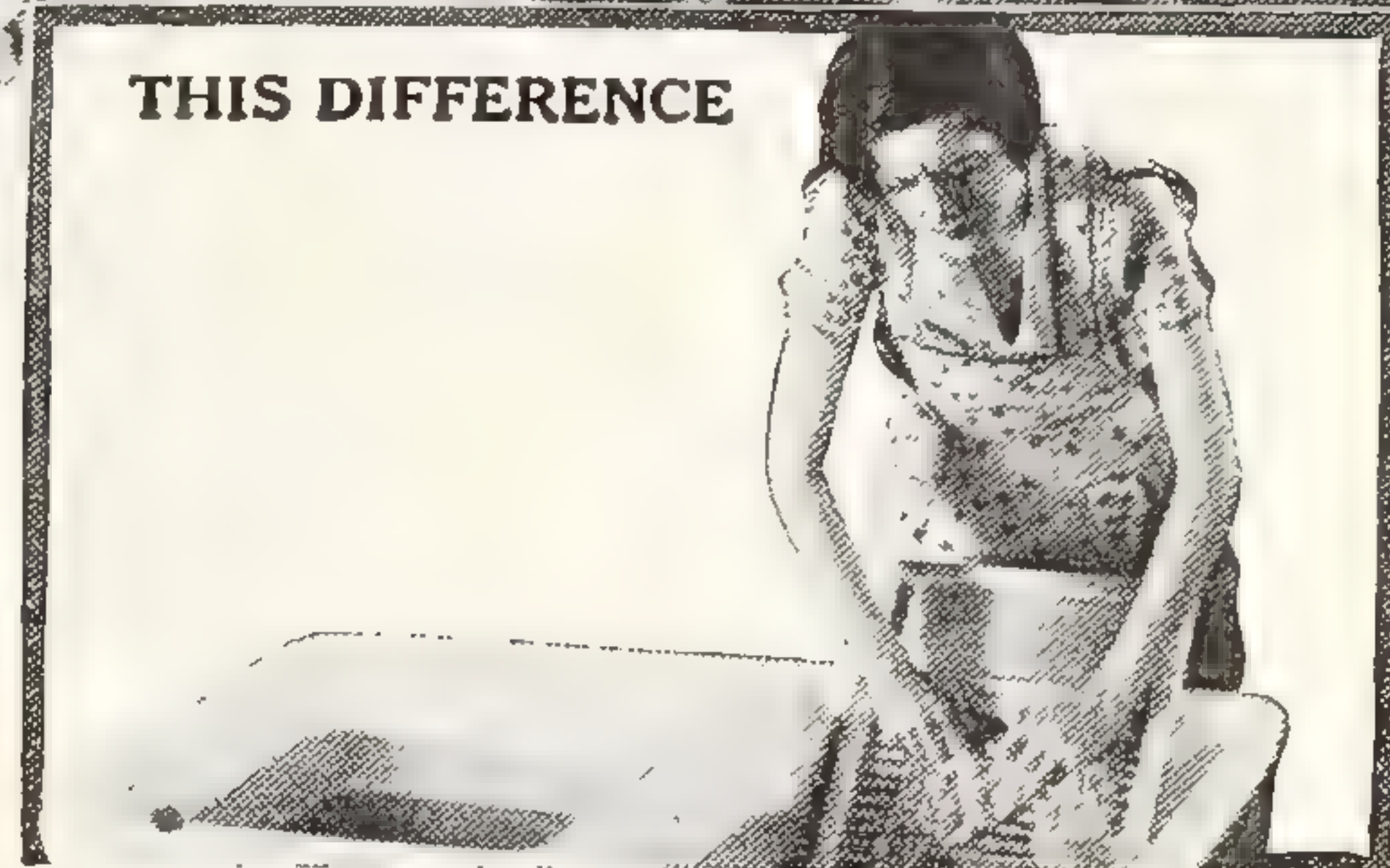
And La France *blues as it cleans*! Blues without streak or spot... either in hard or soft water! No more time lost preparing bluing-water! No more lifting heavy, wet clothes in and out of the bluing-tub! Try La France. Your grocer has it.

Never more than 10 cents... enough for three washings. Less than 3 1/2 cents for the loveliest wash you ever looked at!



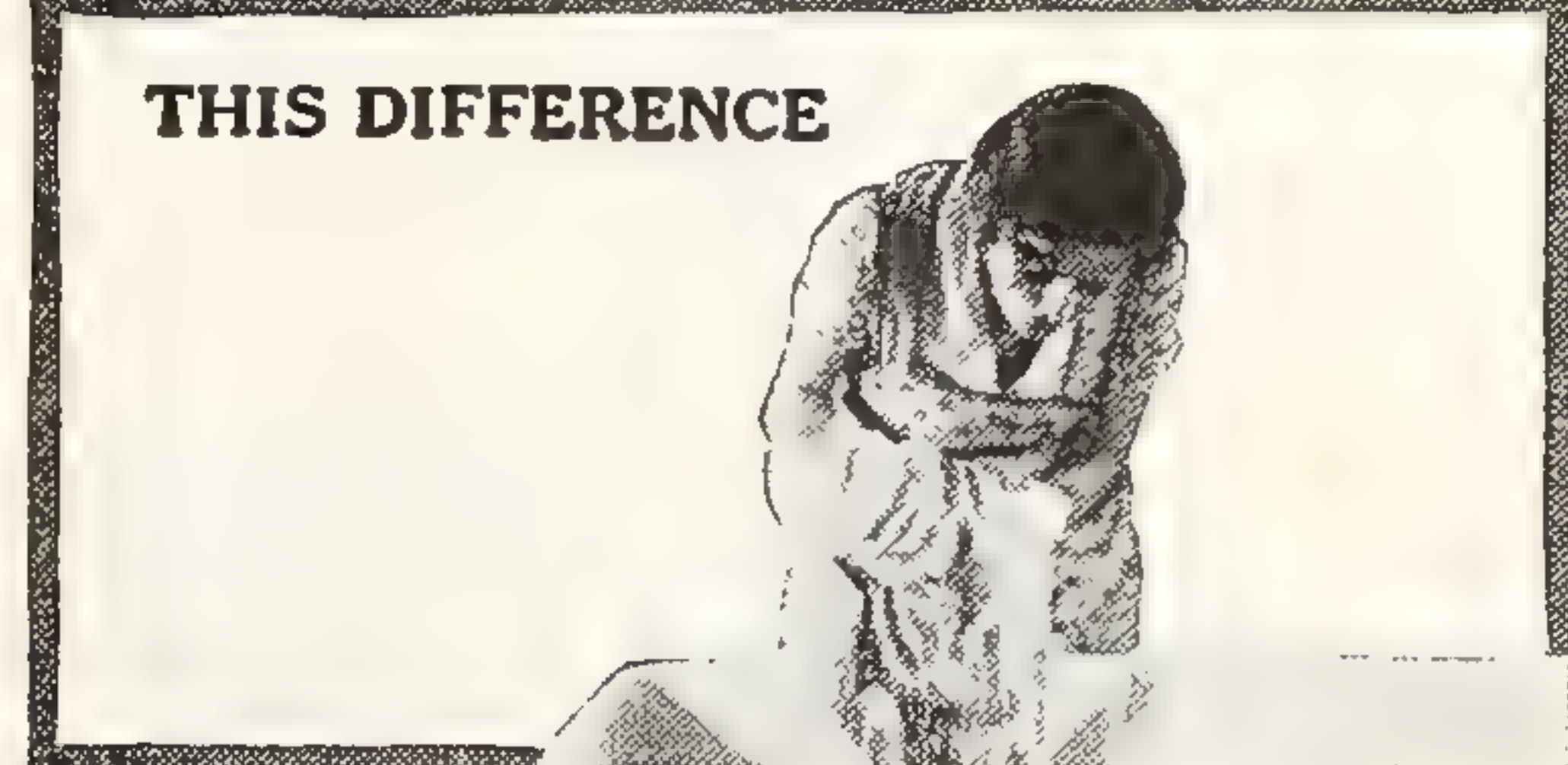
La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.

## THIS DIFFERENCE



Watch the stubbornest dirt disappear from your clothes. No need for you to do any hard rubbing!

## THIS DIFFERENCE



No need for a bluing-rinse! La France blues as it cleans, either in hard or soft water!

*Make your ironing easier, too!*

Satina, added to boiling starch, takes all the "push" out of your ironing. Use Satina with your starch and your iron will *never* stick! All your starched pieces have a lovely glossy finish and a sweet fragrance. Satina is never more than 6 cents!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. T. M. 3-33  
Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



# Why pay DOUBLE the price FOR mouthwash?



## MIFFLIN ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Contains only the finest ingredients—scientifically compounded. Has the same high antiseptic value as mouth washes costing double the price. Preserves the teeth—removes bad breath—and is an effective gargle for sore throat. Excellent after smoking.



## MIFFLIN ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

Guaranteed to be the same quality as the most expensive mouth washes of this type. Tightens receding gums—tones and hardens spongy gums—and leaves a clean, refreshing taste in your mouth. You'll like its flavor.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

# Night Club Cinderella

(Continued from page 35)

short flight of steps to the house. The door opened to her ring. She inquired for the prima donna. "Not home," said the landlady. "Oh!" "On the road." "Oh!"

The door shut. With it, for a moment, the door of opportunity slammed. Lucille sat on the steps to consider the next move on her lean pocket-book and shaken nerve. It was past noon, and she was hungry, which reminded her that less than two dollars wouldn't buy many meals and provide a bed, too. From behind the blinds the landlady of the house peered with a suspicious eye. Passersby stared at her.

**DURING** their engagement in Springfield, the prima donna had mentioned names of Chicago people in the show business. Who were some of them? Lucille cudgelled her brain.

"Ernie Young."

That was one which stood out most distinctly in her mind. He put on reviews.

Leaving the steps, Lucille made her way to the nearest drugstore, consulted a telephone directory, and found Mr. Young listed in the downtown region.

Several of her precious nickels took her there. But nickels had also taken a number of other girls to the same place, and they were all lined up before a door, jealously guarding their turn to go through and pass inspection for a cabaret chorus.

Whispers that the newcomer caught indicated that only about half a dozen were being hired, and between seventy and eighty applicants were in the room.

Lucille's heart sank, but she steeled herself against the black looks and the imprecations of the crowd, and made a dash for the door marked "Private" the next time it was opened, not waiting her proper turn.

"I've got to have a job!" she cried to the little man sitting behind the desk. "Please give me a chance and don't kick me out! I've got to have a job right away, or——"

The manager smiled, and quieted the girl.

"Sit down, kid," he said, "and don't get so excited. Nobody's going to kick you out. What's the excitement?"

Lucille told her tale, while the little man, lighting a fresh cigar, studied her through shrewd eyes. Though the little girl was a bit heavier than he liked his dancers to be, she had many other points in her favor, especially that freshness of youth that cannot be faked, and a vibrant quality that cannot be imitated.

"You're hired," he told her, "and you must be ready to go on to-night. Okay?"

**WAS** it okay! Those words were as the sweetest music to her ears, and that night she was given a place in the last row of the chorus at Friars' Inn, where she danced so well that they moved her up front before the week was out. Make out that wasn't a thrill! Then the pleased manager picked her, among other of his best dancers, to go to Oklahoma City for a special engagement at a two-weeks convention.

From there, she was sent to join the

show at the Oriole Terrace, in Detroit. Miss Fifteen was seeing the world, and having a wonderful time, but there were also hours when she was horribly lonely. Far away from her mother and brother, she missed them more than she would admit even to herself. And the long confidential talks with Ray Sterling—how she longed for them, and his unselfish devotion!

Her isolation seemed all the more poignant when, at the Oriole Terrace, the more professional girls in the chorus decided to treat her as a green-horn. That meant practically all of them. So Lucille was excluded from their personal confidence and the invaluable "tips" they might have given her as old-timers in the business.

Segregated to a corner behind a curtain, her costume thrown in her lap, the tears falling on it unheeded, she spent the most miserable hour of her dawning career. How could people be so deliberately cruel? In the convent, the boarding-school, the college, she had known its bitter taste, but she had always thought that theatrical men and women had kinder hearts, and were noted for helping others.

Her curtain suddenly stirred. A head was poked in. The face didn't look any too clean, but the grin was friendly. It was the one girl out of the thirty-two there who felt pity for the ostracized newcomer.

"You don't know much about it, do yuh, kid?"

"No."

"Want me to show yuh?"

"Oh, will you, please!"

"Sure, why not?"

**AND** she did. Hours going through the steps and the routine and giving pointers on the make-up, so that the rehearsals were not a nightmare of clumsiness and sarcastic digs. That poor little chorus girl, who never had any advantages in life, put out the saving hand at a critical juncture of a career that might have ended there instead of mounting to heights of glory. Who knows? It is a fascinating speculation to wonder what might have happened to the future Joan Crawford—what other course she might have taken, had the clique at the Oriole Terrace forced her out.

But they didn't. Depressed as she was—and how profound her melancholy always is!—Lucille LeSueur applied herself with dogged determination to making good in that hostile atmosphere. Reward came in the form of promotion to the position of end girl within eight weeks. Small as it may seem, this move on the chessboard of her destiny proved highly significant. Whirling in a gypsy dance, which was one of the Oriole Terrace's more brilliant ensembles, her skirt accidentally slapped one of the front tables and drew the attention of three men sitting at it.

One of them was no less a personage than J. J. Shubert (the theatrical producer), then in Detroit trying out one of his shows, "Innocent Eyes."

Always on the look-out for material, he watched that end girl in the next number, which was a buck-and-wing in tight-fitting trousers and loose blouses, and though Lucille wasn't any too sure of her steps, and had to fake most of them, the New York producer was



favorably impressed by the way she handled herself.

After the floor show was over he went back to the dressing-rooms with the manager of the cabaret and invited Miss LeSueur to see the matinee of "Innocent Eyes" the next day.

Naturally, such attention from this big theatrical man made her heart beat faster. He personified all that Broadway stood for in her fervid imagination, and to think that he was interested in her made her senses reel a bit.

"Innocent Eyes" was her first glimpse of a real musical comedy, lavishly mounted, and Lucille was enchanted. How she would love to be one of those chorus girls, perfect in technique, gorgeously gowned, with the air of sophisticated charm!

"How did you like it?" asked the smiling J. J. Shubert when the curtain had fallen.

"Oh, it was marvelous, I think!" exclaimed Lucille.

"How would you like to go back to New York with the company, tonight?" he inquired, caught by her naïve enthusiasm.

That was a decisive moment. Now that her long-wished-for opportunity was at hand she was scared. And she was certainly green when it came to theatrical business arrangements for she stammered something about the cost of the trip being prohibitive.

Shubert laughed.

"It won't cost you a cent, Miss LeSueur," he said. "You will be one of the company—traveling expenses paid."

"When—when does the train leave, Mr. Shubert?"

"Two in the morning."

"I'll be there."

"Good!"

THE cabaret show ended at one o'clock which gave her time to pack her scanty belongings and catch the train for New York. Of course, she should have given two weeks notice to the Oriole Terrace management. Jumping out of a job that way wasn't the right thing to do, but again it was ignorance on her part of the ethics involved, and not deliberate desertion.

On the way to New York her brain was in a whirl of feverish speculation. Was she going to realize the dazzling dream of her childhood and dance to the pinnacle of success? Or was she to turn out to be "just another chorus girl?" Seeing "Innocent Eyes" had opened her own as to how far she would have to go to rise above the rank and file. These girls who were to be her associates knew their business, and in a sense she would have to begin at the bottom.

Well, she would! Up to the present she had forged ahead, and there wasn't any reason why she couldn't continue to progress. Of course, it was going to be anything but easy in New York.

However, New York wasn't the hard-boiled, inhospitable place she had been led to expect by those with whom she had talked about her ambition to conquer the Great White Way.

"That big burg eats 'em alive," they had said, or words to that effect.

And she had heard many cynical comments about what girls had to do to get even a small chance on Broadway. But here the great Mr. Shubert had picked her for his chorus in a most matter-of-fact way, without the slight-

(Please turn to page 90)

# NOW GET CLEANER WHITER TEETH

from the toothpaste you use

**MONDAY**

THAT SMILE OF YOURS CHARMS THEM ALL. WISH MY TEETH WERE AS WHITE AS YOURS.

JUST DO AS I SAY AND YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH.

**TUESDAY**

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. TARNISH AND STAIN ARE DISAPPEARING. MY TEETH LOOK BETTER ALREADY.

**No Doubt About Results**

IN a few days you'll see what others I see—how much better Kolynos cleans teeth. They'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it removes ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives **RESULTS YOU CAN SEE**. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.

**WEDNESDAY**

KEEP ON SMILING... YOU HAVE THE MOST DAZZLING, ATTRACTIVE TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN.

FLATTERER—3 DAYS AGO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.

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## Alluring Eyes for **YOU** instantly...

**B**EAUTY is every woman's heritage, and nothing can give you your share more quickly than proper eye make-up. Long, dark, lustrous lashes, with delicately shaded lids and gracefully formed brows, instantly bring out the fullest expression of beauty in any woman. Beautiful eyes can make up amazingly for lack of beauty elsewhere. Why not see how much these exquisite Maybelline preparations can increase your attractiveness and charm? These famous beauty aids may now be had in purse sizes for 10c each at all of the leading 10c stores. Treat yourself to beauty, safely, simply, and surely with genuine

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EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



The non-smarting  
tear-proof mascara.  
Black or  
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Smooth, clean-marking. Black or Brown



Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Violet, Green



Applied nightly. Stimulates growth

## Night Club Cinderella

(Continued from page 89)

est sign of other than business intention. Surprisingly, too, she found backstage that the girls of musical comedy were more friendly than those of the Detroit cabaret troupe at first meeting. They made her feel at home, put her onto the "ropes," and gave her bits of worldly advice.

Lucille looked around for a cheap and quiet rooming house, in which she was helped by her new friends, and settled down to the serious business of getting to the top in her profession.

**I**T was now that she caught sight of her first stage-door Johnnies. During her short experience with the show in Springfield, none of the ilk had come to her attention, and at both the Friars' Inn and the Oriole Terrace only the girls' regular beaux had waited for them after the performance.

Lucille had been without a beau since she had turned her back on Ray Sterling. He was still the one man uppermost in her thoughts, and she still missed him poignantly. Though other admirers sought her out, and her girl companions pressed her with invitations, she didn't allow the flattery and the gay times offered her to interfere with her singleness of aim and the hard work it required. At the end of two weeks, without any intimation of what was in the wind, the manager called out to her at rehearsal, after the chorus had gone through one of their routines:

"Hey, there, kid, come here!"

Trembling, she stepped up from the back row, where she had been straining every nerve and sinew to be as good as the next. Evidently, she had missed out.

"Get in the front row, baby—there's where you belong!"

She did.

Elevated to the position of a front row "pony"—a pony is a short girl—in such a brief time! Lucille was then only five feet tall, the four additional inches of her full height coming in the next few years.

Was she thrilled? More so, perhaps, than if she had been told she was heiress to a million dollars. Not six months had passed since she shook the dust of Kansas City from the soles of her shoes and she had arrived at this enviable position in the chorus on Broadway! Surely, she would now be justified in her mother's and her brother's eyes, and Ray would be proud of her.

**H**ECTIC letters were sent off to the West. But in the midst of her triumph she felt somewhat dissatisfied and a bit lonely. Though she loved gayety, and could dance day and night, her zest for life insatiable, Lucille LeSueur had a serious streak in her nature that craved sincerity, purpose and worth-while accomplishment. Delightful and lovable as many of the girls around her were, she also realized that they were shallow, in general; that the glitter of the show game and the adulation it excited were enough to make them happy.

But she wanted more than that. Her old inward urge "to become" was busy. To whom could she express this wordless impulse to achieve something beyond the present round? If she could only talk to Ray. He would understand. Then Jack Oakie came along



as if in answer to a prayer. He was in the same show with her. A couple of eager kids, growing up on the stage together, as it were, both looking at life in the same way, they became that rare combination of the sexes—pals.

Of course, the people who knew them liked to believe it was a love affair, but it wasn't. It was a precious comradeship to the girl who wanted to believe in the better side of humanity, even though she was in the chorus and often forced to see and hear the worst.

Butter-and-egg men did not interest her. Once, when she was a poor little "hayseed" dreaming of the dazzling future, she had thought breathlessly of how grand it would be to have men at her feet, begging for the favor of her company. But it proved a more alluring event in imagination than in reality.

Chorus girls, in the popular conception, are gay and foolish butterflies for the golden nets of rich collectors—dancing all night in their shows, and afterwards at some gilded resort; eating and drinking the worst things they could put in their bodies; sleeping all day in a so-called "love-nest," running up bills for their gentlemen friends; and being showered with furs, flowers and diamonds.

One girl in fifty may have this luck or misfortune—whichever way you wish to look at it—but the majority either live at home in New York (except when on the road), or are married and helping support somebody or share rooms together so as to save expenses; and many of them take more unromantic jobs in between engagements, like those of saleslady or waitress, so as to keep the all-too-familiar wolf from the door—and lucky if they have the door!

When Lucille LeSueur finally got very homesick, and made up her mind that she must see her mother and Ray again, come what may, her carfare to Kansas City presented a problem of extra work. She went to Nils Granlund. "Granny," as he is called, is the friend in need of all chorus girls in New York.

"What can I do to earn a little money so I can go home for Christmas?" Lucille asked him.

"How about a cabaret job after your show?" he asked in return.

That sounded fine. Granlund introduced her to Harry Richman and he engaged her to sing and dance. But she had no evening dress, which was required. Again Granlund came to her assistance, and gave her a signed blank check to use for the purchase of a gown. Keeping the cost down to a minimum, she bought one for fourteen dollars!

As for singing! Lucille had never thought she could sing, but she wasn't afraid to try, again illustrating her curious blend of timidity and courage.

In later years Lucille—as Joan Crawford—has confessed to having an incurable inferiority complex, which causes her intense internal suffering. But her variety of this common affliction appears to be the sort that fights against itself at fateful moments and assumes a livery of bravery to the outside world that it doesn't really possess.

SO Lucille, arming herself, paid visits to the music publishers of Tin Pan Alley, inquired for their latest songs with the air of one accustomed to it, and learned the hits of the hour.

Her carfare to Kansas City was as—  
(Please turn to page 92)

TO

# Young Mothers

## FACING THEIR FIRST PROBLEM OF COLDS

**T**WO generations of mothers have used Vicks VapoRub in the treatment of children's colds. They have proved its worth. Found out, through years of use, how dependable it is. Younger mothers, too, are discovering every day how remarkably effective is this modern, *external* way of treating colds. Here are some of the reasons for its world-wide use:

### VICKS VAPORUB IS SAFE

When you use VapoRub, you avoid all risks of digestive upsets that so often come from constant dosing of children's delicate stomachs. Being *external*, VapoRub can be used freely and as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

### DIRECT DOUBLE-ACTION

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice or plaster, gently but effectively "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, it gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled *direct* to choked-up air-passages.

### BRINGS QUICKER RELIEF

This *direct double-action* of Vicks VapoRub is at work all night long. Often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over. There is no substitute for VapoRub. Nothing "just as good" for either children's or adults' colds. That's why VapoRub is known and used in 70 countries—why more than 26 million jars are used yearly—in the United States alone.



JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS, TOO



### Further Solution of Mothers' Problem of Colds

VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half!—saved almost two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds!—cut the costs of colds more than half!

How to follow Vicks Colds-Control Plan in your home is fully explained in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in preventing colds.





## are you "Hair Conscious?"

Worrying about your hair—wondering if it's looking its best—destroys poise, makes you self-conscious and ill at ease. Don't be guilty of nervously pushing in pins and constantly tucking in stray wisps of hair. And don't, *for heavens sake*, let falling hair pins embarrass you. Depend on Sta-Rites to keep your hair securely in place at all times. Remember, too, that Sta-Rites come in three different styles, each designed to meet a particular hair dressing need.

### NEW DE LUXE BOB PINS

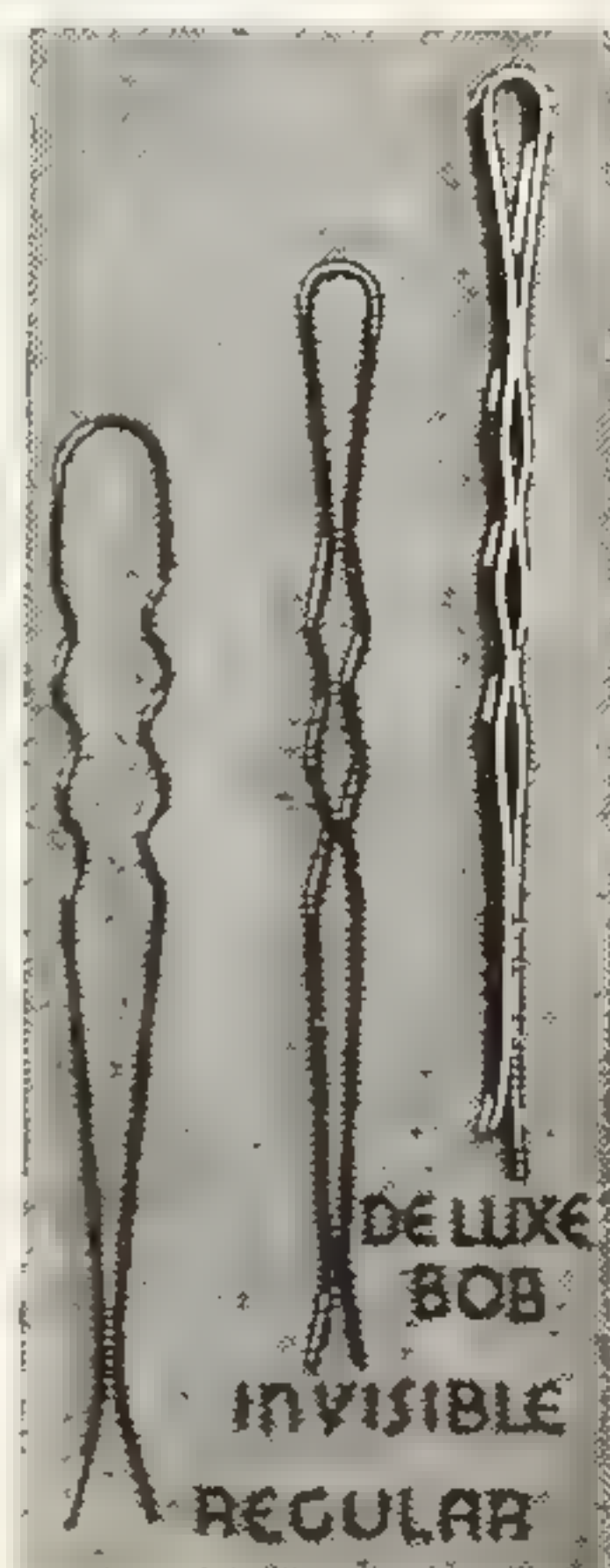
Flat on the inside, round on the outside, they are stronger, smoother and neater than ordinary flat bobs, and less visible in the hair.

### REGULAR STA-RITES

Because of their exclusive design they keep the hair neatly in place for a longer time.

### STA-RITE INVISIBLE BOBS

Made from small round spring steel wire, they are tight gripping and fashionably inconspicuous.



## New Sta-Rite Wave Set

The colorless wave set that will not flake or scale. Comes ready to use—easily applied—leaves hair soft, lovely and natural. Eliminates the dull, lifeless look so common when hair is waved at home.

*At your favorite store or send twenty-five cents for complete dressing table assortment.*



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**STA-RITE**  
WAVE SET • HAIR PINS



*"Precious little aids to beauty"*

# Night Club Cinderella

(Continued from page 91)

sured, and she would be home for Christmas. Two days before the time she had planned to get her train, Granlund called up on the phone.

"Say, you ought to see Harry Rapf before you go."

"Why?"

"To take a camera test. He's looking for new movie recruits and you ought to be good."

She pooh-poohed the idea. Almost every girl she knew in the show business had taken such a test, and nothing had come of it except blasted hope. It would be a waste of time on her part, she felt.

"But you might make the grade," insisted Granlund, "and you'd like to get into the movies, wouldn't you?"

"No!"

"Say, kid——"

"I wouldn't."

**B**UT "Granny" wouldn't take *no* for an answer, and he took her to Harry Rapf, for whom she registered the customary emotions of love and hate, joy and sorrow, for the cold glass eye of the camera.

The first test was a failure. "Granny" persuaded Rapf to take another, which was done. Is it any wonder that Joan Crawford looks upon "Granny" today as her best friend?

Once away from Harry Rapf and his paraphernalia, she forgot all about them. Home was her sole thought now, and the coming reunion with her family. After the holidays, she expected to return to Broadway, and to the round that had begun to pall.

Even if the glory of her chosen career had lost some of its glamour, she had made good in it, and the arrival in Kansas City was a triumphant return for the Prodigal Daughter who, so to speak, had brought the fatted calf back with her!

Then in the midst of all the excitement, came the surprise of her life. A telegram was handed her which read:

*"You have been placed under a five-year contract. Leave immediately for Culver City, California."*

The message was read a dozen times by herself and her awed family. And if they had any doubt about it, there was the money wired for her transportation.

On New Year's Day, 1925, Lucille LeSueur kissed them good-bye and started for the Golden West. Once more, she hated to leave Ray Sterling, but it was fate, and he understood, as usual.

A thousand times on the way she wondered what was before her? Would she dance for the screen? Would they give her real parts to do? Or would they forget her very existence, as sometimes happened?

Anyway, her foot was on the ladder to fame, and Lucille was going to get there even if it was kicked from under her!

(Next month will appear the most unusual of all these articles—Joan Crawford as the Hollywood play-girl. Don't fail to read it, because it is not only authentic, but it is new. You'll find it in the April NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale March 10th.)

# Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 16)

**ZAT'S RIGHT:** At a party recently a cameraman snapped a picture of Mrs. Leftwich and her daughter, Patricia Ellis, and then asked her name. She told him and he spelled it out questioningly.

"That's right," she told him, and then added dryly, "Thanks for leaving off the 'z'."

**CAMERA FAD:** Hollywood has gone completely mad on the subject of photography. The stars (mostly men) are buying expensive cameras, shooting everything in sight and doing their own developing.

Keen rivalry has developed between Robert Montgomery, Leslie Howard and Chester Morris. Chester, of course, has the jump on the other boys because for more than two years he has owned and operated a small motion picture camera, but now he has gone in for still photography in a big way. These three fellows do their developing and printing at the same shop. Bob will call up the man in charge and ask: "Did Leslie turn in anything decent today?" and if Leslie did, then Bob works that much harder to get something better. Then Leslie calls up. "What do you mean by giving that Montgomery guy special printing paper?" he demands. They all made their own Christmas cards and talk about a bus man's holiday, these actors just can't stay away from a camera!

**PUFF FOR MARY:** "I think Mary Forbes is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," remarked a young newspaperman at a party recently. "All young women should look at her and not be afraid of growing older."

Everyone within earshot turned to look at Mrs. Forbes and one by one agreed with the reporter. Mrs. Forbes noticed the attention she was getting so someone told her the reason for it.

"I thought when my hair got white no one would notice me," she said. "Ralph always wanted me to have white hair but it took so long for it to turn that he almost despaired. Now he is very happy about it."

Since Ralph and Ruth Chatterton were divorced, Mrs. Forbes sees more of her son "and it's so nice to be having dinner with him often," she enthused. Mrs. Forbes had just finished working in "Cavalcade" and said she had enjoyed working with the English cast so much, as she is just as English as she can be.

**PRESS ERRORS:** That giant fifty-foot ape that appears in Radio's "King Kong" has shriveled to twenty-six feet . . . and if we stick around long enough the press department may get the thing down to its actual size.

**PHILANTHROPIST:** Clarence Muse, the colored actor and composer, has become a charitable institution in him-



self. There's hardly a needy colored case that comes to his door that isn't given help in some way or another. Muse has seen some hungry days himself and knows just how it feels.

*And now they're planning to have that refined, quiet and lovely chap, Boris Karloff, play "Blue-beard."*

**PARKING SAFER:** Across the street from Warners' Burbank Studio is a parking station owned by Ernest Van Houten. Van, as he is known to Hollywood, used to be a stunt man in pictures, but now, with many patched up places in his body and a part of one foot gone, he has decided that running a parking station is safer. He still appears in pictures, however, and occasionally can't resist the urge to take part in a risky piece of stunting.

**CHANGING TIMES:** A few years ago Gary Cooper was just Colleen Moore's leading man in "Lilac Time." Now Gary seems to be doing pretty well, but Colleen is quite worried about her career.

**FOOTBALL IN THE PARLOR:** Billy Bakewell has two phonograph records of crowds yelling at big sporting events. He also has one of those parlor football games, which he loves to play. But when he plays the game, he also plays the records. He says it makes the game more exciting.

**STILL HANGING:** Instead of having separate bedrooms in the new family home, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane have a suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting room, bath and dressing room, together. It is furnished in creamy white.

"That house will never be completely furnished," Billy Bakewell declared. "When I was leaving for Europe they were hanging the drapes in the drawing room. When I returned three months later, the first thing I saw was the drapes in the drawing room being hung."

But that is because Loretta changes her mind so often. And with so many women in one house it must be hard to please all of them.

**DICK BOASTS:** Richard Cromwell says that Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Loretta Young are so popular the boys line up to get into the house. "But Sally's the grandest girl in town," he added. "She's more fun to go places with than any girl I know."

It looks as if Billy Bakewell is head man with Sally just now, however.

**NOTES:** Mrs. Clark Gable was so worried about her husband when he had a touch of influenza that she went right out and bought him a \$100 tablecloth. . . . Pauline Garon paints her nails red clear to the end of her fingernail because, she says, it is the latest fad in Paris. And her nails match her lip stick exactly. . . . Georgie Jessel lunching at the Paramount lunchroom with Charles R. Rogers and without Norma Talmadge. . . . Joan Blondell lunches with George Barnes every day now because he is photographing her picture. . . . She says she lives so high up now that she never hears any gossip. . . .

(Please turn to page 94)

# The OLD-TIME FLAVOR of her pancakes in YOURS TODAY



Visitors came from miles around to enjoy Aunt Jemima's light, tender pancakes — to watch her make them on the old Higbee plantation. Aunt Jemima legend

**G**olden-brown, tender pancakes, with the same tempting flavor, the same delicious lightness that made Aunt Jemima's famous! An old plantation secret, a special combination of four flours — that is what you get in ready-mixed Aunt Jemima

Pancake Flour. Corn, rice, rye and wheat flours mixed for special lightness and flavor. Simply add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and bake up the daintiest, tenderest pancakes you ever tasted. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



**FREE**

Trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour or Aunt Jemima Buckwheats! Write your name and address below, tear off and mail to The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. M-2, 1850 Board of Trade Building, Chicago. Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.



feel  
the edge!

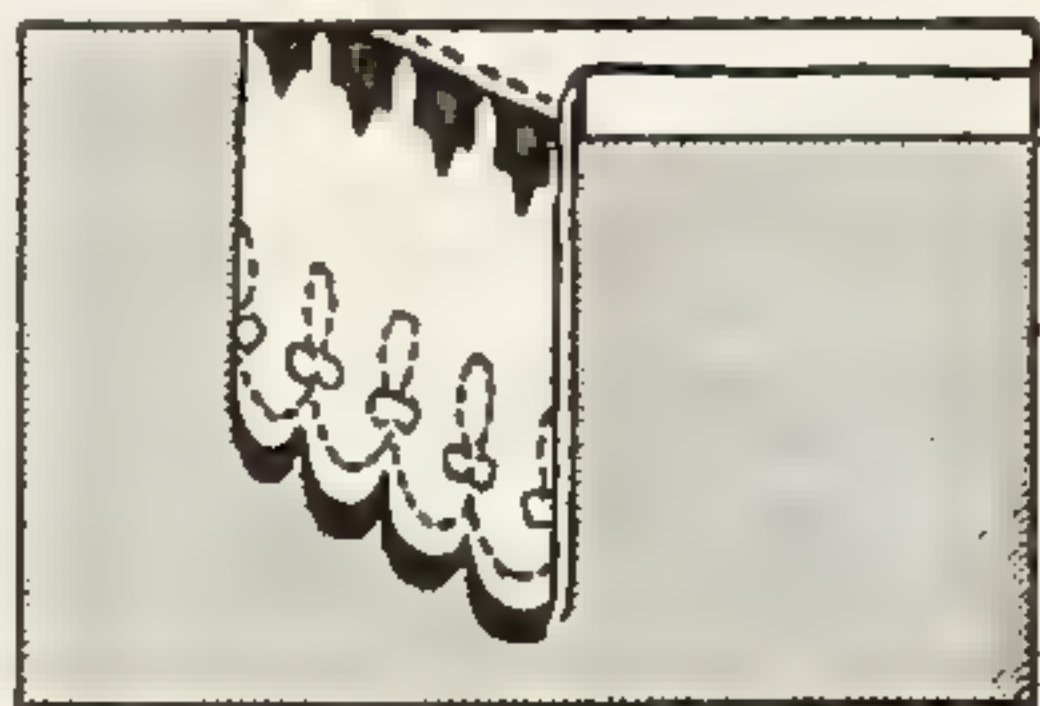
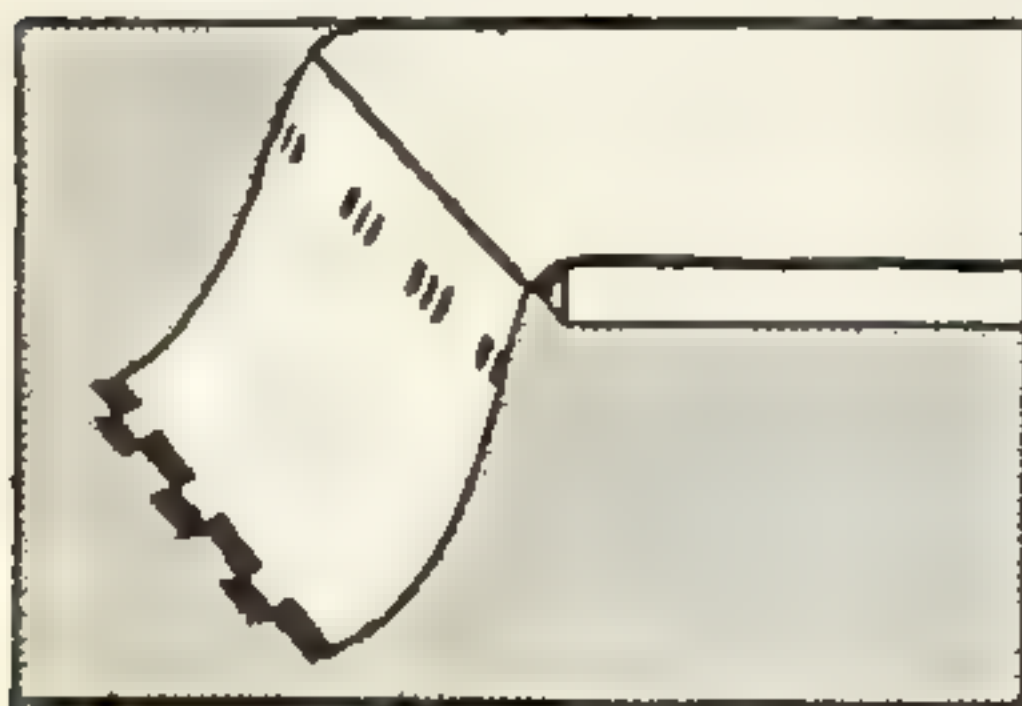


### New double-edge shelf paper simply amazing!

MISS ALICE HUGHES, the famous writer and fashion authority, whose advice is heeded by millions of thrifty women, describes Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper as follows:—

"Dressing your kitchen reaches a new high with Roylace Double-edge Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. It neither crinkles nor curls up, regardless of temperature changes due to cooking. Its texture resembles cloth more than it does paper, and it outlasts most shelf paper 4 to 1, by laboratory test."

Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper, because of its unique construction, resists grease and dust, and stays clean much longer! Like all Roylace Shelf Papers, it is but 5¢ a package at all 5 and 10¢ stores. There you'll find Roylace Shelf Papers in patterns quaint or modern, gay or demure—and in a wide choice of lovely colorings. Always, the name Roylace is embossed in the selvage.

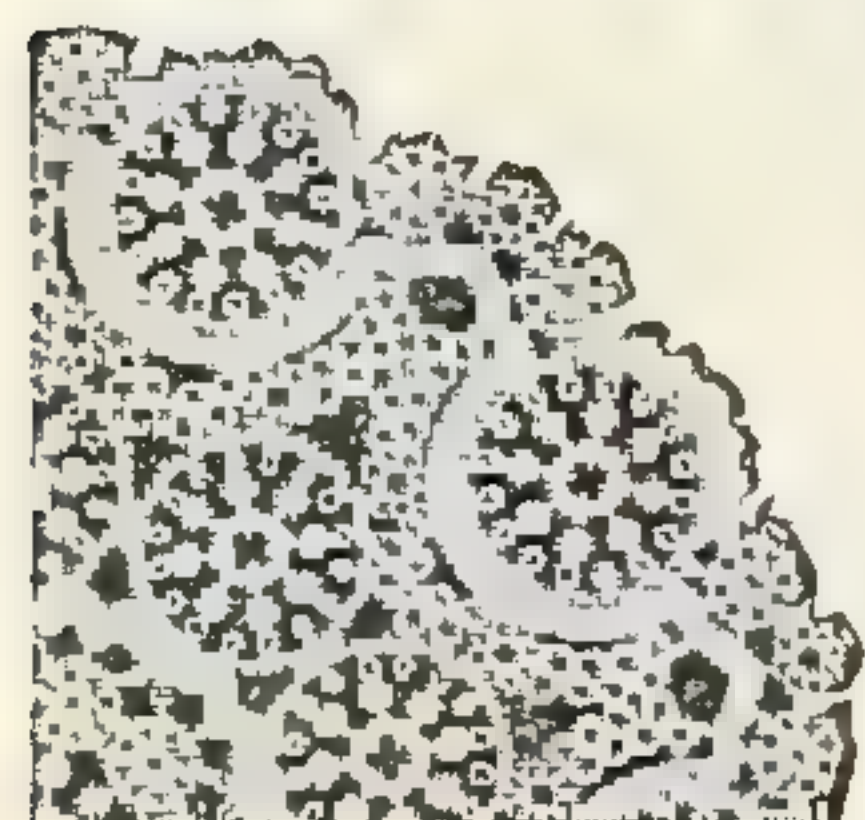


#### Unlike Ordinary Papers

The double edge of Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper will not curl or quickly become messy and unsightly. This extra thick edge is a scientific, patented improvement controlled exclusively by Roylace.

Get a supply of Roylace Paper Doylies, too. These bits of lacy charm look so festive beneath your cookies or sandwiches, your fruits and desserts. And what a saving in laundry costs! Made by The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York City.

# Roylace



SHELF PAPER  
AND  
DOYLIES

# Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 93)

**BAD WOMAN:** "The only picture my mother liked me in was 'The Strange Case of Clara Deane' because I played a good woman in that," Wynne Gibson said. "I don't mind playing bad women, though, only I hate to get thrown out all the time. I'd like to be bad once and get to stay."

Wynne's mother and father have come to Hollywood to make their home with her and she has a new Paramount contract which gives her almost double her previous salary, so everything is gr-a-a-and.

*Eleanor Holm has a tiny apartment directly above the Antonio Morenos, who are her official chaperones. When Eleanor wants Mrs. Moreno she pounds on the floor.*

**WHAT A BET!** Billy Bakewell took Sally Blane to a football game but she refused to cheer for his team. One word led to another and they finally made a bet. Sally lost, so Billy took her to lunch every day until her pay day in order to collect his winnings.

One young star who, along with other contract players, was talked into taking part of his salary in the company's stock, remarked the other day that he threw his stock into the fire and it wouldn't even burn.

"Honestly," he said earnestly, "it bounced right out of the fire into my lap."

# I've Gone Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

going to have a fling at life I'd better start now. Right here is where I went Hollywood! First thing I knowed I had on one of them Clark Gable turtle-neck sweaters, like I used to wear when I was a kid back home in Urbana. Then I got to borrowin' my wife's car, with a colored boy fer a chauffeur. Next thing I got to minglin' with the folks down at The Brown Derby. There musta been a great change some place, 'cause not a single one a them autograph hounds recognized me, I was lookin' so young. Did feel kinda slighted to sit around eatin' without anybody botherin' me. You see, out here the people gather every noon to collect autographs and watch the actors eat, same as you would watch them feed the animals in a circus.

**T**HE same thing happened next day when I showed up across the street at Al Levy's cafe, in my golf togs. A coupla shoe string producers—nice fellers, too—spotted me and told Mr. Levy they thought they could use me as a leadin' man. When he told them who I was they was knocked flat; said they'd never seen sech a change in their lives—didn't know I had so much sex appeal. Shucks! I knowed that all the time, but then I'm sort of a conservative feller. This made me perk up more'n ever, and I sez to myself, "Doggone it, I've gone Hollywood!"

After takin' in the Coconut Grove and a night club called The Frolics, there wasn't no place left to go. Shucks! All this here talk 'bout Hollywood bein' so wild. Why, there ain't enough things goin' on here at night to keep a feller like me a-goin'. Here I was, jest feelin' my oats and steppin' high, and it all ravelled out in a couple nights.

A bunch of us fellers got together and staged it down to Aggy Calienty in old Mexico, one night. You know, that's about the only place the Hollywood folks can really rear back. Boy! Doc Sale's boy sure did his share, particularly with them gamblin' games. Course I don't like to brag, but I was considered pretty good playin' seven-up and casino with the boys back home,

and did I take them slick Calienty boys to a cleanin' on that roulette wheel! And never havin' to put up more'n two-bits at a time during the whole evenin'.

Then I took in a coupla of them Malibu parties, but all they did was sit around and play some game called back-gammon. Looked to me as if it was slower'n checkers. So I took myself out on the beach and watched the pretty girls all afternoon. Yes, sir-ree, folks, the real life in Hollywood takes place out of doors. It didn't take me long to find that out!

So I bought myself a membership in a golf club, 'cause I could see right away that most of the big fellers out here wasn't anywhere I was goin'. Didn't care so much fer golf at first, but then as I was growin' younger all the time the derved game got under my skin. Lookin' around I could see ev'rybody in Hollywood plays golf. Why, I even saw John Barrymore himself out there one day tryin' to dig himself out. And, another day, I run into Clara Bow. I had on my golf pants and she sez, "Where you goin', little boy?" Well, sir, I never was so embarrassed in my life—guess she thought I was a caddy.

Next thing I got started to runnin' around to them polo games, watchin' Will Rogers, Jack Holt, Big Boy Williams, Ralph Forbes, Bob Montgomery, and all them boys, tryin' to ride a horse and hit a ball with one a' them long-handled crokay mallets. Why, I got so doggoned enthusiastic over this game that I felt jest like rentin' a horse and tryin' it myself.

**W**ELL, I could see how things was goin' from bad to worse, and I knowed if I kept up they'd soon have me playin' Jackie Cooper parts, so now I've just quieted down and aim to do plenty deep-sea fishin' out in the old Pacific, or some trout fishin' up in the mountains; mebbe some duck and deer huntin', too.

Yes, sir-ree, folks, I went Hollywood and it made a young feller out of me. My advice to everyone comin' out here is, to do things moderately. Look at me—went too far and overdone it!



# Letters the Public Writes

(Continued from page 44)

read, digested, answered and filed away like a set of government archives.

I TOOK one look at this majestic collection, remembered that my eyes are not as good as they used to be, and decided to confine my researches to the years 1930 and 1931. But these, the Hays office tells me, are typical; a cross section of American opinion on its favorite diversion. As such, they deserve preservation for the historians among our great-grandchildren.

Classifying them mentally after I had finished reading, I experienced one surprise. I had expected that most of them would deal with sex.

That topic, however, holds only second place. The largest class consists of "dry" letters—complaints that the movies are by example encouraging the drink habit and violation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Since the years 1930 and 1931 marked a great wet tide in our affairs, this struck me as curious. But every editor, judging the popularity of his features by the letters he receives from his subscribers, knows that certain special classes of readers are prone to take their pens in hand.

"Wet propaganda"—this is the most common epithet in this class of letters. "When," asks a correspondent from Texas, "did the motion picture sell out to the liquor interests, and how much are they paying? The public has a right to know."

An American writes all the way from Brazil to note that while this country is notoriously dry by law, the motion pictures do not seem aware of it. "This inconsistency produces a very bad impression here," he adds.

Another correspondent sees a deep wet plot in a film which ridicules the drinking of milk by adults.

A Southern senator forwards a letter from a prominent constituent making the familiar charge that the movies have sold out to the wets. He, however, has a remedy. He wants the senator to introduce a bill prohibiting the interstate circulation of films which show drinking scenes.

"Arrowsmith," which included scenes where—quite in character—the hero drank a glass or two, for some unknown reason brought an especially large number of protests.

So did the episode of Lincoln drinking from a jug in the frontier scenes of "Abraham Lincoln"—that is more comprehensible. Most of the correspondents who wrote about this scene quoted Lincoln's opinions on alcohol as expressed in the last years of his life, and deduced that Father Abraham did not know the taste of liquor.

Another correspondent, after declaring that the movies were subservient to the liquor interests, also polished off the cigarette as follows:

"The smoking done in those pictures was really nothing but advertising for the cigarette manufacturers . . . neither Cagney nor Williams are cigarette smokers, yet the director had to force those two good actors to learn."

Many others take a side-swipe at cigarette smoking by the women of the screen. One reminds Mr. Hays that by the luxury and corruption of its

(Please turn to page 96)



## No more one-way dentifrices! USE SQUIBB'S FOR 5-WAY PROTECTION

- 1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.
- 2 It polishes well and *safely* — with complete freedom from grit.
- 3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way — by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.
- 4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*
- 5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

When you use a dentifrice that is of benefit in only one or two of these ways, you're actually neglecting your teeth! All-round care of the teeth demands 5-way protection—the protection that Squibb Dental Cream gives.

The clean, refreshing taste of Squibb's makes using it a pleasure. And you can rely on it, as you rely on every Squibb Product, to be effective, pure and safe. Don't risk harm to your teeth by delay. See your dentist regularly, and at least twice a day brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream.

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### the 5-way dentifrice



Scientific aids to loveliness—  
Squibb Toilet Products

You'll find a new delight in using dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.



# ANNOUNCING the new COMBINATION PACKAGE of

# LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS

## AND LOTIRIS

a positive powder deodorant  
for dusting on sanitary napkins

**T**HE Federal Trade Commission has ruled that no Sanitary Napkin Manufacturer has the right to claim that his napkin has any deodorizing qualities. We are therefore giving Lotus Buyers a positive deodorizing agent, LOTIRIS.

**F**OR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



# 6 LOTUS 10¢ SANITARY NAPKINS

15¢ in the far West and Canada

SOLD BY  
**F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.**

# Letters the Public Writes

(Continued from page 95)

women, Rome fell.

Another says something pertinent when he remarks:

"If the motion picture would only make drunkenness invariably disgusting, as it does in this film! It is the constant repetition of the scenes where men and women are drinking without apparent harm and in refined surroundings which do most to undermine our respect for the fundamental law of the land."

**T**HE letters about sex are better guides to public opinion than those about prohibition; sex has not yet become a political issue. In the earlier days, when independents or even "regulars" got over some pretty raw plots and episodes, a flood of correspondence often gave the first notice.

And always such letters, taken in bulk, have served the office as an education in what Americans hold to be fair and lovely and of good report.

Hays has commanded a long fight, not yet entirely won, to clean up the advertising of irresponsible local exhibitors; to prevent them from perverting mild or innocent situations and titles into suggestions of "hot stuff." Objections to advertising of this sort form a considerable part of the "sex correspondence."

One indignant citizen grows apoplectic over the motion picture comedian who scratched a match on a nude statue; another objects to the "totally undressed woman" which figures on the bronze ornament of an antique cannon used in "Old Ironsides."

Strict clergymen write in from time to time raking the sex-mad institution of motion pictures from stem to stern and forecasting the time when outraged public opinion will wipe out this iniquity; but in general, the letters from the cloth, even when they object to some specific film, are tolerant and understanding. As for example this one, bearing the letterhead of a rectory in Pennsylvania:

"I set little store by the objection raised on the score of sex appeal. A play without it is, generally, devoid of human interest. But when the appeal verges on the vulgar, the line should be drawn somewhere . . . When sex appeal becomes strident, it ceases to please."

**F**OR the rest, the correspondence merely illustrates that you cannot put either comedy or villainy on the screen without making some citizen believe that the shot is aimed at his race, trade or class. This, for example, from an Italian-American:

"Stop using Italian names for all your disgusting gangster pictures. Stop biting the hand that has given the world everything that is worth while."

In the file for the same week, a Scandinavian protests against the motion picture maintaining the myth that Columbus discovered America, "when every fair minded person knows that Leif Ericson was here five hundred years before." He feels that this is a piece of Italian propaganda.

Another Nordic, fresh from a film which showed a comedian with a Swedish accent, does not let his eyes close in sleep until he writes to ask:

"Couldn't you speak up and have something done about the film com-

panies throwing ridicule and insults on the Swedish people?"

A Hindu writes to denounce the film "Hunting Tigers in India" as a bit of "dastardly British propaganda." He adds in explanation, "there is no depicting of scenic, architectural, refined and noble India."

A plumber, and later a local association of the craft, writes in to object to "Disappearing Enemies," which built a comic incident on a plumbing job.

A Boston woman who owns up to fifty years asks why the motion picture always make ladies of her age "totter as though they were eighty?"

A patriot grows indignant because he has seen "Abraham Lincoln" on the same program with the film of a local basket-ball game.

"Upper Underworld" was a story of the milk racket in a Middle Western city. A "release" of a press agent announced that in this film "the amazing graft in the milk business is about to be exposed, showing it to be as much a racket as Al Capone's beer-running in Chicago." The local dairymen, quite rightly and naturally, passed and mailed indignant resolutions.

Less reasonably, several icemen wrote in about a film wherein a husband presented his wife with an electric refrigerator. "Free advertising," they called it.

A gas association objected to a suicide by gas.

A street railway company took offence at a film which made comedy of a flat wheel in a trolley car.

A militant atheist demanded to know why, when the motion pictures portray a wedding, the ceremony is always performed "by a clergyman with his collar turned backward."

A billiard association objected to low scenes in poolrooms.

The staff of a municipal institution expressed its indignation over "Godless Girls," in which an inmate of a reformatory meets unjust and cruel treatment.

An advertisement for "Canyon Hawks" mentioned the historic distaste of cattlemen for sheepmen in the frontier West. Thereupon a wool growers' association sent a protest against opening "old wounds, long ago healed."

And a druggist, inspired to just indignation by a comedy film, wrote:

"The drugstore was brought into the picture very prominently and in a very bad light. The drunkard gets off the train, sees the sign 'Drugs' makes a bee line there to buy Jamaica ginger. The druggist whispers to him, produces a bottle of rum and says, 'That will cost you \$10.' Why pick on us?"

**A**LL over the country, people with the stammering habit or teachers who correct that affliction, wrote in about a stammering comedian. Many patients had suffered a relapse after hearing him on the screen. As any psychologist knows, this kick was not moonshine; hence, probably, no more stammering comedians.

Somewhere in the back files there lie together two contrasting letters from citizens of substance from the screen. Let the film show only the brighter side of this burdened world. The other asks Mr. Hays to suppress all comedies. "They prevent people from seeing the



serious side of life," says the writer.

Another believes that the film is striking at the foundations of the family when it shows comedies wherein young married men have differences with their mothers-in-law.

Two women ask Mr. Hays to keep black cats off the screen—one because that animal is unlucky, the other because its appearance in a picture encourages superstition.

Of course, the Hays organization has nothing to do with the purchase of manuscripts for the motion picture companies, and still less with the employment of actors. It has tried by every means at its command to advertise that limitation.

THE screen-struck girl, of course, has been a special nuisance of his job. In three cases out of four, she got that way when a sweetheart, a doting member of the family or a false flatterer told her that she resembled some star.

Usually, her letter began by advertising the resemblance, and calling attention to an enclosed photograph. Some of them expected to leap at once to a salary of \$500,000 a year; a few were willing to begin small and work up, if Mr. Hays would place them.

Generally, these letters were monotonously and pathetically alike. The most original variation came from a girl who declared that she had the smallest foot in the United States. She wanted Mr. Hays, on behalf of the industry, to arrange a small-foot contest; the prize an engagement as a motion picture star at the maximum salary. She seemed to have no doubt who would win.

The stage-struck men are often more original. A blood-brother of Merton wrote in from Indiana, dwelling on his inborn talent to be a "hero in the movies," but adding:

"I don't suppose I can be a hero right off the reel, but if you want me, I'll be willing to start as *assistant* hero at whatever salary you think I'm worth."

But stardom, as might be expected, interested the men less than it did the women. Usually, they set forward some peculiar qualification for a character part. Fat men, noting the success of certain obese comedians, wrote in surprising numbers, always with statistics on weight and girth. "And I'm eating a lot and getting fatter every day," boasted one of them. Another wrote:

"Here's the funny part. My dimensions are five feet nothing tall, weight 250 pounds and measure fifty around the waist. I can move freely and have plenty of wind. Not expecting a \$1,000 a week job, just common, until we can find what I'm worth."

Another applicant for favor was an inspired weeper. He could draw tears at any time, "without the help of sad music."

THE people of limited experience who believe that writing for the movies is the royal road to wealth, have in the past sent to Hays their scenarios, or descriptions thereof, by the thousands. This is a typical letter, probably no more pathetically innocent than the average:

"I have in mind a sample story which I haven't written yet but will write it if you want to buy it . . . It's one of my own stories that I made. The boys that live around my house want me to tell them a story every night 'cause they are interesting stories, the ones I tell.

(Please turn to page 98)

# CHEST COLD? break it quick, says WHISPERING JACK SMITH



"They call me 'old doc' Smith, friends, when I talk about Musterole, the finest family remedy ever made to knock the stuffings out of a chest cold—bringing ease in 5 minutes and almost always relieves in 5 hours. Musterole, you know, is just like a mustard plaster, only a whale of a lot better, because it's a pure white ointment, easy to rub on, doesn't make a mess, and won't blister . . .

"You bet it makes your skin tingle, but that's the way you can tell Musterole is breaking congestion and cold. And that's because Musterole is *not* just a salve. On the other hand, it's what doctors call a 'counter-irritant,' which is something that penetrates, stimulates, relieves pain, and gets rid of congestion. And friends, that's what 'old doc' Smith calls breaking a cold . . .



"And for children, of course, mothers will want Children's Musterole, which is good old Musterole made in milder form especially for the little folks. Just rub it on the little tot's chest and throat at night and, while the child sleeps, away go chest cold, croupy cough and sore throat. Sometimes adults like this milder form of Musterole. So you'd better get a supply at your druggist's and keep it handy for every cold emergency."

## Tune in MUSTEROLE FIRESIDE FANTASIES

Starring Whispering Jack Smith, the Hummingbird Trio, and Arnold Johnson's Orchestra.

Monday and Wednesday Evenings, 8:00 to 8:15 E. S. T.

WABC and Columbia Network



FOR CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT, MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC ACHES, PAINS





Compare  
your hairdress

Can you afford to be less  
careful than the film stars?

... you too, have a constant, critical audience. Can you afford to be less careful of your hairdress than the beautiful actresses of the screen? They know that beautiful coiffures and properly "kept" coiffures are essential for perfect beauty. That is why they always insist on HOLD-BOBS.

The small, round heads of HOLD-BOBS are invisible in any hairdress; the smooth, round ends cannot scratch the scalp; and the flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, keep the hair securely in place. HOLD-BOBS are furnished in colors to match all types of beauty.

Bobbed, long or "in-between", your hairdress looks more beautiful and stays that way longer if you use HOLD-BOBS. So follow the screen stars ... use either the curved shape style HOLD-BOB or the straight style ... available everywhere and used everywhere by women who pride themselves in their flawless beauty. Send for FREE sample.

#### MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SUPPLY

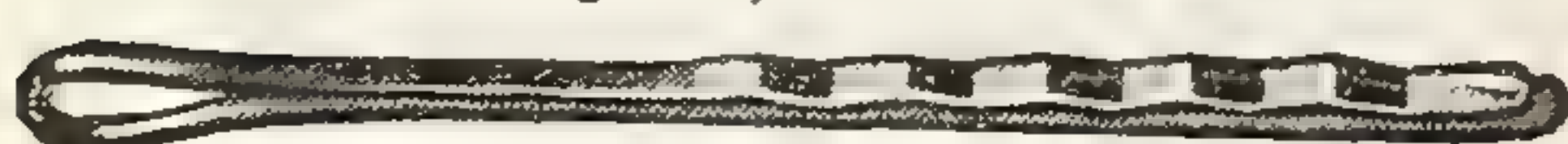


Write today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color), and new booklet "The Quest for Beauty" ... FREE ... send coupon.

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere ... made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

Made Only by  
**THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY**  
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)  
Sol H. Goldberg, President  
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. G-3, Chicago, Ill.  
**The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.**  
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



Curved Shape Style

Copyright 1933 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

**The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.**  
Dept. G-3, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

# Letters the Public Writes

(Continued from page 97)

If you want to make a picture out of it, I'll come to Hollywood and one of your men can write it while I tell it to you."

A girl in the South, "while dyeing a white dress navy blue" felt the artistic impulse as a surge of music. "Something rhythmically different from other forms of thinking" urged her on to put into notes an expression of the stories and emotions which haunted her. But she had no training in annotating music.

After her creation was down on paper, she could make nothing of it. Then she decided to translate her musical thoughts into motion pictures. Ever since, she had been writing scenarios; and sending them to producers who either mailed them back at once or let them disappear. She did not know that the motion picture producers, unlike the magazines, the theatrical firms and the book publishers, do not even read unsolicited manuscripts.

She had given up her job in order

to write for the screen. "I have been seriously considering knocking over a mail box to try to get into the Federal Penitentiary so that I will not have to be worried any longer about where my next meal will come from," she concluded.

An understanding reader feels that there may be genius in this woman; but that she is an acorn trying to germinate on a cement sidewalk. Her phrase "rhythmically different from ordinary thinking" describes exactly the mood in which a real artist experiences the first impulse of creation.

And finally, a letter which Mr. Hays did not file away in the archives, but keeps among his private papers for its aroma of engaging childhood:

"Dear Will Hays:

"I would like to be in the movies. I am ten years old. My birthday is in April. I live in Denver. I can ride a horse slowly, play the piano, and ride a bicycle. I am not fat but medium. I am not bowlegged. The telephone is ringing so I must close."

## Togo in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

"Hon. Garba Greto," I contuse. "In this part she should appeal to all the fans and umbrellas."

She commence walkout, but Hon. Ogre snatch her backwards.

"LISSEN deery," he report, "may-be this Play will grow better instead of worse. Togo, how much more about vegitables have you wrote?"

"Scarcely anything," I obstruct. "Next scene show McCormick Harvester laying egg-plants over 60000 akers of Minnesota. Then this educational film stops being educated and becomes passionate."

"Next scene show the throne-room in palatial bungalow of Henry J. Waterglass, crabapple king of America. It are breakfast. Down to table come Hon. Mary Pickford, looking very sleepus. 'What ales you, my dotter,' asked Hon. Waterglass (acting by Richd. Battlemess). 'I are tired, tired, tired,' she denote. 'Tired of which' he revoke. 'Tired of love,' she expunge. 'No wunner, no wunner,' he say, 'there is so much of it around Hollywood. What do my little dotter want this morning to attempt her appetite? How would a nice, scrambled egg-plant do to make you happy?' 'Are it strickly fresh?' she ask to know. 'Strickly,' he say it, 'for with my own fare hands I gathered it from the nest.' So waiter go fetch egg-plant. O horrus! It explode open and out walk a smallish young egg-plant, peeping saddishly for mother."

"Yr dotter have stood enough of this and plenty," holla Hon. Ed Robinson, coming in and shooting him."

"But why did he shoot?" narrate Hon. Gabble.

"If Hon. Ed Robinson must have a reason every time he shoot somebody, then he would stay home and save bullets. Please let me finish Play, which will last only 1½ hrs more, with speed."

Noise of that explosion bring in 3 Barrymores, who have been out in the aunty-room, papering the wall with 1000\$ bills. 'Did we hear a shot?' they explain. 'Yes, did,' say Mary. 'It were me killing Father with a pickel fork.'

"JUSSA minnit," negotiate Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. "You tell me this are a educational flim. Where do the education commence to begin coming in?"

"Last scene," I sallify.

"Then cut all else out till last scene. Are this quite a big and strong one?"

"Indeedly it are!" I romp. "Here we dishoover a prison sell so filled with iron and nails that escape are umpossible. And what is in it? Hon. Ed Robinson, that bad man! He got a chain on his legs, on his elbows, on his watch, so nothing can escape. Even his teeth are locked together, so they can't get out. Then income Hon. Morris Shevelear (or if he are busy that week, Hon. Chic Sails will do.) He take a pair of slow step-ins toward Hon. Robinson and say following:

"'You kurr! You yella caddy! In just 3½ seconds the electrical chair will commence to be lit up for you. And what are your last words, if anything?"

"'Egg plant done it,' report Hon. Ed."

"'Ha!!!!' I thought similar to that. And now, for the benefat of the school-boys & girls setting in our oddience, let me explan that one sq inch of egg-plant contains enough phosfate, magnesia, kilowatts, kalsomine and picnic acid to carry 3 sky-rockets from here to Boston, or Baltimore, as the cass may be. Scientists do not know where the egg-plant first got start from, but some sippose it are the inner tube of the Siberian rain-deer. It were used for sash-weights by anshent Egiptians. If the ladies in our oddience will apply to our Domestick Science Burro they



will resieve (free) a little pamphlet entitled '47 Ways to Make Egg Plant Taste Like Something Else.' . . ."

"It should end with a drammatick climb-axe with me in the middle of it," report Hon. Ed. Robinson. "Thusly. Scene flops back to jail. A Chinese corus gal, who is demented about me, bring me in a egg-plant for breakfast, before I are electrified. It are filled with dinnamyte. With happy laugh I throw it and hitt Warden Lawes. When next heard of I are in Newport, selling opium to the idol rich."

"If you will folla my advice," deploy Hon. Clock Gabble, "you will take out the egg-plant entirely. Otherwisely the show are all okay."

"But hacken to me!" I jar. "This entire drammatick are wrote around that vegitable. What could you put in its place?"

"A aviator," he nullify. "If you put in a aviator where that egg-plant is, nobody would know the difference."

"OUCHES!" I agony. "I got a scene where that egg-plant are scrambled & ate for breakfast. If you do that to aviators——"

"Silences!" comment Hon. Ogre. "Hon. Gabble have got the I. D. which will make the sho-go. We shall change the title to 'Let Us Shoot Some Stars' & start rehussals immejutly on Stage 101."

"Goody, goody!" all decry loudishly, with one (1) exception. That were me.

"Hold uply! Hold uply!" I demount, very excitedly, while choking the door with myself. "If you do that, who will know that this are the show I wrote?"

"Who will care?" require everybody while walking across me & outside to Lott. I tempt to folla, but my head are so grogged that I splunge into a telegram pole and knock down, where I layed otterly obnoxious to my surroundings.

"Are you a Drunk?" require Hollywood Police, approaching up.

"No. I are a Author?" I mone feebly.

"O! I thought you was a humin being," he denote. "Axcuse my mistake."

Therefore he walk away, leaving me quite decomposed.

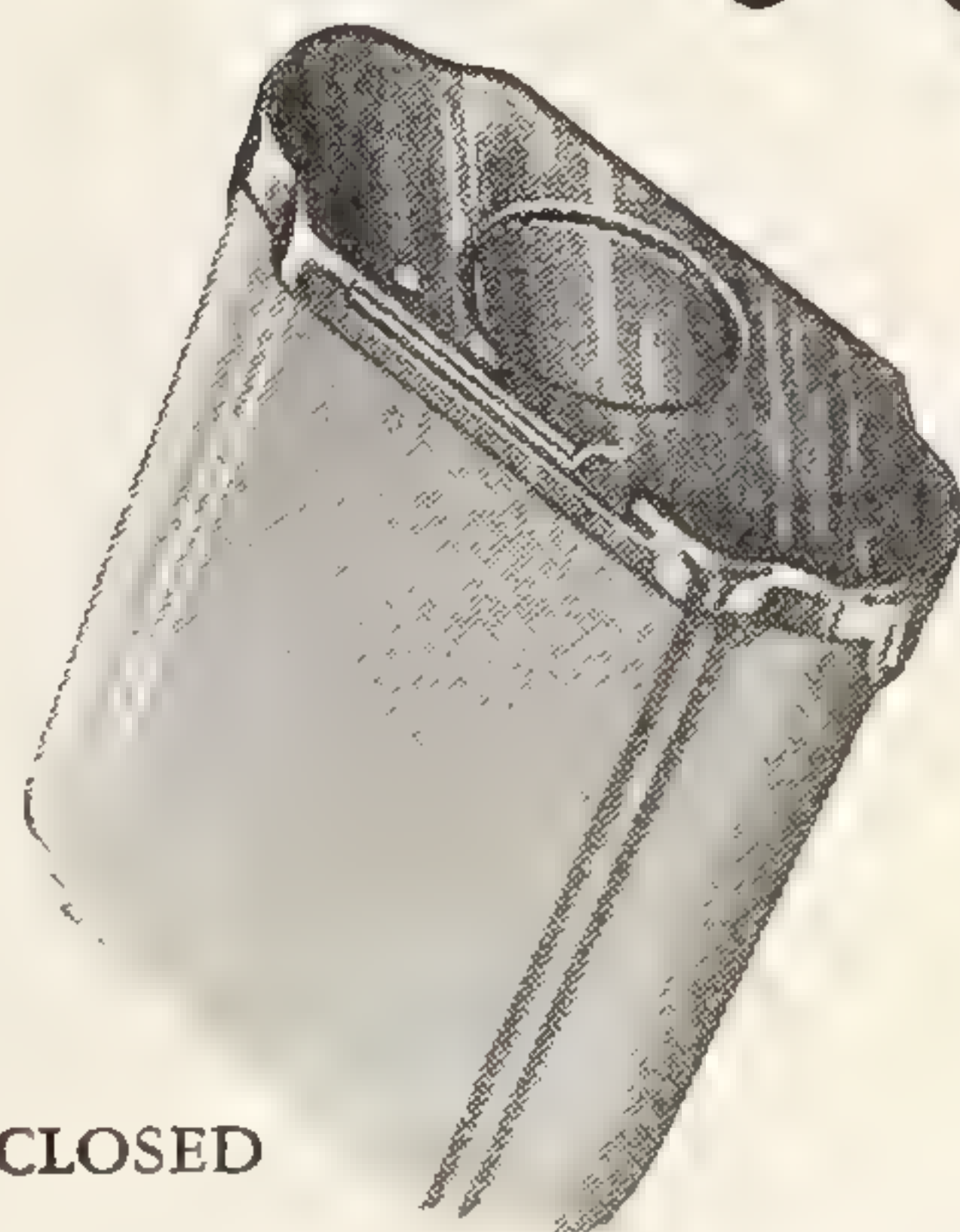
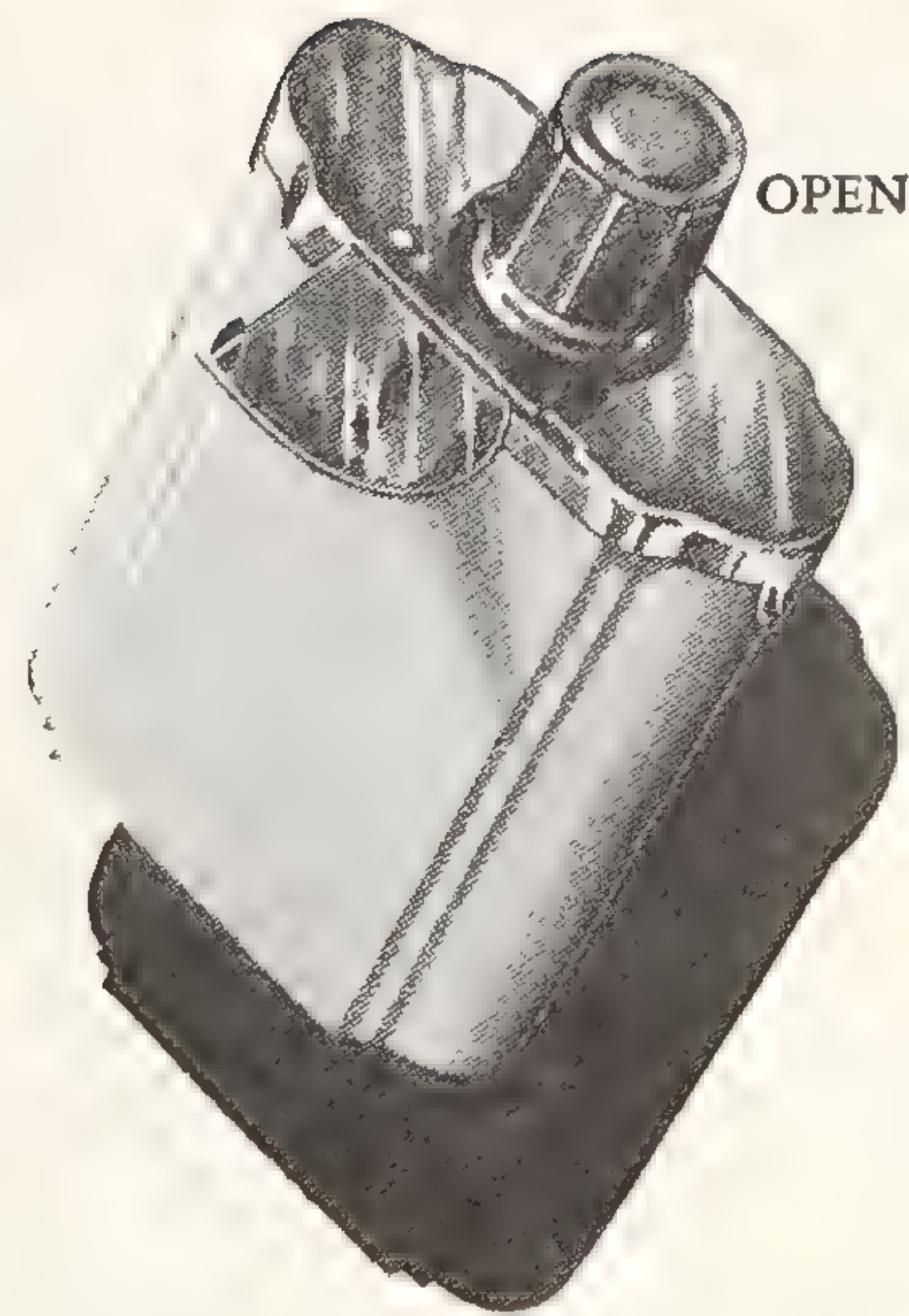
Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

Hashimura Togo.

To obtain circulars described on page 70, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Please be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

# A Remarkable Offer



You will surely want at least *one* of these neat little perfume containers for your own use. And...they are so attractive and useful that you will want *more*...to serve as ideal gifts for your friends. These non-leakable containers may be had in six popular colors ...Get yours *now*...keep it in your purse... and you will always have a ready means

of applying a dab of your favorite scent.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for *EACH* perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

## To have a Soft, Smooth Skin INSTANTLY!

A LINIT Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results... delightful...no waiting...and at trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub...bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap...and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet...as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers. Try a LINIT Beauty Bath tonight...you will be delighted with the results.



### THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. T-3, P.O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N.Y.

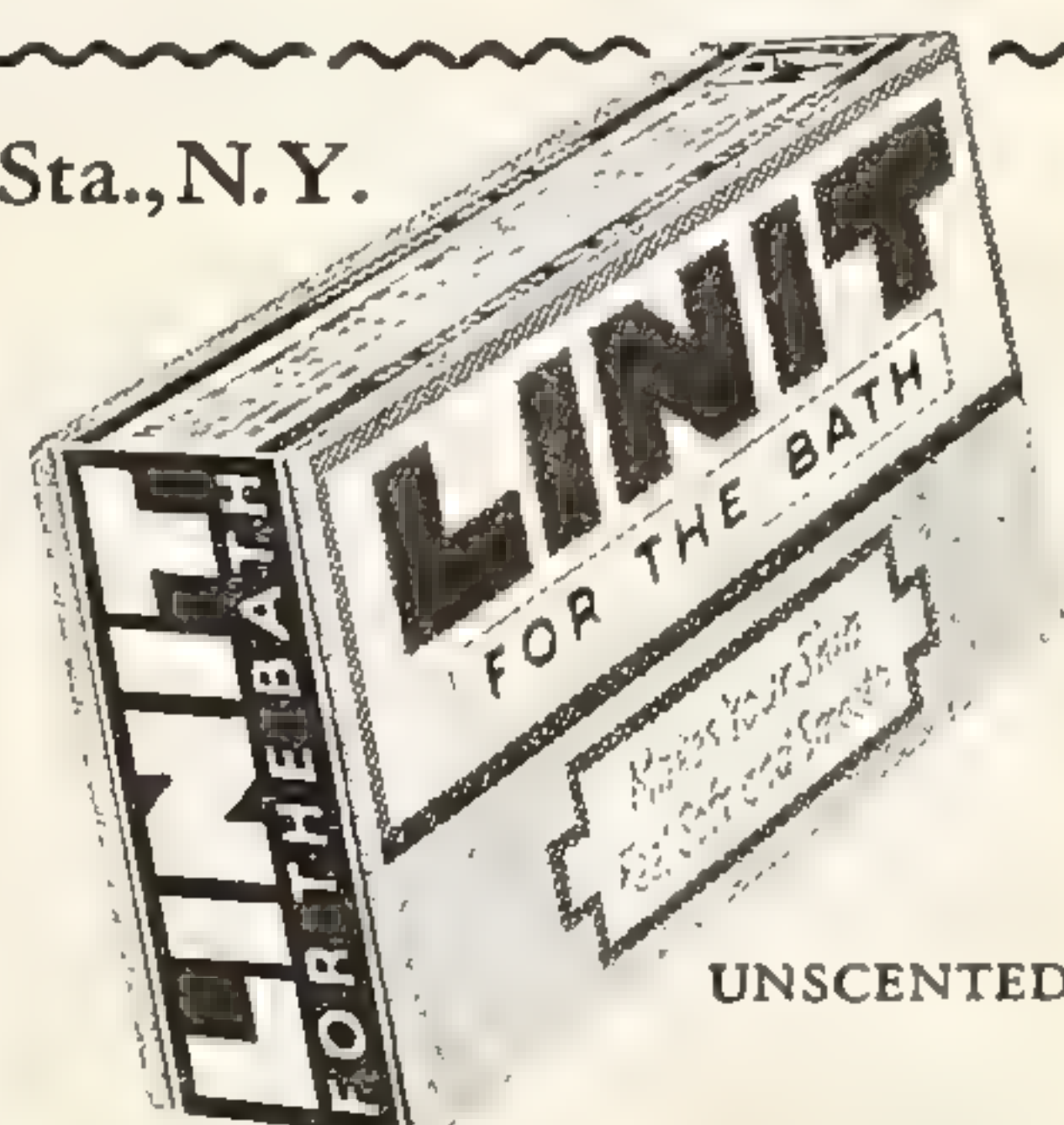
Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name .....

Address.....

City..... State .....



THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933



# Caught RED HANDED



**C**OLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin . . . and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught . . . "red handed."

Humiliated? But you need never suffer this embarrassment again!

Italian Balm, the original skin softener, is absolutely guaranteed to banish every trace of rough, red, dry and chapped skin quicker than anything you ever used before.

Invention of a European skin specialist. All ingredients scientifically selected and blended by an imported process. Entirely unlike store-made or home-made lotions.

Canada's largest selling, winter-time skin protector. More economical because it lasts longer. For sale everywhere—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. CAMPANA CORPORATION, Batavia, Illinois.

## Campana's ITALIAN BALM THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



### New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white cellophane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets you this season in a fashionable new carton and bottle.

**TUNE IN**—Monday Nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

# The Stranger

(Continued from page 55)

studio where John works, getting a kick out of the things and letters that come in his mail and watching the boy get up material for the all-color shorts he makes for the movies. Uncle Carl says that being around John is like getting a new education. For that matter, John says he's got beyond the point where anything startles him. In five years he's seen and heard and read and drawn so many strange things that he thinks anything is possible.

"Sometimes," he told us, his eyes almost popping out of his head, "I think I'll go crazy finding out things about human beings. It scares me. For instance, did you know that the human body can be reduced to a mere speck? Honestly!"—when he saw doubt in our eyes—"if the human body were reduced to its actual material substance, it would be a speck. And you could get most of humanity into a drinking glass.

"Say," he reached for a glass of water, "did you know that tasting is really smelling and that we really taste with our noses? And did you know that the tooth is the only part of the body that cannot repair itself?"

Stop! Stop!

"I guess," he said modestly, speaking with a soft Southern drawl which he got when he lived in Huntsville, Alabama, "I've met almost every freak—or communicated with most of them—in the world. And the same is true of people who have become successful in the face of terrific odds or physical handicaps. And do you know," he was serious and quite in earnest as he spoke, "I've found that the only thing unusual about them is their ability to do things that we, who possess all of our faculties, cannot do. They're normal in their likes and dislikes and their ambitions and their emotions.

"I met a woman sword swallower and she was worrying about the mortgage on her home. And I met Frank Lentina who has three legs and is a regular guy.

"I guess I've heard of practically every world champion in the matter of using things the longest. I mean—like the fellow who has worn one tie for thirty years, and the man who has worn one shirt for fifty years. One fellow wrote that he'd worn one overcoat for forty-eight years and another said he had a hat he'd worn for over thirty years."

**T**HE man with the hat, we thought, has nothing on Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He has the oldest hat in moviedom. It was a gift from his father years ago—and he still wears it.

"You see," he tried to look quite stern and succeeded in looking more like a kid than ever, "I have to be careful about what I use as strange. If I use something that is already known, I just show my own ignorance. When I'm in doubt, I try the idea out on a lot of people and judge their reaction, of course. I've been a heavy reader all my life—I've always been interested in strange things—and I have a general standard in myself. But you'd be surprised how many people would be tickled to death to prove me a liar. It keeps me on my toes all the time."

He leaned back in his chair and said as calmly as if he was eating some ice cream, "Did you know that

the fastest living thing is a fly?"

Huh! As if we believed that! Hadn't we caught up with many a fly and swatted it?

"Sure," he agreed, "but you never swatted a deer-fly. It can travel 816 miles an hour. Try that on your swatter sometime! And say, did you know that people can eat glass and nuts and bolts and all sorts of things, even ground razor blades, without dying? Sure they can," when we made a timid protest. "There have been a lot of cases to prove that. I knew about the glass when I was a kid in Alabama. There was a goofy old professor and we kids used to carry electric light bulbs to him. He'd break them against his teeth, grind the glass in his hands, make it into a neat little ball—and then, if we paid him, he'd eat it before our eyes."

John's brother, Ernest, who had been quietly waiting to get his little say, wedged in, took up the burden of the interview. "You ought to go through John's mail sometimes," he offered politely. We thought it would be nice to go through anybody's mail but said nothing and Ernest went on: "He gets all sorts of queer things. Potatoes and carrots and tomatoes and fruits shaped like people or weighing tremendous amounts. Once he ran a piece about a man in Denver who sold glass eyes by mail and for months John's mail was full of broken glass eyes sent by people who wanted him to match them. Once he got some leaves that didn't need water nor soil to make them grow. We hung the leaves in a curtain ring, kept them warm and they grew into chandelier shapes.

"One man sent John a sieve that holds water. And a fellow in Washington sent him some snow worms that actually live in snow.

"John," brother Ernest went on proudly, "gets all sorts of eggs that have queer writing or shapes on the shell. Some of them," he wrinkled his nose, "smell like the devil, they're so old."

"And sometimes," John decided to speak for himself, "we put a package in water before we open it because it looks suspicious.

"You know," he went on, "people are certainly strange. Every day my cartoon has a serial number that is nothing else in the world but the serial number to keep the editors straight on what day to use it. Well, I got a letter from a man who said, 'Thank you for running the policy number on your cartoon. I played it and won \$600. If you will let me know in advance what number you are going to print, I will divide the profits with you.' Of course I told him he'd won by sheer accident. He thought I was lying.

"I got a letter from a little girl in Washington who said she wanted me to prove something to her teacher. It seems she had used a statement from one of my cartoons to the effect that George Washington was not born on February 22nd. She had received zero and was heartbroken about it.

"So I wrote to the teacher and explained that Washington was born on February 11th, but later the present calendar was adopted and made a difference of eleven days. The little girl was happy—and I was glad to prove once more that I am not—a liar."



## For Shame

(Continued from page 49)

milk bath from which I feared she would emerge as dear little Buttercup.

My appreciation of Claudette rose as the milk subsided.

Ah, Claudette *au lait*!

THE ease with which Mr. DeMille secured Amazons for the battle with the pygmies is indicative of the changing fashion in movie females. Ten years ago, during the Pickford reign, no girl over five feet stood any chance of starring. Tall women couldn't get jobs even in leading rôles because the male stars were also *tres petit*. Today we have such stalwart rangers as Garbo, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford. The pygmies you saw were the male stars of yesteryear.

WHILE on the subject of religion, which seems to be my theme this month: Billy Sunday, millionaire gospel tycoon, paid his first visit to a studio recently. He chose the Paramount studio where Kate Smith, the moon-over-the-mountain girl, is working. Kate is a religious soul. She permits no swearing on the set. She doesn't smoke or use ginger ale. Everyone expected Billy to rush for her. *Mais non*, as we say in pagan Patee, Billy lammed for Mae West, li'l Diamond Lil.

"Naughty, naughty!" demurred the sparkling Lily, as the sound cameras ground on the historic conclave. "That's not your line. Come right over here on my set and put your foot on the bar's brass rail."

And Billy did. So who's the reformer?

A GREAT girl, Diamond Lil West. No hypocrisy. A good word for everyone. Hollywood's fine. You're my pal. She writes books between scenes. Has done two. Has orders for six more. Padre Will Hays, the pontiff of the industry, objected to the title "Diamond Lil" for her screen play. Approved "She Done Him Wrong." It shocked Mae but she realizes she must be broad minded in Hollywood. A sweet girl. I'd like her in "Little Women."

WHILE our missionaries have been smuggling Bibles into Russia it appears the Reds have been tit-for-tatting in Hollywood. How otherwise can one account for the following:

Lissen to Lupe!

"I'm in love with nobody, but some day I shall meet the man I can love and then I shall be happy . . . I'll mend his socks and sew missing buttons on his clothes . . . If he wants me to settle down and have babies it will be all right with me."

All right with me, too, Lupe.

And lissen to Clara Bow!

"I'm going to lead a quiet life. Just a nice married girl. Of course, I've still got a lot of pep. But I'll take it out in dancing."

Save me a rumba, Clara!

And Miss Harlow!

"I get up at seven in the morning and I play eighteen holes of golf. I sit around the house. I read. At ten o'clock I go to bed. . . ."

So that's where you were Christmas eve, you bad, bad Santa!

(Please turn to page 102)

## Those first STREAKS of GRAY

don't they urge you  
to act TODAY?



IT is so easy to free yourself from gray hair—and so surprisingly simple.

You need only comb a clear colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) through your hair in order to *comb the gray away*. You need no experience. Alone, at home, you can do it for yourself—with little more trouble than a manicure and at no greater cost than a jar of good face cream.

Regardless of the original shade of your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde, you can match it. So like the natural shade is the color imparted by Mary T. Goldman's that you will think nature herself has placed it there. You need never fear detection.

Entirely safe to use—medical author-

SINGLE LOCK  
TEST-PACKAGE  
FREE!

If you prefer to test it before trying it on your hair, we will gladly mail you a sample. Simply sign and mail the coupon.



### AMAZING New Development Gives "COLOR CONTROL"

From the laboratory of one of America's leading scientists comes this startling improvement. Now, with the Mary T. Goldman product, you can control the shade and color to a point where results will rival nature's own handiwork. No dangerous dyes. No skin tests. A greatly simplified and ENTIRELY SAFE method. To millions of women, Mary T. Goldman's is the only product *simple and safe enough* for SUCCESSFUL home use.

ities pronounce it harmless. You DO NOT NEED A SENSITIVITY TEST BEFORE APPLYING THIS TREATMENT. It will not harm either hair or scalp.

The color will not wash out nor rub off on linens or hat linings.

Your hair can be curled, waved and dressed as usual after

using Mary T. Goldman's.

Why not do something about your hair before friends begin to notice—before anyone but yourself knows there are gray strands in your hair?

You can secure Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store. Show them the color of your hair and they will give you the correct shade. You'll find, as millions of others have found, that Mary T. Goldman's means FREEDOM FROM GRAY FOREVER.

## MARY T. GOLDMAN'S COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

Over Ten Million Bottles Sold

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
955 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ DARK BROWN  
☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE





Keep  
Your HANDS  
DAINTY  
and WHITE

10¢

The modern  
woman today  
relies upon

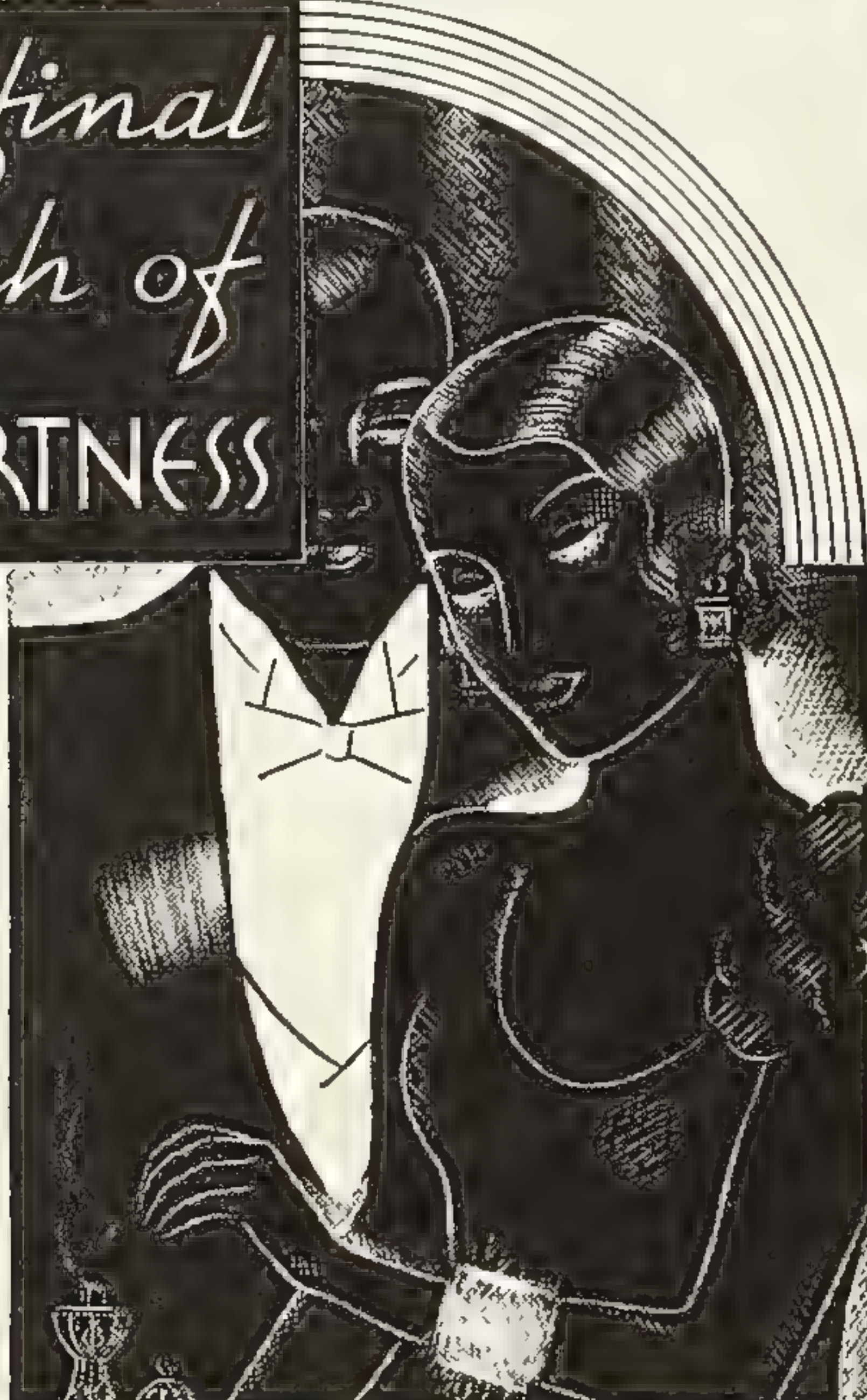
GOTTSCHALK'S  
Hand-E-Mop

to help with the task of washing dishes. It is  
Gottschalk's Metal Sponge in a new form.  
Patented cushion prevents scratching and  
makes it easy to reach corners and crevices.

At five- and ten-cent stores, grocery,  
hardware and department stores.  
METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.  
Lehigh Ave. and Mascher St., Phila., Pa.  
Made by the manufacturers of

GOTTSCHALK'S  
THE ORIGINAL-SANITARY  
METAL SPONGE

The final  
touch of  
SMARTNESS



■ The subtly fragrant  
atmosphere created by  
Rajah Hindu Incense  
makes charm and beauty  
even more alluring. Try  
it today and be thrilled.

On sale at most  
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO  
5 and 10 Cent Stores

Rajah HINDU INCENSE



# For Shame

(Continued from page 101)

Further evidence of Hollywood re-formation:

In the new version of "Madame Butterfly" the baby will be full-blooded Japanese. . . .

AS one of the up-in-arms taxpayers I'm getting tired of paying for Duncan Renaldo's personal appearances in court. The Government has kept him off the screen a couple of years now because it claims he committed the felony, or whatever the word is, of being born outside the United States.

Our able investigators, after long and expensive research, declare he told a fib when he applied for a passport to Africa to work in "Trader Horn." He said he was an American.

The Government says he is a Roumanian. Can you imagine? The very bulwarks of our government threatened!

During his last appearance in court it was brought out that he served under the American flag in Belgium and France for three years to save our country for democracy and foreign loans. The Government didn't investigate him then.

What it will do to him for that deception is a puzzle. Can't very well shoot him and bury him with military honors in Arlington because he isn't an American and hence not eligible to the B. E. F.

It's just another one of the many problems that the Republicans will have to leave to the Democratic administration.

MY celebration of Hollywood night life was premature. The bulls are nabbing everyone on the Boulevard after twelve o'clock. That is, all pedestrians. If you ride in a car, even a stolen one, you are above suspicion. It seems that Los Angeles has a curfew law. It also has a lot of other laws including an ordinance forbidding you to shoot rabbits from the rear platforms of trolley cars. Los Angeles is the haven for rabbits and Babbits.

HERBERT MARSHALL had this distinction: he's an actor with the authentic mark of a gentleman. He should replace our gangster heroes as a pattern of conduct for young America. I expressed my view at the Paramount studio.

"Oh, we agree with you!" cried a script girl. "But the executives are afraid he hasn't sex appeal, he gets so few fan letters. Why don't you write him some and help out?"

I promised her I would. As soon as I finish this Boulevardier I intend to sit down and write Mr. Marshall a lot of letters signed Ruby, Mazie and Maud.

DIRECTOR W. S. VAN DYKE confesses he took a bunch of NEW MOVIE magazines into the Arctic when he went there to film "Eskimo." He says the Esquimaux girls studied them diligently and now are trying to dress like movie stars.

And no doubt catching the flu like movie stars, too.

CONSTANCE BENNETT seems to be the champ of Hollywood since the retirement of Tiger-Cat Pola and

Hurricane Swanson from the local arena. She tells the boys where to get off and they do, knowing their station.

When it was announced that Lilyan Tashman would do "style," La Marquise came right back with "The Best Dressed Woman in the World," a title which means fight anywhere and especially in Hollywood. I believe the League of Nations intervened and stopped what promised to be another earth-shaker. Though I can't appreciate Miss Bennett's style on the screen I am one of her sincerest fight fans. We need more she-girls like the Battling Bennett. What's happened to the spirit of Hollywood womanhood that we have to go outside to get our panther women?

BESSIE LOVE emerges as the leader this nation has been looking for to lead it out of the depression. Bessie's plan is for us to eat our way out. She started it by giving a big luncheon. By gorging them she found that a dollar could be extracted from each quite painlessly. The dollars for charity, you understand. Then she unfolded her plan. It was that each guest give a similar affair with a new set of eaters, these to be instructed, too, to give luncheons. By a series of multiplication which only Bessie or Prof. Einstein could figure out, it would be no time at all before everybody was lunching, including the unemployed. Endless chain luncheons, you'd call 'em. Why don't you try it in your town? It's a huge success here. We're all charitably gorging. It's such a simple solution I wonder no one thought of it before. I mean stuffing to prevent starvation.

IF you can't swim don't come to Hollywood. The first film test now consists of tearing your clothes off you and throwing you into a pool. If you have screen ability you'll get a contract; if you haven't you'll drown. It all started with the unexpected triumph of Tarzan Weissmuller, the champ swimmer. When producers saw the box-office reports on Johnny they said: If it's swimmers the public wants, swimmers we'll give 'em. Among the aquatic stars now working in our pools are Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Eleanor Holm, Helene Madison and Lotus the Hippopotamus. Lotus' film career has been temporarily retarded. While working in a Paramount picture she was suddenly seized by an attack of what was thought to be appendicitis but later was found to be motherhood. This was the first inkling Hollywood had that Lotus was married. She probably thought that it would hurt her movie career.

MOST flattering fan letter of the month:

"My dear, dear Mr. Howe," writes a dear, dear flapper of Berkeley, Cal., a seat of learning. "If you are at all as nutty or as cynical as you write, you must get a tremendous kick out of life. Why aren't there more goofy people like you?" . . .

I've often wondered too, dear dear. One gets so lonesome. They say genius is a solitary peak. Probably that's why so many go to Matteawan. There's nothing like the companionship of one's own.



# She Laughs to Keep from Crying

(Continued from page 31)

newspaper of fabulous prices offered for such hair, unknown to her mother, she decided to sell the long strand.

She went to the home of a girl friend and cut the hair off. She then journeyed to the place mentioned in the advertisement.

To her dismay, the wily merchant told her that the hair was worth nothing cut off, that it should have been pulled out, strand by strand. Then he said it would have been priceless.

Not knowing what to do, the girl took three dollars for the hair and returned to her mother.

That proud woman would not accept the money. Instead she wept for days at the loss of her daughter's hair.

**S**HORTLY after this, Edna had her first beau. Ashamed of the humble house in which she lived, she would meet him in front of a far more pretentious house, a short distance away. The youth wooed and went his way, and never learned how the young New England girl, with the false pride, had played the game of pretense.

In time, with all hope of a singing career gone, she went to work for a dressmaker at three dollars a week, "And I wasn't worth it," she said.

The dressmaker made a light remark one day, "I don't know why I keep you. You can't sew. I guess it's because you're so funny you entertain the other dressmakers."

Edna began to think. If she could entertain women bent with labor—perhaps—

Her dream of the stage, long in the back of her mind, came to life again.

While she pondered over her future, her employer placed her in the hat department. Edna learned to make and sell hats.

"To this day," said the great comedienne, "I go down the street with fear and trembling for fear I'll meet some woman who had the bad luck to buy one of those hats."

At last, one Saturday afternoon, a mild-looking woman walked out of the store wearing one of the hats that Edna had made with her own hands. On top of it was a stuffed bird, three sunflowers, four tulips and a bunch of forget-me-nots.

"That poor woman has a kind face, and she has never harmed me, and I send her out into the world wearing a hat like that—I'll be an actress," she decided. "At least if people don't like me they can leave the theater without a flower garden and a menagerie on their heads."

Edna took her small wage and turned her eyes toward the far horizon.

**S**HE had learned one thing—that, granting capacity, half the battle is won when one has *definitely* cleared all doubts away.

She went directly to Tom White, who had been stage manager of the summer operas in which she had ruined her voice.

"I've got a part," he said. "It's in 'Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch.'"

It was part of a large repertoire.

She stayed with the stock company four years. For half that period she received twenty-five dollars per week.

(Please turn to page 104)

## Try this amazing new floor polish.. **GLO-COAT**



Pour a little Glo-Coat right onto the floor. Then wipe it over the surface with a cloth or mop. That's all you have to do.



With 10 minutes work you can now have beautiful polished floors

## NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

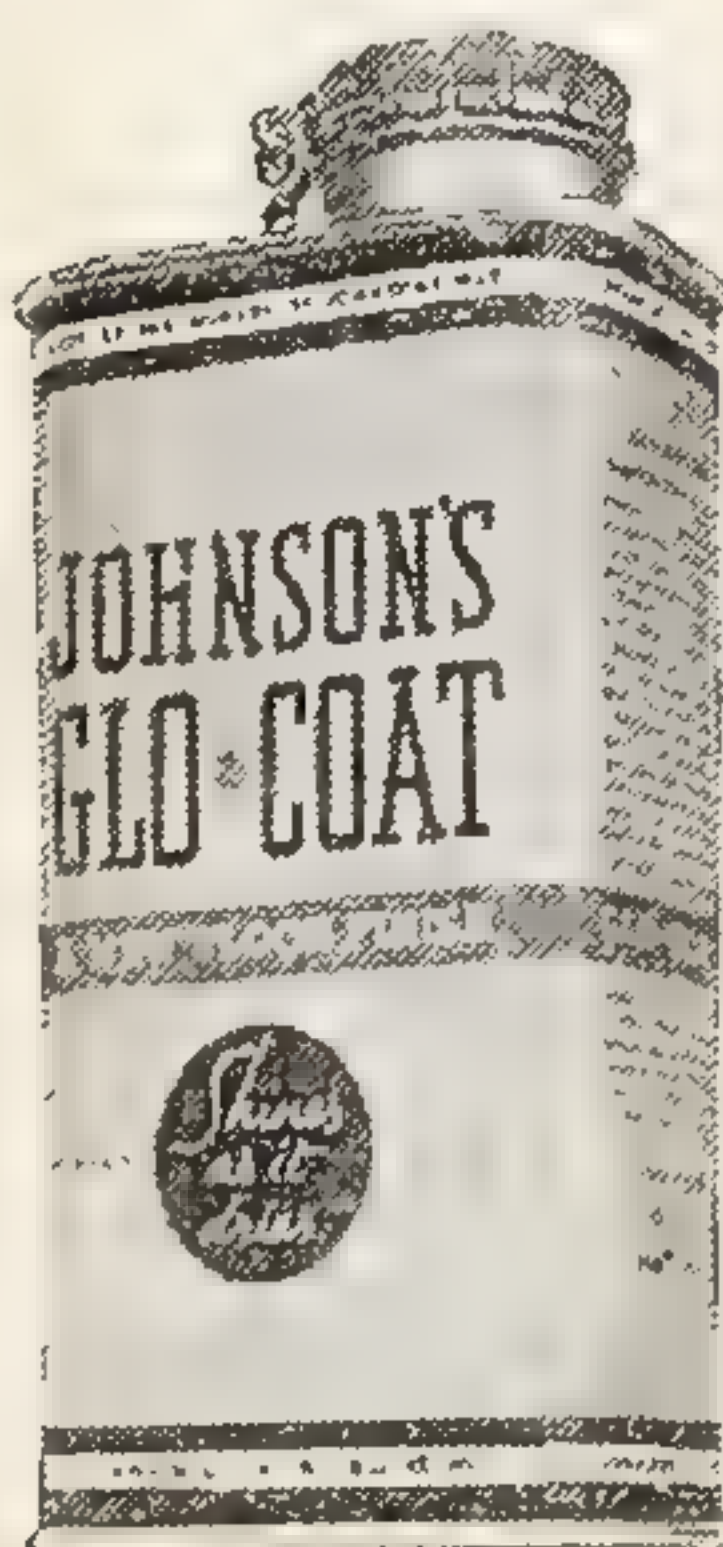
● We want you to find out for yourself how easy it is to have beautiful gleaming floors — admired by all your friends. So we offer you a trial can of Glo-Coat for 10c—enough for a small kitchen or bathroom. Try it. See how easily it goes on.

You spread Glo-Coat over the floor — like water — with a cloth or mop. Then go away and leave it for 20 minutes. When you come back again you will find your floors

shining brightly — protected from wear by a hard, clear polish.

Remember, Glo-Coat shines as it dries without any assistance from you — no rubbing — no polishing. This remarkable new polish brings protection and beauty to every floor it touches — linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted wood.

Send the coupon today for trial size of Glo-Coat.



BY THE MAKERS OF  
**JOHNSON'S WAX**

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. TM3, Racine, Wis.  
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a trial can of your new easy-to-use floor finish GLO-COAT.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## You Won't Pay



**more than 10¢**  
for a rouge compact when you see  
this gorgeous watch-case vanity

Now just step up to the cosmetic counter in any 5-and-10-cent store and look at this new Heather Rouge compact. Dainty. Beautiful. Complete with unbreakable mirror, cake rouge and puff. And it costs only 10¢ ... 15¢ in Canada. What a bargain in beauty!

Like all Heather Cosmetics... powder, lipstick, Cosmetiko (mascara), eye shadow and eye-brow pencil... the rouge in this new Heather compact, obtainable in 6 most popular tints, is absolutely pure and as refined as can be made. If you do not find this new rouge compact or any other Heather Cosmetic you want in your favorite store, advise us store name and item desired (a postal card will do) and we will see that you are promptly supplied. **The Heather Company, 556 West 22nd Street, New York City.**

## How to

## REMOVE A CORN!

### PAIN STOPS INSTANTLY

Why take chances with unscientific methods—or with cutting corns? Blue-Jay is the scientific method used by millions for 35 years. Invented by a famous chemist. Made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Stops pain instantly. Corn goes in 3 days.

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# She Laughs to Keep from Crying

(Continued from page 103)

After saving forty dollars in four years, she boarded a train for New York and went directly to Mrs. Martin, the proprietor of a theatrical boarding house on Forty-fifth Street.

**F**OUR years with a stock company had not cured her of a natural shyness. In the world of the theater in which one must be forward and often brazen, she would go to the offices of managers, remain a short time, and hurry, trembling, to the streets again.

Her few dollars dwindled away. Mrs. Martin allowed her to remain at the boarding house ten weeks without pay.

Afraid of Mr. Martin, when her bill became quite large, she would remain in her bedroom and miss meals rather than face him.

At last Mrs. Martin became cognizant of her absence, and its cause.

"I own the house," she said. "I have faith in you." It was this woman who remained her best friend in New York. She lived to see the girl whom she befriended become famous—but that is ahead of the story.

She received a telephone call from Chamberlin Brown, who had seen her on the stage in Boston.

Through him she was given the rôle opposite Arnold Daly in "The Master."

Following this play she was given a part in Jerome Kern's musical comedy, "Oh, Boy." She played in it, at a nominal salary, for three years.

**A**FTER five years in New York, she was becoming slightly known to Broadway. She was still shy, and seldom much ahead of her hotel bill.

In her tenth year on the stage, she found herself nearly stranded as the prima donna with a folded musical comedy in Wabash, Indiana.

New York was many miles away. With the help of her understudy, she turned a sheet into a rope and lowered her suitcase to the alley. She heard a wild shout; then a terrific crash, then silence. She walked casually out of the hotel to the end of her rope.

A policeman, his face turned to the sky, his badge shining like the full moon, lay prostrate in the alley. Above him was the broken rope, near him was the suitcase, as wide open as a speak-easy. It had banged him on the head.

Trembling, and shy as usual, Edna saw the officer move slightly, and did not dare go near him.

She longed for her other dress, the one in which she had so often sung the Gilbert and Sullivan ditty, "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One."

The milk train, which also carried passengers, was whistling into the station. Minus clothes, everything, she hurried to the depot. With one dollar left after her fare was paid, she was soon on her journey east.

She still shudders when any thoughtless person sings "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away."

When she reached New York, Mrs. Martin loaned her enough money to pay the hotel bill. She bought a certified check and sent it to the hotel proprietor in far away Indiana.

To her consternation and joy, her check was returned within a week. A

letter accompanied it, which read:

"It was worth the money you owed to knock that cop out. That was God's vengeance on him for pinch-in' me that time for sellin' a little beer on Sunday. I'm expressin' your suitcase today.

Yours truly,

E. J. Cronkwaite,

Prop. Waldorf Hotel, Wabash, Ind.  
"On the Banks of the Wabash."

**A**RAY of light soon came through the leaden skies. She was cast in "Isabelle" along with Margaret Lawrence and Leslie Howard. While she was still in this play George Tyler sent word that he wished her to star in "Ma Pettingill." She was offered a thousand dollars a week to remain in Isabelle. She was receiving \$225 at the time, her highest salary to that date. Not being able to resist the lure of being starred on Broadway, she accepted George Tyler's offer.

She stopped in her climb upward. Several rungs were missing in her ladder of success. The play closed in three weeks.

She returned to Mrs. Martin and the hall bedroom which she had occupied nearly a dozen years before. Her hopes, once higher than the cost of living in New York, were now quite low.

When her name was in electric lights on Broadway, destitute old friends and relatives flocked about her—to wish her well and borrow money.

Mrs. Martin, who gave the world away herself, lectured Edna on her generosity.

It helped a great deal at the time as Edna had nothing else to give.

Then the one-time manager of the Terrible Terry McGovern, now the opulent theatrical manager, Sam Harris, sent for her.

He handed her seven pages of dialogue and told her that it was his wish that she play the part they represented in "Ice Bound."

"The rôle will ruin me," she protested to the enigmatic Harris. Her voice raised, "Why, I have been a star on Broadway."

"You'll be one again if you play this part," retorted the one-time fight manager. And he was right.

**H**ER next chance came in "Cradle Snatchers." The part called for a "little mouse-like woman." Sam Harris presented Edna to the authors. Those redoubtable slingers of theatrical hash were horrified.

The tall lady gazed benignly at them. They confided to Harris that she was not suited to the rôle.

Harris, like all producers, paid no attention to mere writers of the play.

He was right again. She played the part mightily well—for three years.

It was while playing in "Show Boat" that her work attracted the attention of RKO-Radio film officials.

She came to Hollywood.

Secure now in her film world, she lives in a large brick house, surrounded by flowers and shrubs.

A phenomenon out of New England,



she cares but little for material things. They are to her, as to all people of the better grade, the mere by-products of achievement.

Having learned early, with her fellow New Englander, Ralph Waldo Emerson, that the highest price one can pay for anything is to ask for it, she has endeavored to save some money in the afternoon of life.

The first object she bought in Hollywood was a grand piano. Though she can reach no high notes with the voice, ruined on a damp New England evening for twelve dollars per week, she often plays and sings quite low. About the piano hovers the memories of other days and people.

Once, at a gathering of friends, she played and sang, quite low, the songs she loved.

"Edna dear," I said, "I have one favorite I wish you'd sing."

"What is it?" she asked.

"On the Banks of the Wabash."

LIKE all well-known people in the films, Edna May Oliver has, at some time or other, met many of those who knew her in earlier days.

As she prepared to go to the preview of "Cimarron," her doorbell rang.

The maid announced that a lady from Massachusetts would like to see her.

"She would not give her name," said the maid. "She said as how she wanted to surprise you."

"How charming," said Miss Oliver.

She looked out of her window.

Her heart nearly stopped.

There was the woman to whom she had sold the hat with the bird, the tulips, and the forget-me-nots on it so many years before.

Gathering courage, she said weakly to the maid, "Show her in."

Miss Oliver went to meet her caller.

The lady held out her hand.

"I'm so glad to meet you again," she said. "I've always wanted to thank you for selling me that hat. I even went back to the store the next week, and you were gone. I've never had a hat like it. The bird was the cutest thing. I often wished it could sing."

Miss Oliver, befuddled, said quickly, "That would have been nice."

The caller cut in, "I wanted to ask you something. I'm living out here now, and I just wondered if you couldn't get me in the movies. I'd be willing to start at the bottom."

"That's very generous of you," returned Miss Oliver. "It is really the proper spirit. So many people hope to be stars right away."

There followed a distressing half hour before the lady finally left.

Edna, late to the preview, thought again and again.

"Your sins will find you out."

The memories of Massachusetts people are tenacious.

It has now been thirty years since the woman told her that she made the other dressmakers laugh.

An old lady now, she often writes to Edna.

"How I envy you," she wrote in the last letter. "You have done so much in the world."

And Edna, gazing away from the shaking scrawl, said slowly, "I wonder what she means."

I did not reply for some time.

Finally, the letter still in her hand, her tired eyes upon me, I said, without meeting them.

"I don't know."

"I've done no more than she did." She put the letter in the envelope. "We both did our best."



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# But Now I Think She's Swell

(Continued from page 39)

didn't do much about it—she could still play child parts as far as shape and size are concerned! She will probably choke me for saying that, but after all what an honor to be choked by an Award winner!

While waiting for the body to stretch, bulge, or spread into maturity, her brain was being developed to such an extent that at a little past seventeen Helen found herself complete with white dress and diploma, leaving one of the better preparatory schools of Washington to resume her arrested career.

Her schoolmates were probably being prepared for everything but what they ultimately accomplished, marriage. Little Helen was evidently preparing for anything, and so today we see her, with a highly successful stage career, an utterly charming and likewise successful husband, a perfectly precious daughter, and a well deserved motion picture triumph in the palms of her "sweet" little hands!

I admit in all humility that until Helen married Charley MacArthur, I was not particularly interested in her. I thought she was just too sweet for my taste.

Even as a child I chose bread and butter, slathered in ketchup, rather than jam.

So, in the days when Helen had New York sitting up and gasping approval as she played Bernard Shaw's "Cleopatra" at the Theatre Guild one season and hopped over to prim Maggie in Sir James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" the next, I blush to announce that I was the gal who didn't go to see her.

We met at parties, she was gracious, unspoiled, modest to a degree, but I just didn't care. The more mutual friends told me how sweet she was the more I said, "Pass the pickles!"

Then she up and married the bad boy of the intelligensia, a group of clever, attractive people in New York who write, paint, compose, play brain-testing games and discuss psychoanalysis, fixations, complexes, egos, libidos, etc., as if they were vegetables grown on their own personal farms.

I MADE the MacArthurs' acquaintance at one of their parties. The only one I ever attended, never being given "one more chance." I didn't qualify! Where they each had a collection of complexes, I had only one in their midst—an inferiority!

The MacArthur and I had one thing in common, and quite common, the War. He, by the way, wrote one of the best books written on that author-worn subject. It's called "War Bugs" and in reading it one gleans quickly why Helen and Charley are such a good advertisement for the popular song which advises, "Live, laugh and love." In their case it might even be "Laugh, love and laugh!"

Charley's wit, though slightly Chaucerian in tang, is unfailing. His phrases, punctuated by profanity, are beautifully turned. I wouldn't want them turned on me as an opponent!

He is very good looking to be such a good writer, and he was considered a "bad boy" with the ladies, bad, in that he thought what he thought and said it, which is fine if the "thinker" is thinking nice things. I got a break, I

had been to the "Public war!"

WHEN Helen announced her engagement to him I thought, "There is more in this little Hayes girl than meets the eye! Turn on the ears!"

I learned that Helen was not only an admitted member of the circle my square head couldn't enter, but she was one of its most amusing and active contributors—reversing the old quotation I said, not entirely to myself—"Angels rush in, where fools fear to tread!" And without delay bought seats for a matinee performance of "Coquette!"

If the ushers had not started cleaning up the theater for the evening performance I might still be there, neck deep in my own tears, waiting to see it all over again.

Between admiring her artistry in "Coquette" and her audacity in marrying the "bad boy" I was all but found on street corners yelling "Hey! Hey! Hayes!"

Later when I moved to California and became one of the infinitesimal bits in the Hollywood jigsaw puzzle, I read with interest of the offers Helen Hayes had received and refused. She would stick to the theater where she was safe. She didn't know how she would photograph. She thought she had a funny nose.

All this I swallowed, but felt that eventually she would fall for the quick money. I already had definite proof that she was just a human being!

She justified my belief and with a great fanfare of editorial trumpets, the Hayes admirers were informed that their idol's exquisite art was to be transferred to the silver screen.

To the average picture fan, Helen was just another Broadway star who would have to go some to compete with his particular favorite.

To the heads of the studio who had lured her from her pedestal in the theater, she was a "big shot" that must make remunerative gun fodder or go back to the ammunition dump.

To their subordinates, she was another successful stage actress who wouldn't be "camera wise" and would probably turn out to be, as many stage stars had been before her, an opinionated and hard-to-handle "pain in the neck."

To the MacArthur she was his wife, but outside of that a blankety-blank good actress who had to have everything that was coming to her in this so-and-so picture game. He blazed the trail ahead of her, leapt from house to house until he found what he thought she would like, (not entirely overlooking is own comfort) and moved in.

He also had taken a tumble for the golden lure of the silver screen and had become one of the eighty-odd writers who work on the average script at the average studio before it is pronounced ready for the screen.

HELEN arrived to start her film career, trembling and shaking, a veritable miniature earthquake. She was scared before she made her first camera test, jittery while she was making it and panic-stricken when she saw it on the screen. She wanted to "throw up the sponge" or anything else and cry quits, but the mills of the film gods



had started grinding and no one but a stage star without picture experience knows how "exceeding small" they can grind.

The picture was labelled "Lullaby" when they first started making it, and when released two years later turned out to be "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." It would seem as if they had put the cart before the horse, but then that often happens in pictures. In fact the cart is very apt to be hitched to an airplane if air epics are in demand.

"Lullaby" or "The Sin of Madelon Claudet!" To Helen the agony of conception was just as acute! The "accouchment" took place just before the public decided that the perfect profile was not as important as what went on in the head it was attached to.

Therefore, the pet of the theater had to stand under the merciless lights, waiting to emote, while phrases like, "Swing that thirty-four around and kill those circles under her eyes!" or "Turn your head, please. Yes! The left is your good side!" fell bomb-like on her inexperienced and burning ears!

The school of natural and effortless emotion had not yet triumphed over gestures and vivid facial expressions!

Helen was told, after playing a scene which is today one of the best in the award-winning repressed characterization of *Madelon*, that her chief fault was not knowing picture technique. "You've got to 'take it big'," referring, of course, to the scene, not the award.

They didn't count on Helen's taking anything but the train back to New York! The story was written over and over. The scenes were re-taken and re-taken.

The picture was finally finished and all Hollywood was saying, "Too bad about Helen Hayes. Well! you know the stage and the screen are miles apart! I was afraid she wouldn't photograph!"

Poor Helen, wearing her pride in a sling and her broken heart in an iron cast, which she thought would prevent it from ever missing a beat at the sight of another camera, returned to the stage.

**M**EANWHILE, tempus fugits and fugits. Acting ceases to be acting. The public demands emotions that are on the inside looking out, not painted on a flawless background. It hails Jimmy Cagney, Edward Robinson, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, and others whose thoughts the camera seems to catch. They are able to let you know they are going to leave without a long walk to a door.

The art of acting becomes the art of not being caught acting. Presto! "Where is that Helen Hayes film? Get it down off the shelf, dust it off. Boy! If that's the kind of acting they want, we've got it!"

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet" becomes "The Revenge of Helen Hayes!" When she came out this year under a new contract—and, need I add, a decidedly more advantageous one—she didn't have to worry about which was her good side; even her back was pleasing.

If there were circles under her eyes, what did it matter? Women who suffer are apt to have circles, and Helen is definitely set to suffer in films due to *Claudet's* sin. Besides, the public having done a lot of suffering itself in the last three years seems to enjoy seeing how others take it.

Helen is a delightful comedienne, but  
(Please turn to page 108)

# Thousands of Brides eager to Cook not knowing how **BUT...**



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# But Now I Think She's Swell

(Continued from page 107)

having "clicked" as a prize-winning sufferer, I presume that the only laughs she will get will be in the home or at the expense of the wise ones who thought she had failed in pictures.

Before I started writing this article I called her up and told her about it.

"Come up to dinner, tomorrow night. I'll ask Ramon," she said.

They were making a picture together. The Hayes-Novarro combination sounded interesting. The play was "The Son-Daughter." Ramon and Helen were both Chinese in this picture, so perhaps I'm wrong about her not getting a chance to laugh!

The MacArthurs have a lovely house hanging on the side of a hill. A tennis court and swimming pool help to hold it in place. Ramon, my much-better-half, the MacArthur, Helen and myself dined.

Miss Mary MacArthur had retired, but her father has a kodak picture of her to go with every course, not so much to put himself over as a parent, but as a photographer.

HELEN'S modesty is unbelievable, her simplicity completely disarming. I think it's on the level, for she radiates sincerity. She told me about what a dreadful time she had trying to make herself what the press and

magazines call "good copy."

"It's not my fault if I happen to love my own husband, and my child happens to be his. They are always talking about sex appeal and looking at me as if I thought it was a drive for some new charity. I've had enough of it to stay married to the same man for five years. If we don't stage rows and separations, am I to blame?"

"I'm afraid you are," I said, "and perhaps Charley should take some of the blame. After all, when you had your baby he didn't get much credit. The child was billed as an 'Act of God'."

The MacArthur was not so silent as I may have led you to believe during this last conversation, but this article is about Helen. I'm not selling wisecracks. He's got a good job now in addition to being married to the most talked-of girl in Hollywood.

On all sides I hear praise of her performance in "A Farewell to Arms." The word sweet is most conspicuous by its absence. I've heard glorious, splendid, magnificent, moving, wonderful, and more often than any other one word description, my favorite, "swell," which is about as removed from "sweet" as one can get. So I'm happy! Hoping these few lines will find you the same, I remain, etc., etc., etc.

# Stars Off Guard

(Continued from page 22)

divorce! That brought back memories of the times when Maurice and his wife came to Sardi's. Maurice was very quiet when he was with her. He seemed a different person. He wanted to sit in the back and to be inconspicuous; and he gave me small tips when I handed him his hat.

But when he came in alone or with another man? *What* a change! Then he was the Maurice we know on the screen and stage. He would sign autographs, choose the most conspicuous table, greet everyone and be vivacious and grand so that we all loved him. And when he came for his hat, all smiles and witticisms, he would tip me as much as fifty cents.

Maybe, if I hadn't been so busy checking Maurice's hats, I might have checked on his behavior with his wife and been less startled when I read about the divorce. But that's me all over; my thoughts on your headgear and not on your actions!

It seems to me, even if I am still young—I'm just out of my 'teens—that in the time I've been a hat-check girl at Sardi's I've seen a million romances start, progress and end. I remember when Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay were courting. They always met in Sardi's. Both were playing on Broadway then and both were successful. It used to hand me a thrill to see them together. And I always knew when they had quarreled because then they came in separately and dined alone. I used to feel sorry for them, they looked so depressed.

Then I remember when they decided to get married. Frank said he would set his alarm so he would get up in

time to be married the next day, before they went on with their performances in the theaters where they were playing. The next day arrived—and passed—and Frank's alarm didn't go off, so they had to postpone the marriage. Finally they did become man and wife—and Frank got a contract with the movies. His failure to find success in pictures and her rise to stardom are old stories.

Frank won't let Barbara use make-up off the screen. Generally he bosses her around. And do you suppose she minds? She loves it. Now that's what I call a regular girl.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and her recent husband—he isn't her husband any more—courted here. One time, when Miriam was playing the lead in "Lysistrata" on Broadway, I told her I was leaving for a vacation. That night she brought me a ten-pound box of candy. After I put on three pounds I couldn't decide whether Miriam had done me a favor or an act of enmity.

The day she got her contract she came rushing in and threw her arms around me.

"Renee," she cried, "I'm going to be rich! I'm going to make more money than there is in the whole world." Then she stopped and the funniest look crossed her face. "There isn't that much money in the world," she said, wistfully, almost as if she believed it. "What am I going to do with it all?"

Miriam is one girl who rarely wears a hat. And believe me, she is certainly affectionate. If she likes you she'll be touching you or she'll be kissing you all the time.



NOT long ago I went to see "Scar-face" for the third time. You'd think that once was enough, and once should be enough. But I had to go and make sure that it was the Paul Muni I knew so well who was playing the part of the tough gangster.

The Paul I know is a boyish young man with a mop of black hair, who sits for hours over a meal and talks and talks. And all the time he talks his face has a look of sincerity and honesty, and his listeners forget about time and place and are absorbed in what Paul is saying.

The Paul I know is the young man who came in one day and asked me why I was always gone when he came to get his hat after lunch.

"You see," I told him, "I get off from three to five and you hardly get through eating by three."

"Yes, I see," he said. "That means that the three times I've missed you, you've been cheated out of a tip."

And that day he ate fast and came to get his hat before I was gone. And he handed me a dollar tip. "This is for cheating you those other times," he said.

I could have cried. The theatrical profession is so hard-boiled that such acts touch you.

I CAN'T remember how many coats and hats I've checked in all the years I've been at Sardi's. But—and you can believe me this—the oldest hat and coat I've ever checked belonged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He came in with Joan and handed me a hat and coat that I was sure would crumble to dust when I touched them. The surprise I felt must have showed in my face for Douglas said gently:

"Isn't this the oldest hat and coat you've ever checked?"

Flustered isn't the word for it. I turned all colors of the rainbow. After all, I couldn't say yes—and I couldn't very well tell a lie and say no. I didn't have to answer. Douglas read his answer in my stammering and the scarlet red of my face.

"Hooray," he yelled. "Success at last."

He's crazy about old clothes.

ONLY the other day "Buddy" Rogers came in for lunch and no one noticed him. And I remember a day not so far back when we had to call out the police to keep a mob from storming Sardi's to see "Buddy." And then I thought of Clark Gable and the times he dined here when he was unknown, playing with Zita Johann in "Machinal." And I wondered if—when he comes to Sardi's on his first visit to New York in a long time—we'll have to call on the police to keep women from breaking into the restaurant to get a glimpse of their hero.

Then I wondered if Clark would say, as Buddy said long ago, "Renee, it's so nice to be liked."

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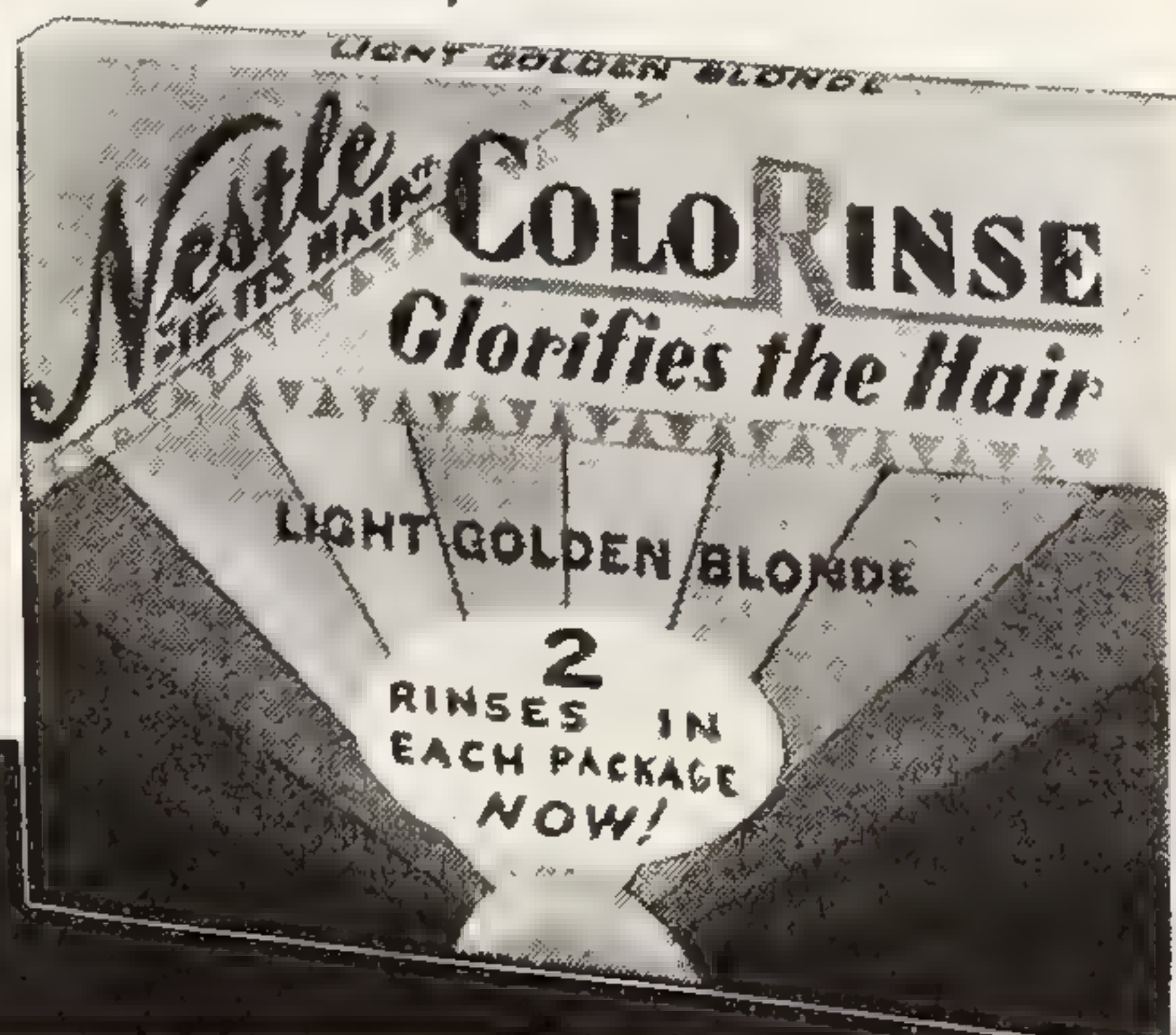
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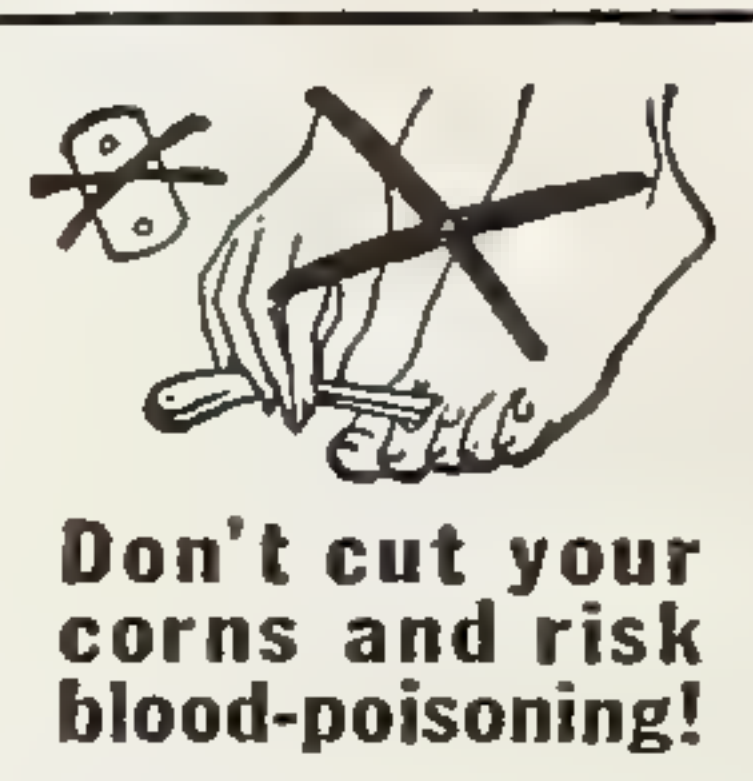


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# Pictures You Should See and Why

(Continued from page 62)

John Halliday and a well-known English actress, Norah Swinburne, complete a competent cast that performed under the direction of Cyril Gardner. The story is by Miles Mallison.

Apart from the fact that this is the only chance you will have to see Miss Swanson for some time to come, you will do well to see "Perfect Understanding" for itself alone.

**BROADWAY BAD**—(Fox)—Your reviewer cannot help thinking that Mae West is more suited to the leading feminine rôle in "Broadway Bad" than is Joan Blondell, who was loaned by Warners for that purpose.

It is the story of a girl who comes to Broadway with high hopes and not much experience. Before she knows what it is all about she is the victim of a wild party that ends in a college boy husband, and another affair with a more mature playboy who is not matrimonially inclined.

Taking it on the chin, as you learn to do on Broadway, Joan sets out to get by on her own. In spite of her disillusionment and reputation, she does it, and having done it, picks out her own husband and lover, and figuratively tells Broadway where to get off.

See it by all means. . . . But remember that it's too well seasoned for conservative tastes.

**CHILD OF MANHATTAN**—(Columbia)—Do any of you remember Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel?" To your reviewer, it was one of the best of the early talking pictures and certainly among the best efforts of Miss Carroll.

Well, "Child of Manhattan" is quite reminiscent of that picture and, though a couple of years have passed, the charm of the story lingers.

John Boles, who is far from being a Gary Cooper, does very well with the job of making an honest woman out of Nancy and our old pal Charles ("Buck" to you) Jones takes off his chaps to play the simple but honest suitor from Nevada.

Miss Carroll's latest picture is worth a few hours of your time if the opportunity of seeing it should come your way.

**DANGEROUSLY YOURS**—(Fox)—Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan in another story about a jewel thief who comes to love, honor and obey the lady who has him in her power. Only this time the lady also happens to be the detective in the case.

Though it reminds one vaguely of "The Diamond Robbery," it is smooth flowing entertainment with the suave Mr. Baxter doing well enough to make most of the women onlookers willing to make a swap with Miss Jordan.

You should get a pleasant evening out of "Dangerously Yours."

**LUXURY LINER**—(Paramount)—The most interesting parts of "Luxury Liner" are the shots taken on shipboard showing a modern deluxe steamship from steerage to the most luxurious suites.

An excellent cast, including George Brent, Sari Maritza, Richard Bennett and Irving Pichel, does well.

Rate this one as something that the whole family will enjoy fair-to-middling well.

**SMOKE LIGHTNING**—(Fox)—This is the latest Zane Grey western starring George O'Brien and for those who like this type of picture it is about the best buy to be had.

It is an up-to-date story of the cattle country with George saving the poor little rich girl from the scheming sheriff. The story may not be anything particularly new, but there is enough action in any one of these George O'Brien shows to satisfy anyone who likes a change from the usual, more polite screen fare.

By the way, does anyone remember George O'Brien's marvelous performance in "Sunrise?"

**THE SECRET OF MME. BLANCHE**—(M-G-M)—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must have been sure of Irene Dunne's ability when they borrowed her from RKO to play in "The Secret of Mme. Blanche," for everything depends upon her.

It is a story of a girl who comes up from the slums with one ambition, to become a lady and the mother of a gentleman. She gets off to a bad start by marrying a man who is definitely a rotter and through hard years she manages to retain some little hope of happiness in the growth and dawning manhood of her son, who finally proves himself the man she hoped that he might be.

It is a perfect rôle for Irene Dunne and the star has made the most of it. Phillips Holmes is excellent as her son and Lionel Atwill must be credited with another super-performance in an unlikeable rôle. Charles Brabin directed.

Your reviewer actually dares to guarantee this picture as being sure fire for the ladies.

**THE INFERNAL MACHINE**—(Fox)—Someone is supposed to have hidden a bomb in the internal regions of an ocean liner. Chester Morris, having fallen hopelessly in love with Genevieve Tobin, admits that he planted the bomb but refuses to tell of its whereabouts unless Miss Tobin spends one hour with him in the bridal suite.

Well, that is that, and just when you are beginning to feel good and naughty, it all turns out to be a joke. Mr. Morris marries the girl and, we hope, lives happily ever after.

Slightly risqué but good enough entertainment if not taken too seriously.

**THE BIG CAGE**—(Universal)—If you have not seen Clyde Beatty in his circus performances you will get the thrill of your life out of "The Big Cage."

The story is based on his life and contains two or three sequences that, to people who have not seen his act, should rank with the big scenes of the year.

Although only twenty-seven years of age Clyde Beatty is admittedly the



best "cat-man" in the world and there is certainly no other, to the best of your reviewer's knowledge, who is in the habit of getting into a big cage containing forty-four lions, tigers, leopards, etc., of mixed sexes and sizes and making them all sit up and behave. Somehow, you can't help feeling that "this may be the last time" and . . . we are telling you . . . it is a thrill.

This is a picture that the family should agree upon.

**THE MIND READER**—(First National)—"The Mind Reader" is a rather thankless rôle for Warren William but I suppose Mr. William is getting used to being hissed as the big, bad villain.

This time he is a fake mystic who doesn't care what he does or says so long as the client is satisfied and the checks come through. Naturally, this leaves a trail of misery in its wake and ultimately lands Mr. William in jail, where, nothing daunted, he continues his mind-reading and fake prophecies among the prisoners.

Like every other Warren William picture it is fast, sparkling entertainment with a story just a trifle off the beaten path. Constance Cummings provides the love interest.

**GRAND CENTRAL AIRPORT** — (Warners-First National)—Richard Barthelmess is doing another "Dawn Patrol" this time as a commercial pilot who will manage to persuade you that peace-time flying is not without its perils.

William A. Wellman, who directed the first great air picture, "Wings," has produced another smoothly directed, fast-moving story that gives Richard the best rôle he has had this year.

There is some remarkable stunt flying and an excellent cast in which Dorothy Peterson, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown shine particularly brightly.

Unless you are tired of aviation pictures, you will find "Grand Central Airport" excellent entertainment.

**SAILOR BE GOOD**—(RKO-Radio)—"Sailor Be Good" has its moments and is awfully funny every now and then . . . but in between . . . it isn't quite so good. However, Jack Oakie as a gob battler and George E. Stone as his manager are good for a few laughs in anybody's opinion. Vivienne Osborne is the lady-love and is getting quite a lot prettier.

James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," did the directing, and though this is no epic, you might enjoy it quite a lot.

**HANDLE WITH CARE**—(Fox)—"Handle with Care" is the original story by David Butler in which the two Charlie Chaplin children were scheduled to appear. However, Buster Phelps and George Ernest finally won the rôles.

Though primarily a picture based on the children's rôles, Director Butler was too smart a producer to leave the entire burden upon them so the romance was entrusted to a capable team in Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory, while El Brendel does nobly with what laughs were available.

It's a cute little story with some of the best child acting of recent months . . . and you'll enjoy it immensely if you care for the "smile behind a tear" type of entertainment.

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# Secret of Poise and Grace

(Continued from page 25)

slouch. She may cross her knees, if her gown is cut so that the movement is not ungraceful, but it is wiser for her to cross her feet at the ankle.

"When she opens or closes a door, she takes the handle or knob firmly in her fingers, and quietly operates the door, moving through the doorway without haste. She is careful not to fumble with the fastening or to bang the door.

"If she draws curtains together or rearranges a cushion, she makes sure, definite motions with no sense of rush about them. Think of the slow motion picture and refrain from jerks.

"The secret of grace is lack of tension. Relax and you're right!

"The voice is a problem; but it comes back to the same principle—relax! If you are tense, your voice will be tight in your throat. The muscles of the throat must be relaxed in speaking.

"Voice placement is a matter of the imagination. When you hail Mrs. Beresford, who is sitting on the porch next door, you unconsciously measure the distance with your eye and direct your voice to reach her. It isn't a question of yelling; it's the pitch of your voice.

"There is only one thing that can't be corrected, and that's personality. Physical defects can be overcome. How many people who admired Kyrle Bellew on the stage knew that he was bow-legged? Yet he played *Hamlet* in short doublet and hose. He knew exactly what to do with his body to hide his defects.

"Accents are not desirable and should be eliminated. I believe young people absorb good speech when exposed to it more quickly than it can be taught them."

Mr. Walker asserts that there is no such thing as a hopeless actor.

"No one can tell at first sight whether or not an actor is good. You can't tell even after you have worked with him for some time, for some actors mature late.

"Actors should not imitate; they should develop themselves. We do not want more Dietrichs and Lombards—Marlene and Carole are fascinating girls and we like them, but the new players must give us something different."

MR. WALKER'S "children" include Sari Maritza, Adrienne Ames, Claire Dodd, Frances Dee, Florine McKinney, Randolph Scott, Kent Taylor and Cary Grant.

"As a nation, we are not speech conscious," observes Oliver Hinsdell. "We are inclined to be lip-lazy; we slur our words and seldom finish them. The stage and screen demand good diction.

"At first, when talkies came in, we were so speech conscious that we forgot to be natural. We were so desperately determined to finish each word that we ruined many a scene.

"I find the chief fault in women is a high and strident voice. Women get so excited, too; and the more excitable they become the higher go their voices. The way to overcome this is to keep calm. Nervousness is really selfishness. If you weren't concentrated on yourself, you wouldn't be nervous.

"You may notice that many deaf people are thoroughly selfish. Sometimes part of their deafness may be

traced to a habit of not listening to anything they don't especially want to hear. So my advice is to put your mind on the other fellow. If you are playing a scene, think of those playing with you; if you are attending a tea at the country club, put your thoughts on your fellow guests; forget yourself.

"A man's chief fault is usually monotony of tone. Are you surprised to hear that most athletes have high feminine voices? Johnny Weissmuller's voice was 'way up in the air when he came to me. And how we worked! Every day, and sometimes at night, we read together, working to bring down his voice pitch. He learned Lincoln's Gettysburg speech until he could almost say it backward. And then he had just four words to speak in "Tarzan!"

"Whether you have screen aspirations or not, you may overcome these voice faults. For monotony, I use the vowels up and down the scale.

"I remember once in Dallas we were staging a play with a large cast, many of whom had had no stage experience. Their voices lacked flexibility. At length I seated the men on one side of the rehearsal hall and the women on the other and for half an hour we asked and answered questions in vowel sounds."

Mr. Hinsdell illustrated with a broad A that ran the scale interrogatively, followed by a-e-i-o-u in swift question; and answered with a-e-i-o-u in an amused yet definite reply.

"By the end of half an hour they had gained some flexibility, were all easier on the stage and not so frightened by the sound of their own voices.

"Reading aloud is necessary if you would improve your speech. Deep breathing is essential, of course. No one can expect to control his voice unless he can control his breathing.

"Another thing I am always hammering into the players who come to me: 'You stand as you sit, and you walk as you stand!' If you are inclined to slump when you are sitting, you will notice that you slump when you stand and also when you walk. Watch yourself until you have acquired a graceful, effortless way of moving. Exercises may help you but constant alertness will do more.

"Women players are more at ease in drawing rooms than are men, yet most of them have much to learn about the little things that are, alas, so essential. Arranging flowers gracefully. Serving tea graciously. Moving in and out of the room.

"The average woman who has no thought of the screen would like to do these things well, too, and I believe her best course would be to watch Norma Shearer do them in her pictures. There is an actress who reaches perfection in grace when she pours tea, greets callers, does any of the small social acts that fall daily to many women.

"Practice with your tea cups or flowers until you become unconscious of them, but don't begin to practice until you are sure you are right!

"If you are to pour tea, you should have a tray with the proper tea service before you. You will make the tea there, pour it into the cup and set the cup on a plate, since saucers are not used at present. Consult your guests as to their preference, whether they



like strong or weak tea, cream or lemon.

"Don't hurry. Don't dawdle, either. Concentrate on what you are doing but without seeming to do so. The idea is to serve your guests as expeditiously as possible, without sacrificing ease and grace.

"Don't be consciously graceful. Watch yourself in a mirror, when you are practicing and be sure that you look at ease.

"If someone is brought over to you to be introduced when you are pouring tea, do not rise. If your hands are so occupied that it is awkward to shake hands, smile and nod instead, and ask him how he takes his tea.

"To appear gracious, you must feel gracious. If you wish to seem charming, develop the qualities that make for charm. Rules are a help but they won't do everything. The real charm comes from within.

"I am thrilled with my young people. No one can tell me Hollywood boys and girls are depraved. They are the finest youngsters I've ever met, so earnest, so eager; they read and study all the time.

"Mary Carlisle has unfolded like a flower. When she first came, she had a high voice and her diction wasn't clear. But did you see her tiny scene in "Grand Hotel?" And since then she has played a lead with Will Rogers and am I proud of her reviews?

"Virginia Bruce was just a bit languid when I first saw her—not really so, but that is how her voice came over the mike. There seemed to be not enough life and vitality in her performance. She conquered that.

"Dorothy Jordan's voice was too high. Billy Bakewell was inclined to let emotion get away with him. Nils Asther's accent needed to be corrected.

"I have been using a microphone lately to great advantage. My players speak into it and their voices are recorded on a disc; we play the disc on the victrola and they can study it and find their faults themselves.

"Oh, is that *my* voice?" they exclaim.

"I like them to discover their own faults. I want them to be individuals. I shan't turn them out all alike, as if they were so many cookies stamped with the same cutter."

**ROCHELLE HUDSON**, Julie Haydon, Betty Grable, Harriet Hageman, Mary Mason, Bruce Cabot and Creighton Chaney are working at RKO-Pathé under the direction of Albert Lovejoy.

"My way of working is perhaps a little different from that followed by other dramatic directors," explains Mr. Lovejoy. "I don't believe in getting all my young people together and rehearsing plays. Each one is an individual—what would help one, wouldn't help another. Each is a different problem.

"While I'm working on characterization and tempo, I correct errors in speech, diction and carriage.

"A tight throat is a common fault. Yawn widely and deeply to relax the throat. Always remember to bring the voice to the front of the mouth. Most people speak from the back of the throat. I try to make my youngsters tongue and lip conscious. Westerners have a habit of speaking with the tip of the tongue turned back, especially with the 'er' sound. "Mother', 'Father', they say, with pronounced 'ers'. This is unpleasant to hear. If they would bring the tip of the tongue to the teeth

(Please turn to page 114)

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# Secrets of Poise and Grace

(Continued from page 113)

in pronouncing these words, the dreadful 'er' would vanish.

"For the girl who has consciously to learn how to move, sit and behave when on parade, I'd say:

"Don't attach too much importance to a slight slip. No one can expect to attain real ease in anything until the self-consciousness of learning has passed; just as no one is really well-dressed until he has forgotten that he is so. The carelessness of habit is what we hope to achieve.

"A young man may learn that it is correct to rise when a woman enters a room. But he must bring common sense to bear on the custom and not leap to his feet like a jack-in-a-box every time a woman moves about the room.

"Consideration for others is the essence of good manners.

"If a shy or nervous person will interest herself in her surroundings when silent, and in her subject when she speaks, she will go far toward forgetting to be shy.

"I FIND girls much easier to coach than men. They are less self-conscious and take direction better. They are more concerned with what they are doing than how they look.

"Walk on any set and you will find the men between scenes pulling at their neckties, smoothing their hair and patting on powder. The girls are learning their lines and going over scenes. The reason the men are worried over their looks may be because they know the camera picks up every little thing, but the girls have their minds on their jobs and are consequently easier to direct.

"Young people without stage training are best on the screen. They have nothing to unlearn. Too much stage training is a drawback. Stage actors often acquire mannerisms that are picked up by the candid camera; they are inclined to be theatrical; they are accustomed to projecting their voices to the far end of the big theater. The camera is never more than five or ten feet away and the more natural, conversational tone used, the better for screen purposes.

"If you are intrigued with the idea of a screen career, I advise first of all the training of the mind. Think in terms of good acting. Learn to discriminate between good acting and bad.

"Most towns have good talkie theaters even if there are none showing stage productions. Study the films shown. Read the best critics in papers and magazines. Watch the finest actors and actresses—Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett. Read the best plays, books and all the good fiction you can find.

"You cannot improve your voice by yourself. Go to a good dramatic school and study voice, diction, eurythmics. Poise is one of the most difficult things to obtain and the most necessary, and dramatic school helps gain poise because you are there brought before the public.

"Social contact also will bring you poise; so do not avoid it because you feel awkward or shy. Accept that invitation. Attend that dinner. Be your natural but most charming self. Maybe you won't make a big hit the first time, but keep on. Don't be beaten.

"And study all the time."

## Crazy!

(Continued from page 66)

me at the cabin door 'cause I was born of Eyetalian originals thirty-nine years ago in a vine-covered tenement way down on the lower East Side of New York where the sweet magnolia never grows in the fragrant fields of garlic far away.

My old man owned a barber shop in Catherine Street, where I lathered the customers and he lathered me plenty when I fell down on the job. One of the customers I lathered was Al Smith which is why he comes clean from Assemblyman to Guv'ner.

I goes to school in a poolroom where a lotta bright boys is studyin' to be scientists and doin' research work on innocent bystanders what carries their wallets where a blind man can find 'em without astin' patetic questions. But I don't want to fit myself for a scientific career, so when I looks at my long slender fingers and my long slender nose I consecrates myself to art, and anyhow I becomes the best two-fingered piano player west of the gas house.

That's how come I bangs the box in a Bowery concert hall where the music lovers look like a jail delivery which ain't met with no serious interference. But one night the strong-arm squad busts in and I'm hidin' behind a beer barrel when a cop who knows me from latherin' him tells me to get to hell outa

there and I leaves like a guy what's forgot to pay his check.

NEXT day I romps down to Coney Island and noses into Diamond Tony's which ain't so tony as it sounds but has a rich atmosphere. I gets twelve bucks a week and all I can't eat. I'm fifteen and wearin' short pants which is a lucky break for me 'cause the beer is so deep the waiters oughta be servin' it in rowboats. Tony wears a headlight which looks like the Fast Mail makin' up lost time on a dark night, but when I gets ust to the glare from his shirt front it ain't no harder on my eyes than lookin' a searchlight in the face.

I mauls the piano till the customers is shot at sunrise, then I curls up with the baby grand and sleeps like a blue-eyed golden-haired child till I gets kicked in the pajamas, only I don't wear pajamas. Eddie Cantor is a singin' waiter at Carey Walsh's Elite Cafe, and when the chairs is stacked on the tables we sneaks down to the beach and scares the seagulls with songs we wrote in our sleep.

Eddie escapes to Broadway and he's still got his tonsils, but I keeps up the battle of the ivories at Coney for five years without gettin' a decision for nottin' but speed.



# WHAT HE SEES



It isn't really your type that draws him! What he sees in you is the perfection you make of it. Your hair, for instance—blonde, brunette, red-head, gray or white—its sheen and gleam are lovelights he can't resist. So make the most of it. Keep its soft lustre, its gleaming tone with Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses. You can use it yourself quickly and easily after every shampoo. And when it comes to your choice of color, one of Lovalon's 12 shades will be just right for you. This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, nor a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness that so often mars gray and white hair.

5 rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at five and ten cent stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lovalon Laboratories, Department T-33, 281 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

## LOVALON

Tints the hair as it rinses

USE THE NEW  
**Phantom Red**  
LIPSTICK  
FOR NATURAL LIFE COLOR  
PERMANENT ALL DAY  
Lipstick \$1.00 - 50¢ - Rouge 75¢

**POLLYGRAMS**

**CRITICISM**  
LIKE CHARITY  
SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME

**VICTORY TIP**  
**SHOE LACES**  
More Miles to the Foot  
Sold by  
**WOOLWORTH'S**  
Victory Tips Are Part of the Lace—They Can't Come Off  
**INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO**  
PROVIDENCE

It's plenty tough down there them days with fights bustin' out right under my nose, but Allah-oop be praised, nobody socks me on the schnozzle 'cause if such is the net result I'm a total loss. I don't get hit with nottin' but pancakes from a big league griddle flipper who puts a stack o' wheats over my plate before you can say please pass the butter. Maybe you sees me throwin' hats at the boys in the orchestra at the theayter—well, that's how I gets the idee.

When I exhausts myself at Tony's I eases back to New York with a stop-over at Matines in Brooklyn which is an all-night meetin' place what wouldn't remind nobody of the City of Churches.

Then I jumps the bridge and is carried up to Harlem on the wave of the dance craze. I'm playin' the piano and kiddin' at the Alamo when I meets up with Eddie Jackson, a coon shouter. One of the waiters, Frank Nolan, is tryin' to talk me into openin' a night club of my own, but I think it's nottin' but talk till he says he's kicked in with \$500 rent for a room over a garage in West 58th st., so I borries \$750 and opens the Durante Club (applause) with Jackson and Harry Harris as partners and Nolan in for his stake. Then Lew Clayton, a hoofer, buys Harris out, and that's the beginning of Clayton, Jackson and Durante (applause and cheers) in their own lunatic asylum.

WHICH reminds me that sometimes when I ain't lookin' a highbrow sneaks up on me and wants the low-down on my technique. I don't know I got one till he wishes it on me. But as the public has been kept in the dark for years on this important matter I now feels the time has come to throw light on it. Lissen.

This is bugs—yeh, plain everyday bugs what spends their summers in the country and all expenses paid. One day I'm baskin' under a mulberry tree when I gets fascinated watchin' some bugs. They're puttin' on an act that's a smash, but only one's puttin' it over. He has personality and is very vital, and the other bugs is just stallin' till he goes tearin' around and they start chasin' him. Then he ups to a blade of grass and does a giant swing which ends in a flying leap and a grand run-around with all hands joinin' in. When he stops for breath he looks at me and I looks at him, and right away I gets it—this bug's got showmanship and he's tippin' me off to a swell idee. I thanks him profusely, then scrams back to New York where I shows Clayton and Jackson how that star bug on the hick circuit does his stuff and is a genius.

Well, we tries out the bug act on our night club customers and has 'em fallin' off their seats and rollin' on the floor—and that's what made me what I am today, just bugs.

If I sounds like a New York-wise guy don't get me wrong 'cause for years I lives in Flushing which is on the dry side of Long Island where the neighbors borries gasoline and raises their own eggs. I goes there to do my sleepin' in daylight, and Flushing is the place to overdo it. The misses is strong for me sleepin' in the garage with the dog but the dog won't stand for it, so I gets me a tent. I lives an unconscious life in the back yard till one day a high wind picks up the tent and turns it into an arioplane which is o. k. with me except I don't have no trainin' as a aviary. Me and the tent  
(Please turn to page 116)

My Hands Went  
From Bad to Worse  
... in Spite of Everything



## Thank Heavens For This NEW TYPE LOTION

"NOTHING helped my rough, red, stained hands. But such a difference now. White, soft, feel fine." . . . Every woman is delighted with this unique new lotion—so different from ordinary preparations. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, wind-burn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores—so revives and softens skin texture even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become smoother, years younger-looking.

Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be rubbed in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands and skin—or money back. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories  
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THE KEY TO LIFE

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NUT-MEATS like these

Entirely new . . . more tender . . . crisp, tasty, delicious. Made so by new patented

**NUTMASTER PROCESS** Seals in the full, ripe flavor of filberts, cashews, pecans, almonds, Brazils. See them toasted in pure butter before your very eyes at most Woolworth stores. Plump, tempting tidbits from world's choicest crops. Most luscious..all varieties. Ready to serve and eat . . or unsalted for salads, desserts and baking. Liberal quantity.. 10c.

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# It's EASY to have LOVELY HAIR!

Who could help falling in love with hair that is lovely, lustrous...glowing with the subdued sparkle of thousands of tiny dancing lights? It's easy to bring love-lights to your hair. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will do it!

Golden Glint is more than a shampoo. Its special secret is a finishing sheen for every shade of hair—and what a difference it makes! You'll see sunshine and soft undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos. You'd never dream this little extra touch could bring such loveliness. At your druggists', 25c, or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

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Seattle, Wash. \* \* \* \* Please send a free sample.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_



Cheeks no longer sallow,  
skin clears,  
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets...a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

## "The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets... 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

# Crazy!

(Continued from page 115)

goes over the fence and lights in a tree which can't shake the big top but shakes me cold. I'm covered with embarrassment, etcetra, when my neighbor comes out and has the sarcasm to ast why I don't fly my kite in my own yard. I says he ain't got no community spirit, and one sock leads to another, and that's how I happens to leave Flushing in a ambulance.

FROM the hospital I goes into "Show Girl" with Clayton and Jackson and gets my first crack at the legitamit theayter and audiences what gives their all to the ticket brokers. Then we mixes in the rough work of "The New Yorkers."

Well, to make a long run short, "The New Yorkers" is strugglin' along with an overhead which would sink a flock of Mexican Oil wells when I hears Hollywood calling me. Out I goes like a shot of gin expecting to be welcomed by a brass band, a hundred beautiful heiresses slinging theirselves at my feet, and Greta Garbo waitin' to lead me around like a trained bear. And whaddo I find? Nottin'.

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stoddio I gnashes my teeth for buyin' myself an open-work car and a pair of white pants when my animal instinct tells me that I'm as popular as a suspicious character. In the front office nobody knows me, not even by sight—and I'm some sight. What's more humiliatin' they seems satisfied to go right on livin' in condensed ignorance. They takes everything but my finger-prints, but at last when the door with the trick lock clangs open I turns like a tiger at bay and exclaims that if a letter comes for me in Garbo's handwritin' they should rush it to my Swedish interpreter like the dam's busted and heaven help the poor souls down there in the valley.

I'm in solitary confinement for two weeks and three gasoline station openings when they leads me out and turns me loose in a motion pitcher, or maybe I does my own turning when I hears the director yell "Speed!" and I gives myself everything I got till a guy trips me up and says the director means the camera, not me. But the set is swell, with gold stairs and gilt furniture, so I thinks I'll stick around and get me some class, and I'm lookin' my best on a red plush davenport when the director says he ain't ready for me yet and anyhow he's going to use me in an alley scene—me, Park Avnoo's darling, in an alley!

I'm so nonplussed I could sink through the radium floor, but I pulls myself to pieces and sneaks out in the alley to get the lay of the land and says to myself that when the scene comes up they won't ketch me nappin', and anyhow I learned about alleys from experts and you can't teach a new dog old tricks.

I LOOK down my nose, bein' far-sighted from birth, and by a strange coincerdense sees a dog chasin' a cat, so everything's like the good old Catherine st. days and I'm at my ease till a ten-ton truck backs into me with great success and the driver wants to know why don't I find myself a busy railroad track and give an express train a break.

But I concertrates on the alley and when I has a blue print of it in my intellect I goes back to the set and tells the director I'm alley-perfect. He glares at me like I'm a thorn in his foot and says he ain't goin' to shoot the scene in the alley 'cause he's found himself a swell dock down at the harbor.

That's one thing you gotta say for motion pitchers, they're full of surprises. You tosses on your pillar at night over what you're goin' to do next day, then you goes on the set in the morning and is told everything's been changed. There ain't nottin' that gives a director such pride in his work as changing a pitcher so that the actors is like sement in his hands. But the mental strain is so great that even extra girls has nervous collapses on their week-ends.

And right here, with my nose to the ground, I hears you astin' how does we keep it up with all our Hollywood wild parties, and I goes into shrieks of melancholy laughter. Lissen—Hollywood's rioting night begins at seven and dies the death of a dog at nine.

A party in the movie colony is like a conf'rence, only it don't last so long. It's run on a strickly financial basis with million-dollar executives in one bunch, \$25,000 stars in a huddle, \$10,000 directors in an argument, \$1,000 actors posed against the goldfish tank, and so on down the scale of prices. All you gotta do is stand behind the petrified butler and use your lead pencil. Then you strolls through the dress suits, lightly skipping ropes of pearl as you go, and is amazed to discover that the talk covers a wide range of subject—motion pitchers. Anybody what mentions the weather, the growin' danger of radio humor to home-bodies, or the effect of tap dancing on the shoe trade is suddenly shocked to find he's talkin' to himself.

WHEN I first steps out in Hollywood I'm all steamed up for a party that'll make a New York mob scene look like a cold storage celebration, but before the clock in the steeple strikes nine I'm back home readin' a Rover Boys story.

Everybody in Hollywood's got a readin' lamp over the bed and an alarm clock under it. You gotta get up before the fog rises, and the face you takes with you to the stoddio musn't have no tell-tale lines for the camera to grab, which is why Hollywood night life ain't what it's cracked up to be and I don't want to hear of this again.

Speaking for myself—and nobody ain't never taunted me with losin' my voice—I'm up to my nose in pitcher work and nottin' can stop me from pushing through, that is if they don't lose sight of the fact that I'm ultra emotional, 'cause I've got a profile which goes the limit and any minute now I'm liable to cease my wild buffoonery and bust out in my true nature which is stupendously romantic and burns like a basement furnace. So all I asts you to do is wait—just wait till Garbo gets back from her Swedish vacation and then see what guy is breathin' down the back of her neck and making her temperitue rise and her eyelids fall like a store awning!





Some like it **HOT**



Some like it **COLD**

## HOW DO YOU LIKE THE

## First Course?

The introduction to the menu, the first course, can make or mar your feeling about the whole meal. It can give you a feeling of enjoyable anticipation or complete disappointment. We're interested in delicious first courses here and have a lot of ideas about them for articles in the near future. We'd like to know your vote in the matter, though, so as to give you just the balance of hot or cold dishes you prefer.

REMARKS:-----

-----

WHAT COLD DISH  
DO YOU PREFER?

-----

WHAT HOT DISH  
DO YOU PREFER?

-----

For your courtesy in answering, you may choose any two of these Tower food circulars:

One-Course Refreshments  
Fruits for All Meals  
Ways of Serving Meats

**TOWER MAGAZINES**  
(INCORPORATED)

55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

## Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 80)

etta. Give Miss Crawford every opportunity in rôles suited to her, let her sing if she must, but do not let her carry the title rôle of an operetta.

Why not give Jeanette MacDonald a thought? Here is an actress who is fitted in every respect to play the title rôle of "The Merry Widow." Those who have seen and heard her in "The Vagabond King," "Monte Carlo," "The Love Parade" and the two latest ones "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight" will agree Jeanette MacDonald is *THE* Merry Widow.

Here's hoping Jeanette MacDonald gets the title rôle in Lehar's beautiful opera.

Myrtle Yeager,  
3917 No. 19th St.

### Give Us Don!

Chicago, Ill.

Why don't the producers give Don Dillaway a featured part in a picture? I saw him in "Miss Pinkerton" and "Pack Up Your Troubles." He played such a small part in these pictures. The more you see of him the more you like him. Give us more pictures with Don Dillaway in them. Give him more chances to show what ability he has.

In the two pictures I have seen of him he has done wonderfully. I am waiting for the time when I can see him in a feature picture.

Good luck, Don!

Margaret Reaugh,  
5944 S. Maplewood.

### Take a Bow, Lee

E. Pittsburgh, Pa.

While I am but an infinitesimal part of the movie-going public. I'm sure many people believe as I do—that Lee Tracy is one of the very finest actors on the screen today.

I was more or less fed up with movies when I saw "Blessed Event," and after that "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It's rather hard to tell whether Mr. Tracy fits the part or the part fits him, because "fit" he certainly does.

Good luck and many more pictures to Mr. Tracy. He deserves them.

Florence Butz,  
1245 Lincoln Ave.

### Fredrea Speaking

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

You may have your Gable or Chevalier. I'll take Phillips Holmes, please.

Phillips Holmes gives me the impression of a young man who has seen the high lights and low spots of life and yet remains unaffected and unspoiled. He is not an unsophisticated, empty headed school boy, nor a blase man of the world! He's just a darned good actor who gives me and a lot of others a thrill in seeing him on the screen! Let's have more of Holmes not only on the screen but in fan magazines.

Fredrea Helm,  
4 M. Randolph Ave.

### Here's Hoping

Portsmouth, N. H.

What has happened to our sweet, little (Irish) lassie, Nancy Carrol? I don't see why we don't see more of her than we do. She has such a striking personality, which, I think, appeals to everyone.

One of her recent pictures, "Hot Saturday," was a knockout.

(Please turn to page 118)



Julie Haydon, RKO Star

## You can have ENTICING EYES

● EVERY movie star knows this beauty trick! Dark, heavy lashes give your eyes fascination—allure—appeal. Dark, heavy lashes make eyes look larger and sparkling . . . Winx—the NEW type mascara—gives you such lashes—easily and naturally . . . Without smudging, smearing or smarting.

Try it today. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*—absolutely waterproof—75¢ . . . *Cake Winx* in a slim compact—\$1.00.

# WINX



### Ends Chapped or Rough Skin

Hess Witch Hazel Cream is safe to use. It contains none of the usual lotion gums, therefore won't clog pores or make the skin look old. Your skin absorbs it completely and quickly—that's the secret of this super skin softener. It ends chapped or rough skin.

### HESS WITCH HAZEL CREAM

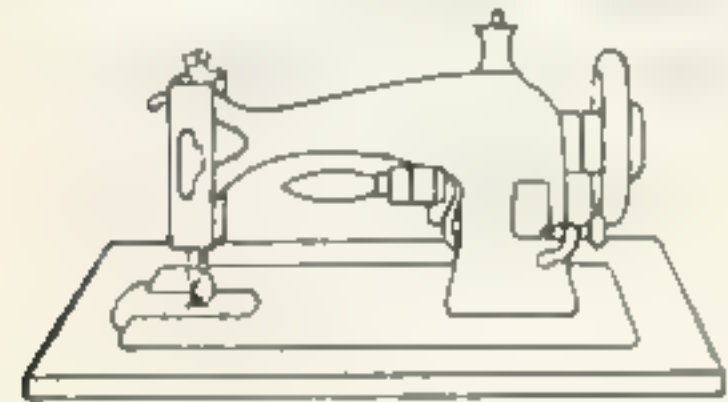
is never sticky—never rolls up—dries quickly—keeps skin fresh and vibrant. Makes a marvelous powder base. No other skin cream like it. Try the 10c size sold at all "Ten Cent" stores. Also 25c and 50c sizes at Drug, Variety and Department Stores.

THE E. E. HESS CO., BROOK, IND.





## What a SEWING MACHINE NEEDS



Any time your sewing machine begins acting lazy, it's clogged. Then, do this: pick out lint from the working parts and put in 3-in-One. Run the machine. See the old, gummy oil come out! Wipe it off, put in more 3-in-One and see the difference! Use frequently and you'll not have such trouble half so often, for 3-in-One is blended to *clean* and *prevent rust* as it *lubricates*. Handy cans and bottles at all good stores.

### From Our Readers

The two comments which we receive most often in letters from our readers are: "I like the good, clean fiction and the nice recipes."

## Going to NEW YORK?



## Stop at a NEW hotel

...where luxurious sun-filled rooms offer every convenience and comfort. Private bath. Radio. Servitor. Rates that begin at \$3 for one—\$4 for two.

C.W. RAMSEY, Jr., Mgr.

Hotel **GOVERNOR CLINTON** New York

1200 Rooms • 7th Ave. at 31st St.

# Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 117)

Here's hoping to see more of Nancy.  
(Miss) Florence B. O'Connell,  
71 Kensington Road.

### Dorothy and Phillips

Trenton, N. J.

I think "70,000 Witnesses" is a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Why can't Phillips Holmes and Dorothy Jordan be starred together in more pictures? I've never seen anyone act as well as they did.

Alma Prenoski,  
41 Virginia Avenue.

### Oh, You Gary

Grapevine, Texas

I have been a Gary Cooper fan from the very beginning, and I always make a special effort to see all of his pictures. I am sure many others feel the same as I do about the tall he-man actor, but here is one that I must tell you about for I feel that it is a good one for Gary.

I have a friend who is an old maid, and a man hater—in fact, she thinks that all men are worthless creatures, but Gary Cooper's picture in an expensive sterling silver frame adorns her dressing table. The only man's picture in the house, and she has brothers, too. Now that's what I call making a hit.

Mary M. Waller.

### Not Enough

Marion, Iowa

I am a boy of ten years of age. I am very fond of movies. Whenever I have an extra dime I always buy THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

I saw the movie called "The Big Broadcast," and it was very good, but Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, The Boswell Sisters, Street Singer and other radio stars didn't sing enough.

Michael Cira, Jr.,  
840—7th Ave.

### Box-Office Hint

Phillipsburgh, N. J.

What have they Dunn to our wonderful Jimmie?

The team of Dunn and Eilers equals that of Farrel and Gaynor. Dunn and Eilers, when split, are lost, but together they are perfect. Give them to us again and the movie fans will attend to the box office receipts.

A. Kinkaid,  
22 Fayette Street,

### Defense of Myrna

Winnipeg, Canada

Near the beginning of the talkie era. I saw Myrna Loy playing the part of a drunken half-caste in "Desert Song." I went home thinking that although Miss Loy was very talented, she must always play half-castes or orientals because of her resemblance to an oriental.

Just lately I went to see Chevalier's latest picture "Love Me Tonight," and in it I saw a new Myrna Loy. In this production she played the part of a girl who wished an interesting young man to come her way. Her hair, I noticed was softly waved and she looked like a very beautiful English lady. I thought that after this she would be given a chance to show her beauty as well as her talent.

Next I noticed that she is playing a half-caste in "Thirteen Women," in

which she tries to murder her twelve classmates. In the latest edition of this magazine I read that she is next to play Fah So Loo in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

Is it fair that a beautiful girl like Miss Loy should play such parts which make most people leave the theater disliking her? I think that it is time that these producers wake up and give her parts like the one of Countess Valentine in "Love Me Tonight" in which people will like her and want to see her more.

George Smith,  
853 Home Street.

### A Face That Lingers

Newfoundland, N. J.

Pauline Frederick's face always lingers with me. Playing in the mystery thriller, "The Phantom of Crestwood," she is superb.

She has enough of "box office pull" to make a success of any play in which she appears. She looks like a high born lady and acts like a princess. She would grace a mansion or preside just as gracefully in a simple cottage. One look at her serene face and you would trust your all to her.

It takes hard work to climb to the place where she now stands, but she will continue to work and inspire other less fortunate ones.

Belle W. Drake,  
Idylease Inn.

### Forsaking Art?

Beaver, Pa.

Hollywood stealing the "lights" from Broadway! Precious veterans of the legitimate stage forsaking art for the "talkies!" Helen Hayes, George Arliss and even Ethel Barrymore—movie-struck!

Such are the protests of that Privileged Few who claimed to understand and appreciate Real Drama until the "Talkies" interfered.

Now, I am not a Socialist, but I am all for the masses having the opportunity to judge worthwhile talent through the medium of the local movies. I believe the motion picture producers are striving, as never before, to reach a higher standard. By presenting really great actors, even at the expense of the legitimate stage, they will educate the mass of movie fans.

There is such a thing as becoming mentally starved. Many a person in a small town has hungered for the privilege of enjoying a George Arliss—a Helen Hayes.

With all due respect to the Clara Bows, the Jean Harlows, the Clark Gables, who are tempting enough, but not really nourishing to the movie patron who is genuinely starved for real dramatic stimuli.

I repeat—Let Hollywood steal the "Lights" from Broadway!

Mary P. Wilhelm,  
248 East End Ave.

### Sweet Thirteen

Philadelphia, Pa.

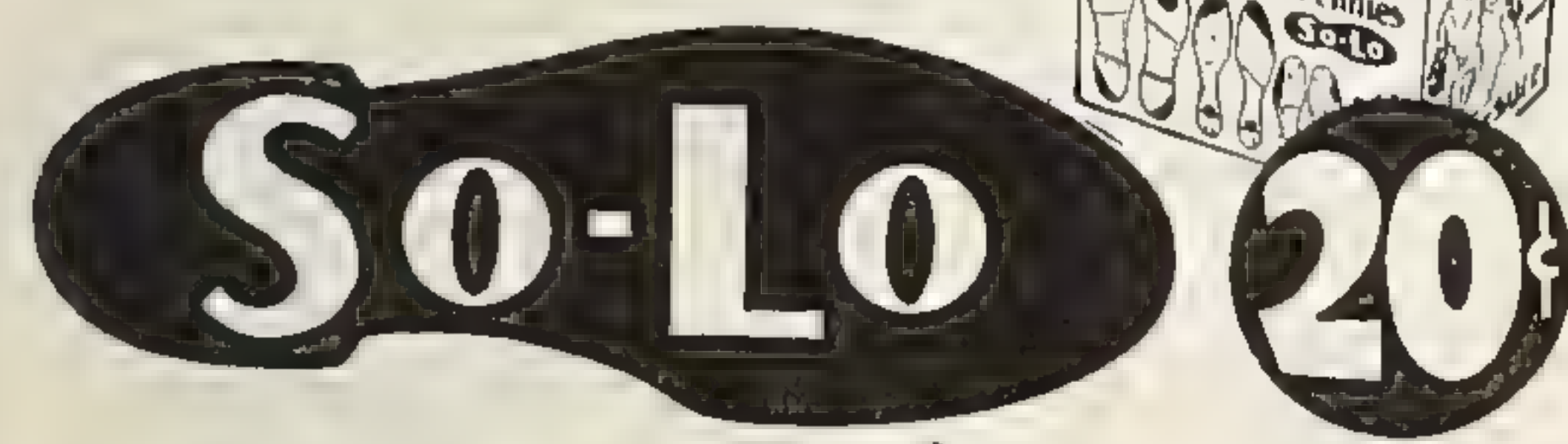
I have been reading your magazine for some months and find it interesting reading especially your critic's column. I would like to express my opinion about Una Merkel. I just love her and wish she would be starred in pictures. Please ask the producers to put her in





**SPREADS like butter  
DRIES...overnight  
WEARS...like leather**

Don't pay big shoe repair bills! So-Lo mends the sole for 1¢! Easy—any one can do it at home. Just spread on So-Lo with a knife. Guaranteed to wear better than ordinary leather. Waterproof. Comfortable. Non-skid. Also fixes auto tires, auto tops, boots, suitcases, water bottles, etc. Complete kit, enough for 25 repairs, now only 20¢. Keeps your family's shoes in perfect condition for a year. At many Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', or any other 5 and 10c store. Get So-Lo today



**for ALL PURPOSES**

Lorraine Hard Rubber combs are so fine, so smooth, so strong that they will give your wave that even textured appearance which will make it look as though set by a professional. Be sure to ask for a "Lorraine" . . . made in America.

**10¢**

Sold Exclusively at  
**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.**  
FIVE and TEN CENT STORES

more pictures because my mother always lets me go to see her. She says she is a wonderful character.

Here's hoping to see more of her and best regards from a thirteen-year-old.  
**Betty McBride,**  
1608 N. 16th St.

### What's This?

*San Francisco, Calif.*

Our latest hero is a lad,  
Who's breezy, fresh and racy,  
Continually getting into bad—  
You guessed it right—Lee Tracy!

A "Blessed Event" was he,  
When Hollywood did get him,  
We hope to see a lot of Lee,  
And that producers won't forget him.  
**Frank C. Littlejohn,**  
1374—18th Avenue.

### He Wants Bessie

*Harrisburg, Ill.*

Where, oh, where is little Bessie,  
who played in "Broadway Melody?"

Just what has become of Bessie Love and the type of show she played in? Having risen to fame in "Broadway Melody," she has disappeared almost as rapidly. Has she become discouraged and gone to "vaudeville" again? If so, she is denying her movie admirers much pleasure.

Why can't we have another musical on the "Broadway Melody" type? We have had epidemics of dashing young newspaper reporters, gangsters, and jungle—let's put a quarantine on them for a while. A typical Broadway revue with its dancing chorus, tap dancers, snappy music, and singers would be the thing. The plot with its necessary love interest would be behind the scenes. This would be two shows in one. No, I'm not Scotch.

I've heard that Charles King is back in Hollywood. That is some encouragement at least.

**Harry Morris, Jr.,**  
1318 South McKinley Avenue.

### She Wants Evelyn

*Excelsior, Minnesota*

Not so very many years ago Evelyn Brent was featured in many pictures. Well, then, why isn't she now? She is supposed to be a very good actress and to my notion she is. I would like very much to see her on the screen, again. There aren't many girls with her dark type of beauty and here's hoping that she stages a comeback and soon. I mean a *real* comeback, not the small inconspicuous roles.

**Virginia Herkal,**  
R. R. 2 Box No. 8.

### Again and Again

*New York City, N. Y.*

The cinema public needs your help to prevent the despoilation of "The Merry Widow!"

M-G-M. proposes facetiously or not, to insult our intelligence by giving us a sad-eyed-tragedienne for that very delightful, light and gay part of *Sonia*.

There is only one star on the American screen today who is equipped in every way to play that part and she is the Merry Widow—the absolute personification of everything we have ever dreamed and imagined in the part.

That is Jeanette MacDonald!

We want no other!

Will you raise your voice in print and help us get what we want?

**H. B. Kroeger,**  
304 E. 58th St.



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# Stepping Out With the Stars

(Continued from page 56)

a funny line on the set the day before. Bride and groom, they were supposed to retire. When they were all snug, Sally said, "Now you can call me Sally, can't you?"

Lupe Velez came in late with Johnny Weissmuller. They had been to the boxing matches, as usual, and Lupe had yelled herself hoarse.

She said that Johnny had bought her a cushion to sit on, but she didn't sit on it. She got excited and hit people around her with it.

Lupe wore a fancy sports suit of black satin and flat crepe, skirt and blouse, with jacket length coat of satin, and a little tippy-tilty black hat.

June Collyer and Stu Erwin were among the early guests, June looking just a little prettier than ever in an after-glow gown of figured silk, with tiny ruffles on the waist, made Empire style, with high waist line.

Stuart said that June let the baby's nurse off two days a week so she could play with the child herself. Jack Oakie came over and said that he was afraid that the sight of his face might kill the Erwin heir, but instead the kid smiled back at him and put up his tiny fists.

"Always on the defensive!" put in the proud papa.

Nena Quartaro arrived with her brother Jack. Nena was lovely in a pink silk taffeta evening frock, made princess and embroidered in pink flowers.

Max Hoffman said that Gertrude Hoffman, his famous dancer-mother, always chose her dancing girls from department store employes. One day a girl came from a department store and asked for a job.

"I'm from Macy's and my name is Blanche Alexander," she said.

And Blanche Alexander is now Blanche Sweet.

Sandra Shaw, Dolores Del Rio's cousin, had arrived with Bruce Cabot.

She said, "We are awfully good friends, nothing more. We confide everything to each other." Which does seem something of a something-or-other, doesn't it? She is a striking girl, and I think will be a sensation when she finally makes her picture debut.

Buddy Rogers, handsomer and more poised than in his boyish days, was a late arrival, and so was Bert Wheeler.

Supper was served on little tables, and was delicious.

Then Helen Kane turned her voice loose, and we were held enthralled for an hour with those clever character songs of hers. Surely she will come back to pictures, for she has more to give than almost anybody I know. She is a trifle plump, but is reducing.

Leo Carrillo arrived late, and gave us some of his stories; and other guests included sweet Ella Wickersham, Hollywood mascot, in her wheel chair, her brother, William, Eddie Buzzell, Eddie Sutherland, who brought Betty Kendall, James C. Morton, George Malinkiwich, football player, H. B. Warner, Lonnie Darcey and others.

"WE hadn't been inside the little church in London, the Holy Trinity Church, since the day we were married, until we went back there last year. We looked it up, Ernest and I, and we sat down quietly, and just gave ourselves up to thought. And, yes, I

guess I cried just a little bit."

That does sound a bit sentimental, but when one backs it up, as Ernest Torrence and his wife have, by living together happily for thirty years—well, they have a right to be sentimental.

We were watching those incoming guests at the Town House, where the Torrences were celebrating their thirtieth wedding anniversary; and it did seem as though we must be back in the old days, for everybody was in costume of olden times.

The majority of the women guests wore corsets, I noted. But when we went up to the dressing room an hour later, we found Bessie Love, Fay Wray, Joan Blondell, and some others removing them!

Carole Lombard came as a burlesque queen of 1902. She wore a big hat trimmed with beautiful plumes and, of course, the inevitable tights.

Richard Barthelmess came clad as the well dressed man of 1902 should dress, stepping out for the evening. And he wore a wig.

Ronald Colman was best man, and very properly attired but it is hard to get excited about men's clothes, isn't it?

As Joan Bennett said, "If a man adds an inch to the tail of his coat within ten years, he feels he is making a tremendous change in his fashions."

Joan arrived with Gene Markey, her husband. She looked sweetly old-fashioned in a chiffon gown of the period, lace-trimmed and dainty.

William Powell was dressed as a circus barker of another day, loud clothes, checked coat, striped shirt and huge glass diamond.

Clive Brook was a coster-monger, cap and all, and Mrs. Brook wore a white frock of the period, all its features slyly burlesqued, but very becoming; large sleeves, bustle and the rest.

Most of the guests were married couples, but there were a few single young folk. Most of these were the sons or daughters of the married people and came with their parents, so we cannot report the beginning of any new romances, with the possible exception of the fact that Ronald Colman was awfully nice to pretty Jimmie Lloyd, daughter of Mrs. Frank Lloyd, who came with her dad and mother.

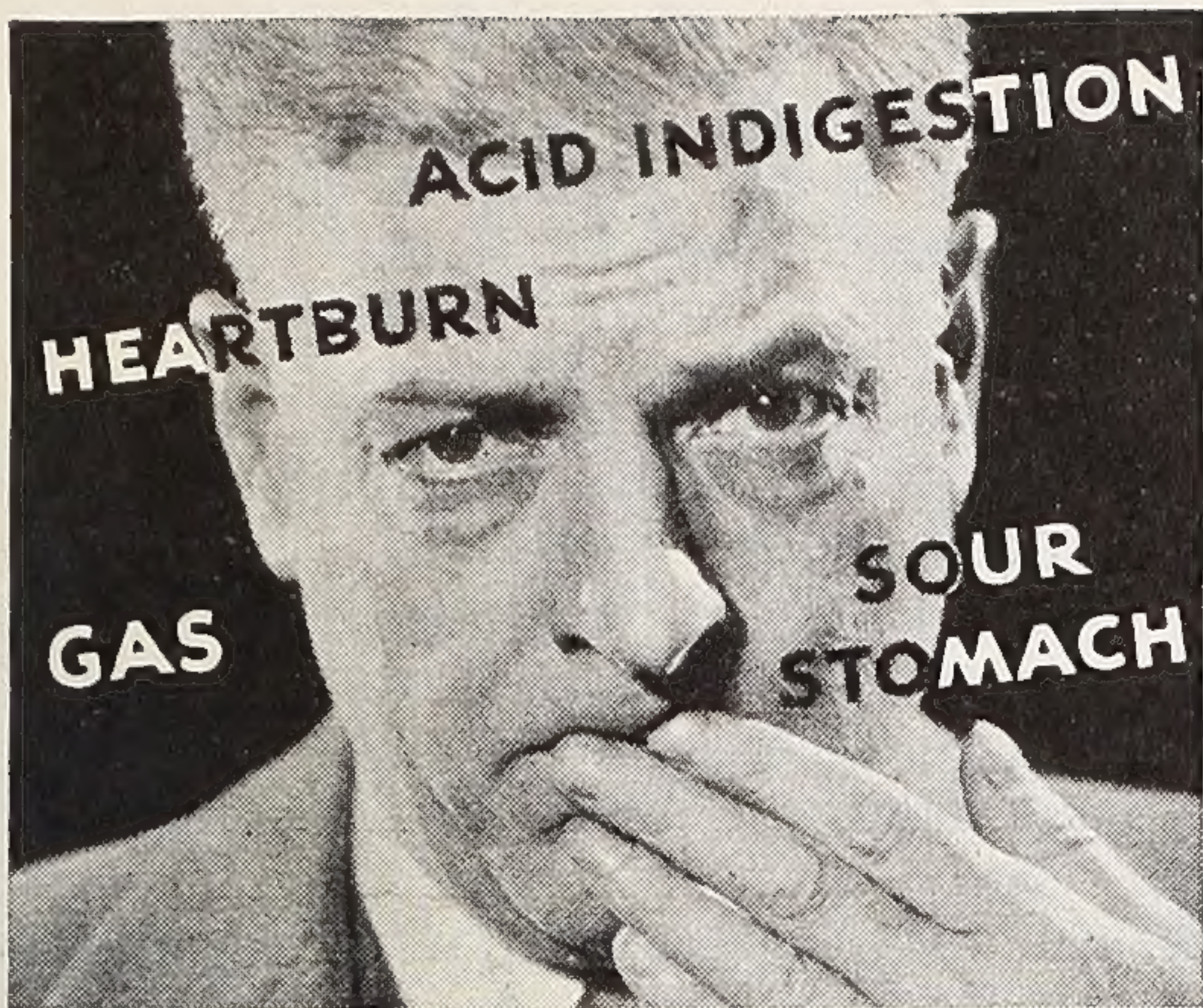
Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, John Monk Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Hector Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Lighton and Irene Browne, Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks, Col. Tim McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Jack Holt, Frank Lawton, Felix Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pidgeon, Herbert Brenon and others.

"OH, must there be a reason for a party?" demanded Joan Crawford. "Well, then, let's say it's Doug's unbirthday party!"

"Yes," Doug, Jr., put in, "I dote on un-anything parties!"

Joan was looking beautiful in a white crêpe dress she had copied after the Adrian model she wore in "Letty Lynton." Yes, she declares it was a





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55 Fifth Avenue New York

copy and not the original. She is superstitious about wearing a dress in actual everyday life that she has worn on the screen, especially since she had a little automobile accident while wearing a screen costume. Besides, she thinks it is rather bad taste to wear one's screen costumes on the street, "as if you were advertising a rôle," she said. "But of course," she added kindly, "there are times when actresses must do it, from necessity."

Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, were among those who preferred lingering in the garden, Colleen saying that if she ever wrote a book it was going to be about people's back yards. "They are so much more characteristic than front yards," she explained. "You can find out so much about people! I'd know an artist lived in this house, for instance."

"She means me," said Doug, swelling out his chest.

"Oh, I don't know," put in Joan. "I'm taking music lessons, you know."

Florence Eldridge and Ronald Colman sat together on a garden lounge and talked over the times when both were in a show, "East of Suez," ten years ago, and both were fired. Neither, they said, knew where the next meal was coming from.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess were out there, too, and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. But Norma had to leave us soon to telephone home about the baby. She always does that.

"She tries to keep that dark," laughed Irving Thalberg. "Playing such sophisticated rôles doesn't go well with such domestic devotion."

Inside, an entertainer was amusing some of the guests, including Fredric March, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Evalyn Knapp, Gene Markey, Joan Bennett and others, but presently the bridge addicts, including Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Randolph Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, slunk away to the card room, as addicts will, and went into that awful silence. Clark Gable is a crack player, by the way.

Presently we all gathered around the hot-dog wagon, outside, for our refreshments, after which William Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Chester Morris, Ronald Colman, Clark Gable and Fredric March were stimulated to form a sextette, to sing all the old songs they had ever heard. I must say we walked out on the performance, though.

Neil Miller gave some impersonations, afterward, principally of Bing Crosby.

Then Joan and Ricardo Cortez put on an exhibition tango that was well worth anybody's money to see.

Other guests present were Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Sally Blane, Joel McCrea, Frank Lawton, Gene Raymond, Donald Cook and others.

There was the music of the radio, and Patricia Janss, Joel McCrea, Allan Vincent, Loretta Young and others danced to its strains in an inner room.

### OUR "ON SALE" DATE GOES AHEAD!

This month and hereafter, the new issue of this magazine appears at WOOLWORTH'S on the 10th of the month.

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# Can You Make Suki-Yaki?

**I**F all the old dishes have grown tiresome and there don't seem to be any new ones; if you're tired of slaving in the kitchen while father reads the paper; or if you're a new young bride who isn't so sure of her culinary skill, here's Suki-yaki just made to your order. You can vary it to suit yourself, leave out any ingredient that you please and nothing disastrous will happen; you can make it at the table while the family looks on—in fact they'll want to assist you; and it will be something new for your palate—easy on your pocketbook—a balanced one-dish meal.

Suki-yaki—it's the national dish of the Japanese and it has been introduced into the country only a short time via a few scattered restaurants here and there. Here's the basic recipe in the right quantity for a generous portion for one person. If your family consists of two adults and three children you won't need to multiply it by more than four.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound beefsteak	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup mushrooms
$\frac{1}{2}$ large Bermuda onion	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons Sho-yu sauce
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup or more spinach	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup soup stock
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup celery sliced fine	1 teaspoon sugar

Heat skillet over electric grill, gas flame or chafing

dish (the Japanese use a charcoal flame). Melt suet which comes with steak or use small amount of other shortening. Put in beef, sliced very thin, sear and add onions sliced thin, celery cut in inch lengths and then sliced lengthwise, spinach and finally mushrooms. Add soup stock. Cook fifteen minutes over high flame, add Sho-yu sauce and sugar and cook five minutes longer. Serve with rice.

This is the western Japanese method. The mushrooms and celery are often omitted. A small piece of bean jelly (a Japanese product) may also be added. The Tokio way of making Suki-yaki is just with the meat, onions and seasoning. At a Japanese dinner where Saki is being served, the beef and onions are cooked separately and served with the wine course. After the wine has been removed the regular Suki-yaki mixture is served with rice.

As an entrée before the Suki-yaki, fried shrimps are often served. The shrimps are partially split to clean them, dipped in batter or in flour, then egg, then flour and fried in deep fat for about two minutes. They are served with a side dish of soy sauce mixed with hot stock and grated radish.

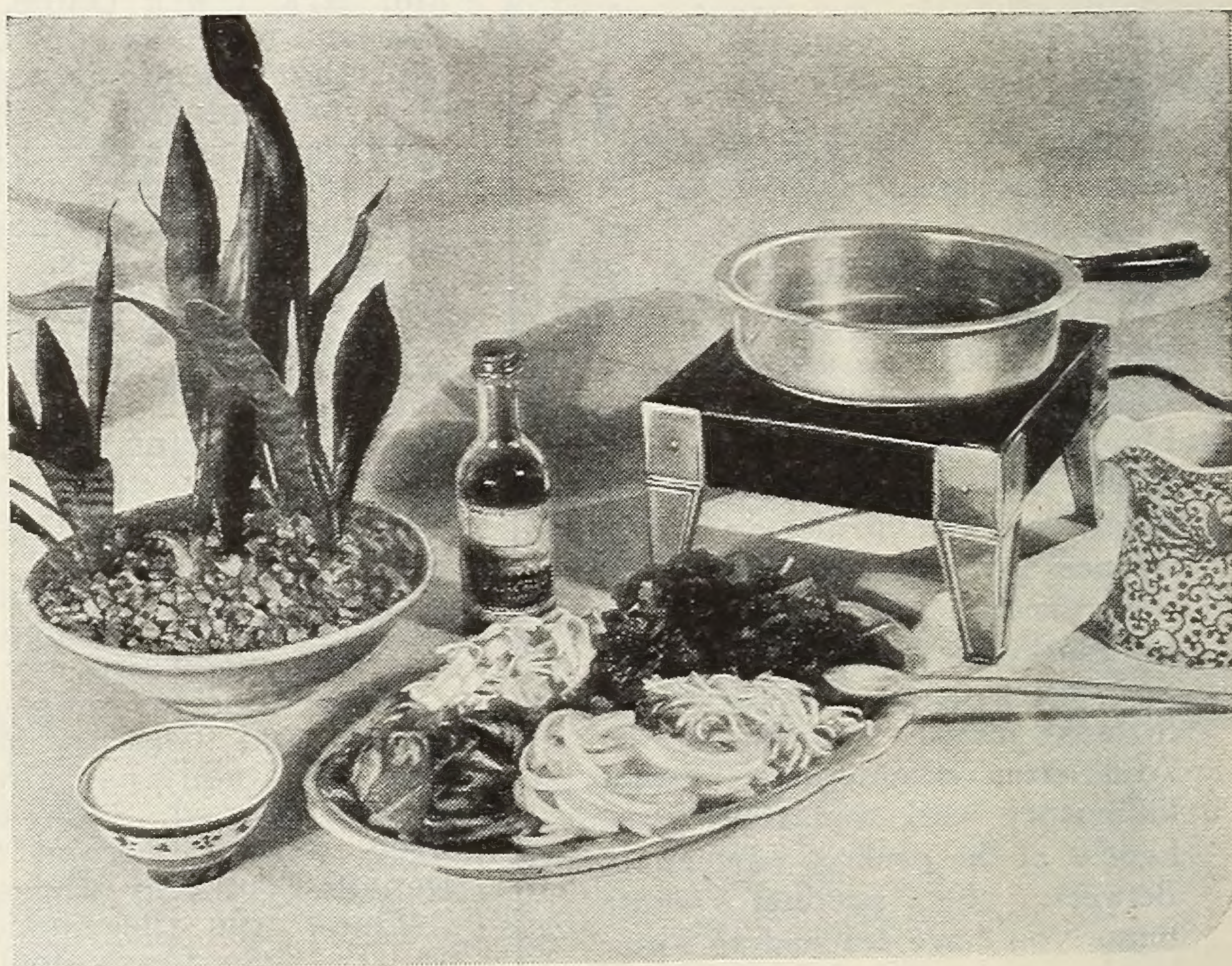
An appetizer of pickled onions, and cabbage or celery and radishes is served as first course.

**Why not try Suki-yaki? It's**

**new and delicious as well as**

**inexpensive and it's fun to make**

*Tower Studios*



Here's the table set for making Suki-yaki—a skillet on a hot plate, beefsteak, onions, celery, spinach and mushrooms ready on a platter along with soy sauce.

While the aroma of the cooking meat and vegetables sharpens your appetite you can stave off hunger by drinking tea and eating Japanese hors-d'œuvre—pickled turnip and cabbage. (Left).



# A CHOCOLATE BIRTHDAY CAKE?

## "Why Not!"

### MILLIONS OF MEN AND BOYS RISE UP TO ASK

**M**EN have raised the question: "Why must our birthday cakes always be white and pink or green, and frilly, and—well, feminine?"

And why, indeed! Everybody knows that men like chocolate in any form—and chocolate cakes especially. Nothing pleases them like the rich, dark, satisfying goodness of a real *chocolaty* chocolate cake.

So make "him" this one for his birthday. How he'll love it (man or boy)! And how he'll love this luscious Creamy Chocolate Frosting, too... with its delicious flavor, and creamy-smooth

#### SWEET MILK DEVIL'S FOOD

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
½ cup butter or other shortening  
1¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
2 eggs, unbeaten  
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted  
1 cup sweet milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 10-inch layer pans or three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Creamy Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top of cake.

#### CREAMY CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar  
4 tablespoons hot water  
1 egg white, unbeaten  
Dash of salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Combine sugar and hot water. Add egg white and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add remaining ingredients and beat until blended. Makes enough for tops and sides of three 9-inch layers.

*All measurements are level*

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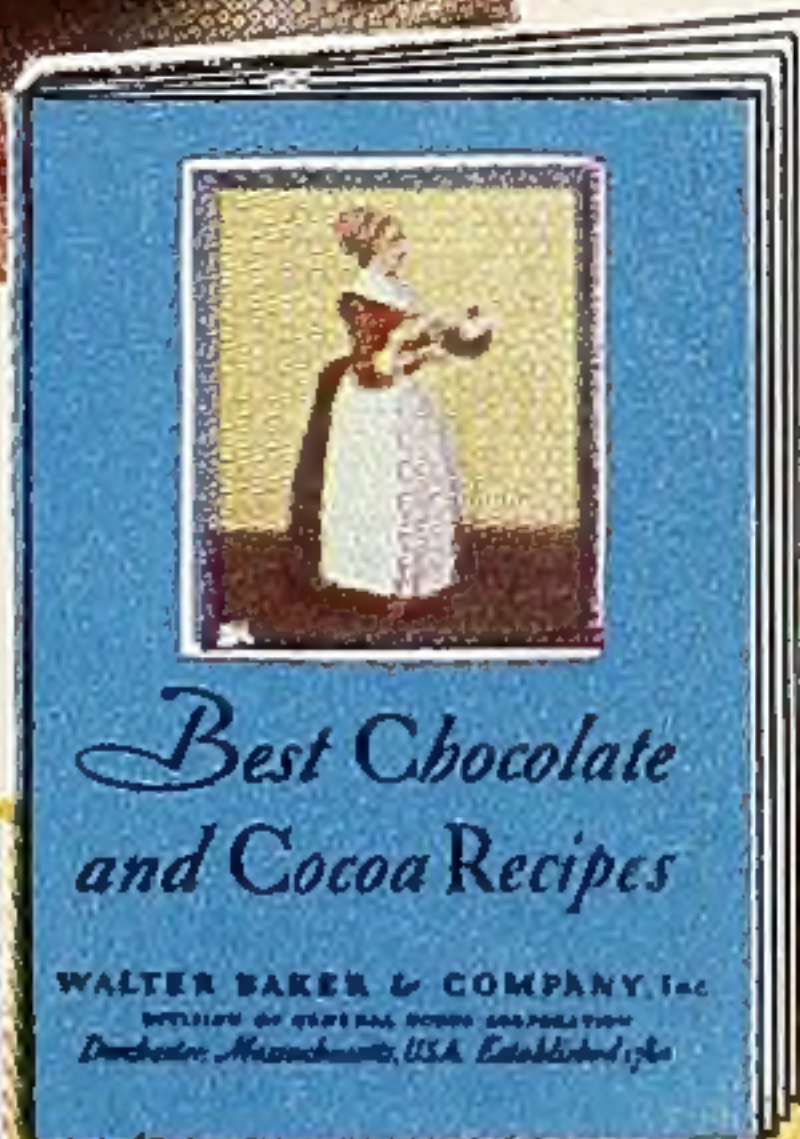
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